

# CHICAGO.



ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

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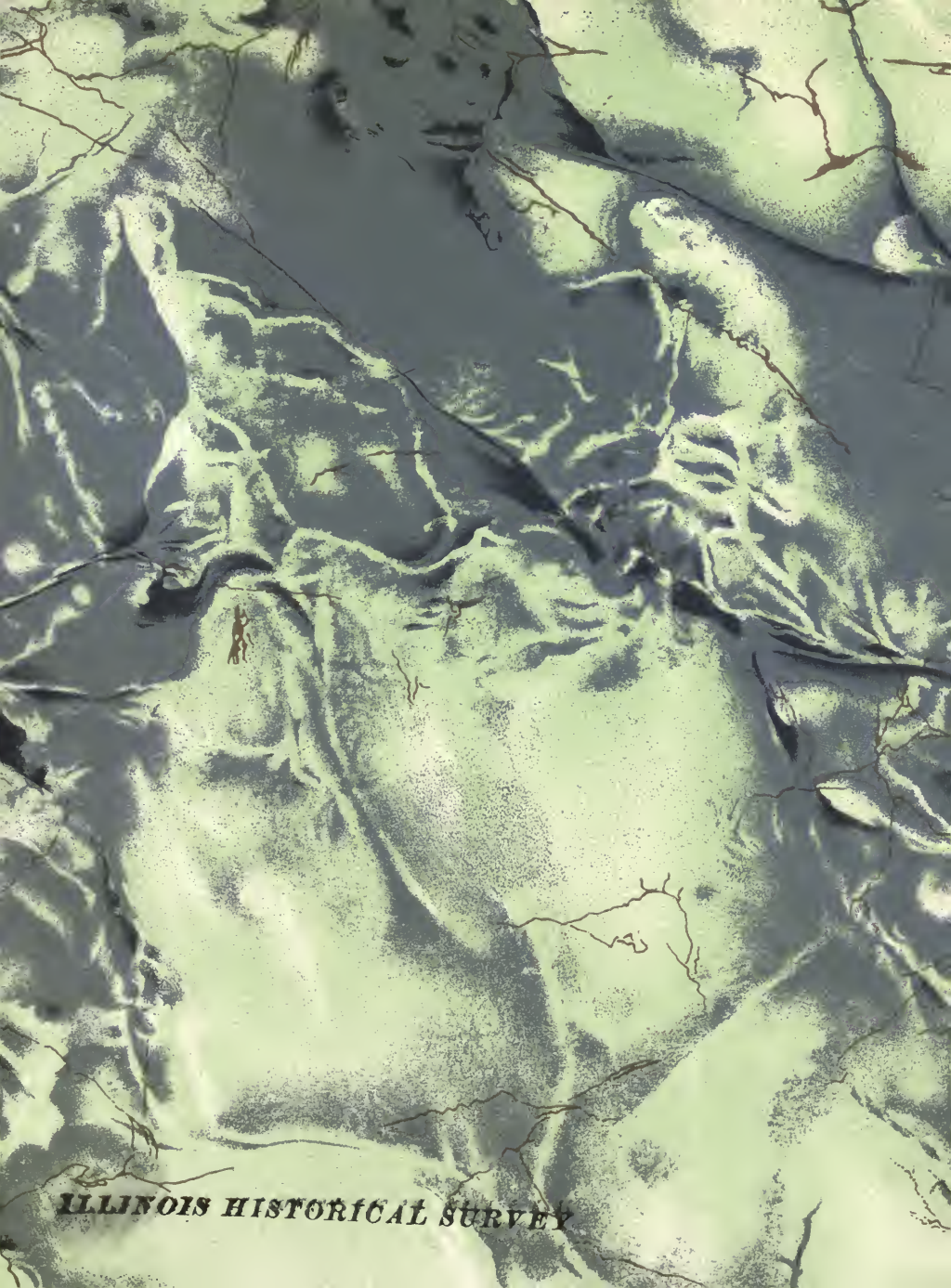
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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY









*W. B. Ogden*

Hon. Wm. B. Ogden, First Mayor of Chicago.

Mr. Ogden was born in Walton, N. Y., June 15th, 1805. At sixteen he took charge of his father's business, and at twenty-one was a mercantile partner. In 1834 he was a member of the New York Legislature, and in June, 1835, came to Chicago, where at the first election under the city charter (in 1837) he was chosen Mayor. From that time until his death—in 1877—Mr. Ogden was a very prominent factor in developing the Garden City. In business matters he was remarkably successful, amassing his millions. As a practical man, friend, and benefactor, he had few equals. "Many a family in Chicago," says a biographer, "owe their success to his kind assistance."

# CHICAGO:



AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING HISTORY

—OF A—

## WONDERFUL CITY.

*WITH A USEFUL STRANGER'S GUIDE.*

CHICAGO:

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RHODES & McCLURE PUBLISHING CO.

1888.



CHICAGO, FROM THE LAKE.  
A VIEW TAKEN IN 1852.



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The stories and sketches found in this volume furnish an interesting, instructive, and exhaustive history of the most remarkable city in the world. They have been carefully gathered from living men, many of whom are not yet "old," whose early life on "Chicago soil" antedates any single building now standing in the great city!

It is curiously strange, and no less significant, to hear Ex-Lient. Gov. Bross tell of building his first house "out on the wild prairie," near what is now the Exposition grounds, and of "driving home his cows" from a region now solid with blocks for nearly seven miles beyond! Equally strange is Judge Caton's story of "treeing a great bear"—and killing it—in the wild woods, now within the business center of the wonderful city! But strangest of all are the stories of Gurdon S. Hubbard, whose early Chicago life looked out "all round" on an absolute wilderness, with his nearest "settlement" down at Danville, 130 miles away!

Chicago is the product of modern civilization, not only as represented in the old world, but also the new. And it is the *newest* of the *new*! Hence her river "runs up stream," etc. And this feature gives a peculiar and significant interest to the stories and sketches in this volume, which have been gathered from the "old settlers," various books on Chicago, the press, and friends. In a very entertaining manner they outline the wonderful history and great success of a most remarkable city.

A complete "Visitors' Guide" has been added, for the benefit of those who visit Chicago.

Illinois Historical Survey 8297



Chicago's First Owners.

# Classification.

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CHICAGO ONE YEAR AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.





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# RAILROADS.

DEPOT

Baltimore & Ohio,  
Chicago & Alton,  
Chicago & Atlantic,  
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy,  
Chicago & Eastern Illinois,  
Chicago & Grand Trunk,  
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul,  
Chicago & North Western,  
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific,  
Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh,  
Chicago, & Western Indiana,  
Illinois Central,  
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern,  
Louisville, New Albany & Chicago,  
Michigan Central,  
New York, Chicago & St. Louis,  
Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago,  
St. Louis & Pacific,

Crib

TO RAILROAD

DEPOTS

## PARK AND DEPOT MAP OF CHICAGO.

18th St. 2 Miles  
22nd St.  
27th St.  
31st St.  
35th St. 4 Miles  
39th St.  
43rd St. 5 Miles  
47th St.  
51st St.  
55th St.  
59th St.

6 Miles

7 Miles

8 Miles

9 Miles

10 Miles

11 Miles

12 Miles

13 Miles

14 Miles

15 Miles

16 Miles

17 Miles

18 Miles

19 Miles

20 Miles

21 Miles

22 Miles

23 Miles

24 Miles

25 Miles

26 Miles

27 Miles

28 Miles

29 Miles

30 Miles

31 Miles

32 Miles

33 Miles

34 Miles

35 Miles

36 Miles



A Class of Deaf Mutes in Chicago, listening to Music for the First Time, by the aid of the Audiphone; enabling them to hear through the medium of the Teeth. Invented by Richard S. Rhodes, of Chicago, Ill.



# CHICAGO.

## FIRST THINGS.

### The Name.



The first geographical notice of Chicago, is found in a map dated Quebec, Canada, 1688, on which "Fort Checagou" occupies the exact location of the present city, and the form of Lake Michigan is represented quite correctly.

In an atlas, published in 1696, by Le Sieur Sanson, "Geographer to the King," we find the whole Mississippi

River, from its origin to the Gulf of Mexico, is named "Chacagua." In other old works it is called the "Chacagua, or Divine River."

A manuscript, purporting to have been written in 1726 by M. de Ligny, at Green Bay, and brought from France

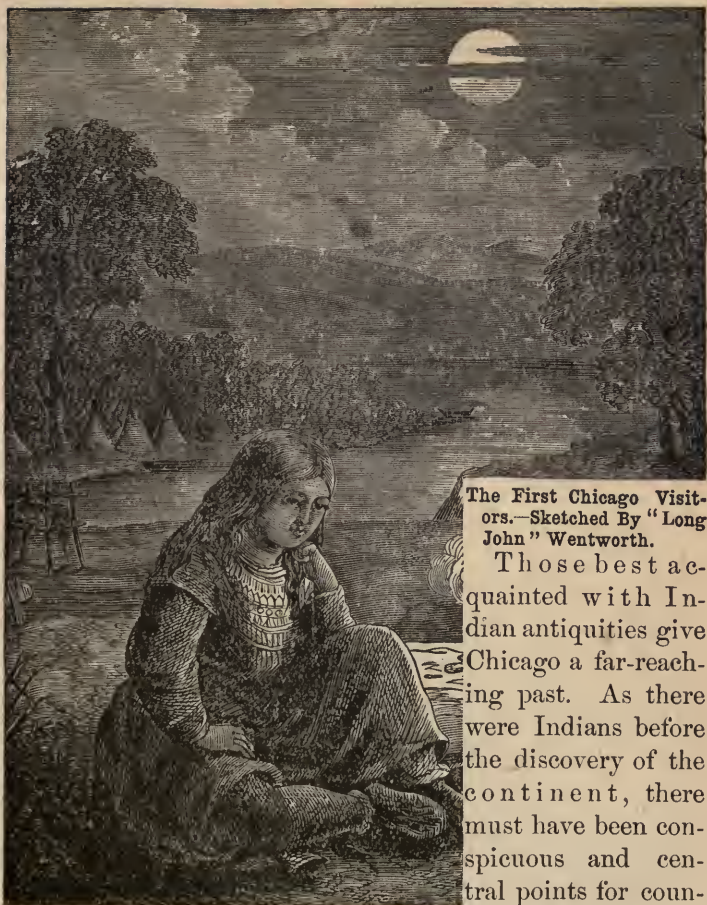
by General Cass, mentions the place as "Chicagoux;" and that name is found to occur several times in the official correspondence of the earlier years of the present century.

The name of "Chicago" has been interpreted to mean "Wild Onion," after the herb which once grew profusely on the banks of the river. But the above historical facts tend to prove that the word had a much nobler meaning; added to which we know that the word *Chicague* was used as the name of thunder, or the voice of the Great Manitou. If we include this supernatural factor, Chicago might be called the "Divine City," or, more literally, "*A Thundering City.*"

It has been suggested, however, that all of the above intentions may be harmonized, if we attach to the name the meaning of "strong," as it is well known that the Indian speech contained many more of these incongruous congruities than are to be found in the languages of the present day.







The First Chicago Visitors.—Sketched By "Long John" Wentworth.

Those best acquainted with Indian antiquities give Chicago a far-reaching past. As there were Indians before the discovery of the continent, there must have been conspicuous and central points for councils, and Chicago was undoubtedly one of them.

The name, or its spelling, or its pronunciation, may have been different. But the Indians were not troubled with dictionaries or spelling-books. There were no spelling-schools among them. No book agent ever annoyed their Boards of Education.

John Quincy Adams (says Mr. Wentworth) whose seat was near mine in Congress, seeing me write "Chicago," said: "That's the way everybody spells it now; but, under my Administration no two Government officers, writing from there, ever spelled it the same way." He repeated over a long list of the various ways in which it was formerly spelled.

Then he said: "I see you have not settled upon your pronunciation yet, as members of your own delegation pronounce it differently," as we then did.

The first *written* account of the Northwest bears the date of 1654, when two French fur-traders from Canada visited this country, and two years after returned and gave such glowing descriptions of the region as excited a general disposition to explore it.

Yet there may have been white men in Chicago even before that time. It is claimed that there was a missionary station at Mackinaw about 1607. The place thereof is still known as Point Ignace. It was there that the remains of Father James Marquette were taken, about 1720, from the banks of Marquette River, over in Michigan, where he died May 18, 1675.

In 1700 there were *thirty-five* of these missionary stations or quasi-military posts located all the way from Frontenac (now Kingston), on Lake Ontario, via Detroit, Mackinaw, Green Bay, Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, etc., to New Orleans. About the same time there was another route by land, via Fort Wayne, to Chicago.

Their route out of Chicago was down the north fork of the South Branch through Mud Lake, then called *le petit lac*, to the Desplaines River, and generally in the same little boats with which they had passed over the lakes of the east.

Marquette was undoubtedly the first white man who tarried any length of time in Chicago. He was undoubtedly

our first clergyman. The church, however, in which he preached was spared the necessity of extinguishment in the Chicago fire.

The following extracts from Father Marquette's journal are interestingly descriptive of the early surroundings at Chicago in his day:

"Dec. 4, 1674.—We started well to reach Portage River (Chicago River), which was frozen half a foot thick. There was more snow there than anywhere



[The first Chicago visitor, Father Marquette, on his journey, in 1674.]

else, and also more tracks of animals and turkeys. The land along the shore is good for nothing, except on the prairies. Deer-hunting is pretty good as you get away from the Potawatamies.

"Dec. 12.—We could not say mass on the Feast of the Conception on account of the bad weather and the cold. During our stay at the mouth of the river, Pierre and Jacques killed three buffalo and four deer, one of which ran quite a distance with his heart cut in two. They contented themselves with killing three or four turkeys of the

many which were around our cabin (probably an Indian wigwam, which were sometimes called cabins), because they were almost dying of hunger. Jacques brought in a prairie chicken (prairie chicken) that he had killed, every way resembling those of France, except that it had like two little wings of three or four feathers, a finger long, near the head, with which they cover the two sides of the neck where there are no feathers.

"March 30.—The north wind having prevented the thaw till the 25th of March, it began with a southerly wind. The next day game began to appear; we killed thirty wild pigeons. On the 28th the ice broke and choked above us. On the 29th the water was so high that we had barely time to uncabin in haste, put our things on trees, and try to find a place to sleep on some hillock, the water gaining all night.

"March 31.—Besides this outlet the river has another (meaning the Desplaines), by which we must descend. Only the very high grounds escape inundation. That where we are has increased more than twelve feet. Here we began our portage more than eighteen months ago. Geese and ducks pass constantly. We contented ourselves with seven."

In May, 1675, Marquette returned and passed out of the Chicago River to the other side of the lake and to the eternal shores beyond. He died on his way to Mackinaw, May 18th, 1675, in his 38th year, and was buried on the banks of the stream which now bears his name.

Father Marquette was a native of France, who after receiving a suitable education devoted himself to the cause of his Master. It was this work which brought him to the New World, in which he labored faithfully until death. He was a man of fine intelligence and remarkable industry and well deserves the monument recently erected to his name on the shores of Lake Michigan.



The First Settler on Chicago Soil--And What Became of His "Claim."



It is a little singular, "in the natural order of things," that the "first settler" of Chicago should have been a negro, all the way from San Domingo. Nevertheless this is the historical fact. His name was Jean Baptiste Pointe au Sable, and he

"drove his stakes" in 1796 in the neighborhood of Dearborn and Water streets, where he built a rude hut, and "laid claim" to the surrounding country.

He did his best to ingratiate himself into the affections of the Indians, with the idea of becoming a chief. When this point was accomplished he intended to send back for more of his fellow-countrymen, and plant a San Domingo colony on the banks of the Chicago River and the adjacent prairies.

After residing here a few years, and meeting with poor success in becoming a chief, he removed to Peoria, then known as Fort Clark, where he died. A Frenchman, Le Mai, a trader, succeeded the negro settler in his dwelling and claim, who, after several years' occupation, sold in turn to a man subsequently of note in the settlement, John Kinzie, who was then residing with his family at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, on the eastern shore of the lake, now in Michigan. Mr. Kinzie, at this time, was the agent of Astor's

celebrated American Fur Company. He held possession of the negro's claim, and subsequently enlarged "the original hut" and otherwise changed it into a comfortable dwelling which, in 1804, he and his family made their place of abode. This was the first "*family house*" erected in Chicago.

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#### How Chicago Escaped Being a French City and the Paris of America.

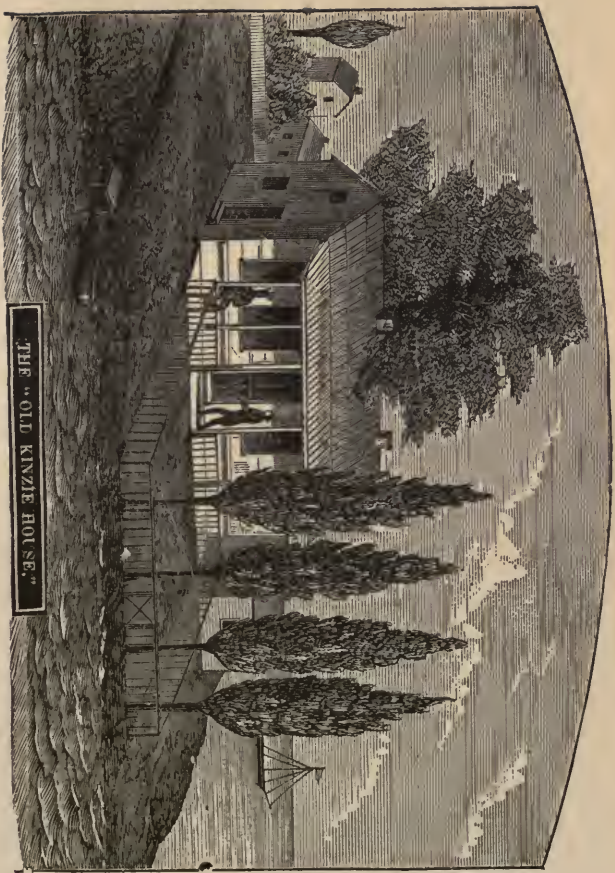
Chicago was essentially French until the erection of Fort Dearborn, in 1804, which brought the English language on the shores of Lake Michigan.

When the last war between Great Britain and France broke out on the American Continent, the French had extended their power up the Ohio River, as far as Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg, and were contemplating a line of militia-posts from that place to Lake Ontario.

Had they succeeded in this, and held their power on this continent, Chicago would certainly have been a French city, and, in all probability, the *Paris of America*; with the General Assembly here, composed of delegates from Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the Pacific cities.

When the French defeated the British forces at Fort Du Quesne, and left their Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Braddock, dead upon the battle-field, they thought they had inflicted a fatal blow upon British power in America; but they inflicted a greater one when they left alive upon the same battle-field the juvenile George Washington, destined so soon to lead to glory the colonists, spurred to battle by the eloquence of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, and of Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

After the treaty of peace between Great Britain and



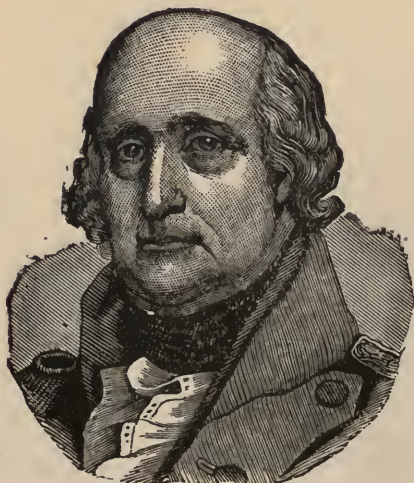
FIRST FAMILY RESIDENCE IN CHICAGO.

France, in 1763, by which the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain, our relations to the two countries were entirely reversed.

And by the treaty with Gen. Anthony Wayne with the Indians at Greenville, O., in 1795, the Indians ceded to the United States: "One piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicajo River, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." This was an old French fort, probably built over 100 years before, by the earliest French explorers. This was the first transaction, on record, in Chicago real estate. Gen. Wayne (says "Long John") spelled Chicago with a "j." The baby's name in 1795 was "jo." He had not got the "go" then. It was Chica—jo.

---

Chicago, Va.



[Gen G. R. Clark, after whom Clark St., Chicago, was named.]

Under the conquest of Gen. George Rogers Clark, whose



expedition Virginia had fitted out, and the expenses of which were never refunded, that State claimed the whole Chicago country. In 1778 her Legislature created the *County of Illinois*, embracing all the State of Illinois.

The address was then "*Chicago, Va.*" And but for the ordinance of 1787, which ceded the Northwestern Territory to the United States, according to Mr. Wentworth's facetious remark: "Chicago might have been raising slaves up to the time of Lincoln's Proclamation, and the white laborers, who have done so much for the development of the city, been entirely excluded. As it was, we were only compelled to catch the slaves that others raised, whilst following the old Indian trail to Canada and freedom."

---

#### Chicago, Ind.

In 1800 Illinois was organized into a Territory with Indiana, under the name of *Indiana Territory*, with Gen. William Henry Harrison as Governor. The seat of government was Vincennes, Ind., and then all were Hoosiers.

The address was "*Chicago, Ind.*" This state of things continued for about nine years, when the name of "Hoosier" was changed to that of "Sucker," by the organization of what was called the "*Illinois Territory*," with Ninian Edwards as Governor, and with the seat of government at Kaskaskia. This took place in 1809.

It was, however, under the Hoosier administration that Fort Dearborn was erected in 1804, and named after Gen. Henry Dearborn, a conspicuous officer in the American Revolution, and afterwards Secretary of War.

**Fort Dearborn.**

Fort Dearborn was built by the United States Government in 1804, and garrisoned with about fifty men and three pieces of artillery. Its location was on the south bank of the river, just east of Rush Street Bridge.

It had two block houses, one on the south-east corner, the other at the northwest. On the north side was a sally-port, or subterranean passage, leading from the parade ground to the river, designed as a place of escape in an emergency,



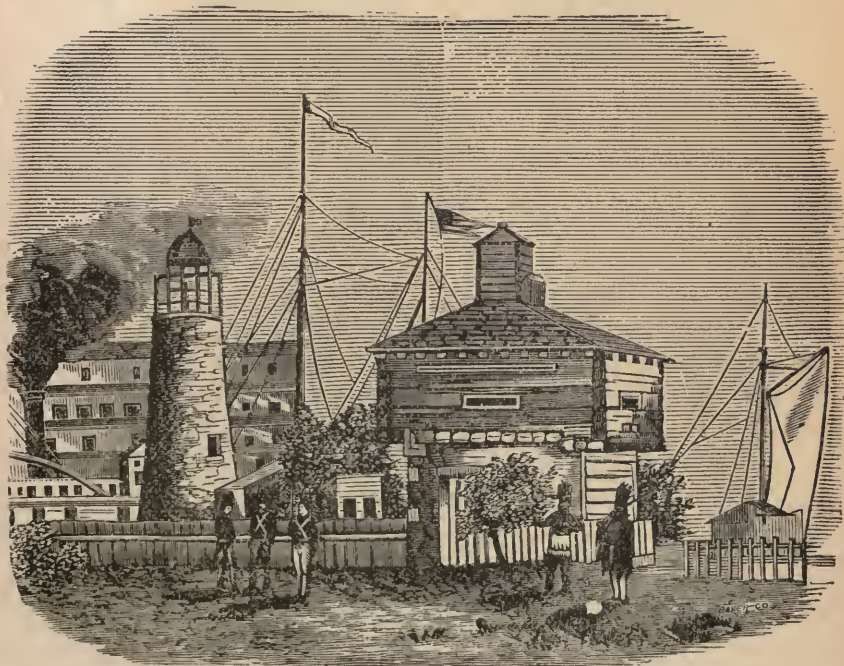
[The original Fort Dearborn, as built in 1804.]

or for supplying the garrison with water in time of siege. The whole was inclosed by a strong palisade of wooden pickets. The ground adjoining on the south side was inclosed and cultivated as a garden. Up to the time of its erection no white man had made his home in this region.

For eight years the garrison was quiet, and the traders were prosperous, the number of the latter having been considerably increased. Then the United States became involved in trouble with Great Britain, which finally broke out into the war-flame. The Indians took the war-path

long before the declaration of hostilities between the two civilized nations. This resulted finally in the awful "Fort Dearborn massacre," in which the fort was burned.

For four years after this terrible event the place was deserted by all save the Indians. Even the fur-traders did not care to visit the scene of so much disaster, and Chicago seemed to have been remanded into aboriginal darkness.



[Fort Dearborn as rebuilt in 1816.]

In 1816 the fort was rebuilt, under the direction of Capt. Bradley, and was thereafter occupied continuously by United States troops for twenty-one years, except for a short time in 1831. In 1837 it was abandoned, as the Indians had been removed far to the westward. The fort stood, however, till 1856, when it was demolished.

## Fort Dearborn Massacre—A Thrilling Story by an Eye-Witness.



It was on the morning of the 15th of August, 1812, that Fort Dearborn, by military authority, was evacuated.

As the troops left the fort the band struck up the Dead March. Captain

Wells took the lead, at the head of his little band of Miami. He had blackened his face before leaving the garrison, in token of his impending fate. They took their route along the lake shore. When they reached the point where commenced a range of sand-hills intervening between the prairie and the beach, the escort of Pottawatamies, in number about five hundred, kept the level of the prairie, instead of continuing along the beach with the Americans and Miami.

They had marched perhaps a mile and a half, when Captain Wells, who had kept somewhat in advance with his Miami, came riding furiously back. "They are about to attack us," shouted he; "form instantly, and charge upon them."

Scarcely were the words uttered when a volley was showered from among the sand-hills. The troops were hastily brought into line, and charged up the bank. One man, a veteran of seventy summers, fell as they ascended. The remainder of the scene is best described in the words of an eye-witness, Mrs. Helm, the wife of Captain Helm, and step-daughter of Mr. Kinzie:

"After we had left the bank," says Mrs. Helm, "the firing became general. The Miami fled at the outset. Their chief rode up to the Pottawatamies and said:

"You have deceived the Americans and us. You have



done a bad action, and (brandishing his tomahawk) I will be the first to head a party of Americans to return and punish your treachery.' So saying, he galloped after his companions, who were now scouring across the prairies.

"The troops behaved most gallantly. They were but a handful, but they seemed resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possibly. Our horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained as the balls whistled among them. I drew off a little, and gazed upon my husband and father, who were yet unharmed. I felt that my hour was come, and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate.

"While I was thus engaged, the Surgeon, Dr. Van Voorhees, came up. He was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his face was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me: 'Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is any chance?'

"'Dr. Van Voorhees,' said I, 'do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable. In a few moments we must appear before the bar of God. Let us make what preparation is yet in our power.'

"'Oh! I cannot die,' exclaimed he, 'I am not fit to die—if I had but a short time to prepare—death is awful!'

"I pointed to Ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded and nearly down, was still fighting with desperation on one knee.

"'Look at that man,' said I, 'at least he dies like a soldier.'

"'Yes,' replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive

gasp, 'but he has no terrors of the future—he is an unbeliever !'

“At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at



[The Massacre.]

me. By springing aside, I avoided the blow which was intended for my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and while exerting my utmost

efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and older Indian.

"The latter bore me struggling and resisting toward the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.

"I was immediately plunged into the water and held there with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, for he held me firmly in such a position as to place my head above water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, *The Black Partridge*.

"When the firing had nearly subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sandbanks. It was a burning August morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stooped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw seized and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them.

"When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe and but slightly wounded. They led me gently back toward the Chicago River, along the southern bank of which was the Pottawatamie encampment. At one time I was placed upon a horse without a saddle, but, finding the motion insupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, *Black Partridge*, and partly by another Indian, Pee-so-tum, who held dangling in his hand a scalp, which by the black ribbon around the queue I recognized as that

of Capt. Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

"The wife of Wau-bee-nee-mah, a chief from the Illinois River, was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition she seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a stream that flowed near, threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand gave it me to drink. This act of kindness, in the midst of so many horrors, touched me most sensibly, but my attention was soon diverted to other objects.

"The fort had become a scene of plunder to such as remained after the troops marched out. The cattle had been shot down as they ran at large, and lay dead or dying around. This work of butchery had commenced just as we were leaving the fort. I well remember a remark of Ensign Renan, as the firing went on. 'Such,' turning to me, 'is to be our fate—to be shot down like brutes!'

"'Well, sir,' said the Commanding Officer, who overheard him, 'are you afraid?'

"'No,' replied the high-spirited young man, 'I can march up to the enemy where you dare not show your face;' and his subsequent gallant behavior showed this to be no idle boast.

"As the noise of the firing grew gradually less, and the stragglers from the victorious party came dropping in, I received confirmation of what my father had hurriedly communicated in our *rencontre* on the lake shore—namely, that the whites had surrendered after the loss of about two-thirds of their number. They had stipulated, through the interpreter, Peresh Leclerc, for the preservation of their lives, and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in



the stipulation, and a horrible scene ensued upon their being brought into camp.

"An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed by a demoniac ferocity. She seized a stable-fork and assaulted one miserable victim, who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected under such circumstances, Wau-bee-nee-mah stretched a mat across two poles, between me and this dreadful scene. I was thus spared in some degree a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer. The following night five more of the wounded prisoners were tomahawked.

"The Americans, after their first attack by the Indians, charged upon those who had concealed themselves in a sort of ravine intervening between the sand-banks and the prairie. The latter gathered themselves into a body, and after some hard fighting, in which the number of whites had become reduced to twenty-eight, this little band succeeded in breaking through the enemy, and gained a rising ground not far from the Oak Woods. The contest now seemed hopeless, and Lieut. Helm sent Peresh Leclerc, a half-breed boy in the service of Mr. Kinzie, who had accompanied the detachment and fought manfully on their side, to propose terms of capitulation. It was stipulated that the lives of all the survivors should be spared, and a ransom permitted as soon as practicable.

"But in the meantime a horrible scene had been enacted. One young savage, climbing into the baggage-wagon containing the children of the white families, twelve in number, tomahawked the children of the entire group. This was during the engagement near the sand-hills. When

Captain Wells, who was fighting near, beheld it, he exclaimed:

“‘Is that their game, butchering the women and children? Then I will kill too!’

“So saying he turned his horse’s head and started for the Indian camp near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children.

“Several Indians pursued him as he galloped along. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position, as he would occasionally turn on his pursuers. At length their balls took effect, killing his horse and severely wounding himself. At this moment he was met by *Winnemeg* and *Wau-ban-see*, who endeavored to save him from the savages who had now overtaken him. As they supported him along, after having disengaged him from his horse, he received his death-blow from another Indian, *Pee-so-tum*, who stabbed him in the back.

“The heroic resolution of one of the soldiers’ wives deserves to be recorded. She was a Mrs. Corbin, and had, from the first, expressed the determination never to fall into the hands of the savages, believing that their prisoners were always subjected to tortures worse than death.

“When, therefore, a party came upon her, to make her a prisoner, she fought with desperation, refusing to surrender, although assured, by signs, of safety and kind treatment, and literally suffered herself to be cut to pieces, rather than become their captive.

“There was a Sergeant Holt, who, early in the engagement, received a ball in the neck. Finding himself badly wounded, he gave his sword to his wife, who was on horseback near him, telling her to defend herself. He then made for the lake, to keep out of the way of the balls. Mrs. Holt rode a very fine horse, which the Indians were desir-

ous of possessing, and they therefore attacked her in hopes of dismounting her.

"They fought only with the butt-ends of their guns, for their object was not to kill her. She hacked and hewed at their pieces as they were thrust against her, now on this side, now on that. Finally she broke loose from them and dashed out into the prairie. The Indians pursued her, shouting and laughing, and now and then calling out:



[Fort Dearborn from the Northeast.]

"The brave woman! do not hurt her!"

"At length they overtook her again, and while she was engaged with two or three in front one succeeded in seizing her by the neck behind and dragging her, although a large and powerful woman, from her horse. Notwithstanding that their guns had been so hacked and injured, and even themselves cut severely, they seemed to regard her only with admiration. They took her to a trader on the Illinois

River, by whom she was restored to her friends, after having received every kindness during her captivity.

"Those of the family of Mr. Kinzie who had remained in the boat, near the mouth of the river, were carefully guarded by Kee-po-tah and another Indian. They had seen the smoke—then the blaze—and immediately after the report of the first tremendous discharge sounded in their ears. Then all was confusion. They realized nothing until they saw an Indian come towards them from the battle-ground leading a horse on which sat a lady apparently wounded.

"‘That is Mrs. Heald,’ cried Mrs. Kinzie. ‘That Indian will kill her. Run, Chandonnai’ (to one of Mr. Kinzie’s clerks), ‘take the mule that is tied there and offer it to him to release her.’

"Her captor by this time was in the act of disengaging her bonnet from her head in order to scalp her. Chandonnai ran up, offered the mule as a ransom, with a promise of ten bottles of whisky as soon as they should reach his village. The latter was a strong temptation.

"‘But,’ said the Indian, ‘she is badly wounded—she will die. Will you give me the whisky, at all events?’

"Chandonnai promised that he would, and the bargain was concluded. The savage placed the lady’s bonnet on his own head, and, after an ineffectual effort on the part of some squaws to rob her of her shoes and stockings, she was brought on board the boat, where she lay moaning with pain from the many bullet wounds she had received in both arms.

"The horse she had ridden was a fine-spirited animal, and, being desirous of possessing themselves of it uninjured, the Indians had aimed their shots so as to disable the rider without injuring her steed.

"She had not lain long in the boat when a young Indian of savage aspect was seen approaching. A buffalo robe was hastily drawn over Mrs. Heald, and she was admonished



to suppress all sound of complaint as she valued her life.

"The heroic woman remained perfectly silent while the savage drew near. He had a pistol in his hand which he rested on the side of the boat, while with a fearful scowl he looked pryingly around. Black Jim, one of the servants who stood in the bow of the boat, seized an ax that lay near and signed to him that if he shot he would cleave his skull; telling him that the boat contained only the family of *Shawnee-aw-kee*. Upon this the Indian retired. It afterward appeared that the object of his search was Mr. Burnett, a trader from St. Joseph's with whom he had some account to settle.

"When the boat was at length permitted to return to the mansion of Mr. Kinzie, and Mrs. Heald was removed to the house, it became necessary to dress her wounds.

"Mr. K. applied to an old chief who stood by, and who like most of his tribe possessed some skill in surgery, to extract a ball from the arm of the sufferer.

"'No, father,' replied he, 'I cannot do it—it makes me sick here'—(placing his hand on his heart).

"Mr. Kinzie then performed the operation himself with his penknife.

"At their own mansion the family of Mr. Kinzie were closely guarded by their Indian friends, whose intention it was to carry them to Detroit for security. The rest of the prisoners remained at the wigwams of their captors.

"The following morning, the work of plunder being completed, the Indians set fire to the fort. A very equitable distribution of the finery appeared to have been made, and shawls, ribbons, and feathers fluttered about in all directions. The ludicrous appearance of one young fellow who had arrayed himself in a muslin gown, and the bonnet of one of the ladies, would under other circumstances have afforded matter of amusement.

**A Thrilling Adventure of One of the Fort Dearborn Massacre Prisoners, as told by Himself.**

Walter Jordan, a non-commissioned officer among the regulars in Fort Dearborn, thus describes the terrible conflict: On August 15, 1812, at 8 o'clock, we commenced our march with our small force, which consisted of Capt. Wells, myself, and one hundred Confute Indians; Capt. Heald's one hundred men, ten women and twenty children—in all two hundred and thirty-two.

We had marched half a mile when we were attacked by six hundred Kickapoo and Winnebago Indians. In the moment of trial our Confute escort joined the savage enemy. Our contest lasted ten minutes, when every man, woman and child was killed, except fifteen. Thanks be to God, I was one of those who escaped.

First they shot the feather off my cap, next the epaulet from my shoulder, and then the handle from my sword. I then surrendered to four savage rascals. The Confute chief, taking me by the hand and speaking English, said:

"Jordan, I know you. You gave me tobacco at Fort Wayne. We won't kill you; but come and see what we will do with your Captain."

So leading me where Wells lay, they cut off his head and put it on a long pole, while another took out his heart and divided it among the chiefs, and ate it up raw.

Then they scalped the slain and stripped the prisoners, and gathered in a ring with us fifteen poor wretches in the middle. They had nearly fallen out about the divide, but my old chief, the White Raccoon, holding me fast, they made the divide and departed to their towns.

They tied me hard and fast the first night, and placed a guard over me. I laid down and slept soundly until morning, for I was tired. In the morning they untied me and set me parching corn, at which I worked attentively until

night. They said if I would stay and not run away they would make a chief of me, but if I would attempt to run away they would catch me and burn me alive.

I amused them *with a fine story*, in order to gain their confidence, and fortunately made my escape from them on the 19th of August, and took one of their best horses to carry me, being seven days in the wilderness. I was joyfully received on the 26th at Wayne. On the 28th they attacked Fort Wayne and blockaded it until the 16th of September, when we were relieved by Gen. Harrison.

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#### Buying Up Chicago Lands from the Indians---A Heavy Real Estate Transaction.

Black Partridge, who was the leading chief of the Pottawatomies, and, in behalf of his tribe, on the 24th of August, 1816, sold to the United States Commissioners—in session in St. Louis—the following lands:

“Beginning on the left branch of the Fox River; thence running so as to cross Sandy (Au Sable) Creek, ten miles above its mouth; thence in a direct line to a point ten miles north of the west end of the Portage, between Chicago Creek, which empties into Lake Michigan, and the river Des Plaines, a fork of the Illinois; thence in a direct line to a point on Lake Michigan ten miles northward of the mouth of Chicago Creek; thence along the lake to a point ten miles southward of the said Chicago Creek; thence in a direct line to a point on the Kankakee, ten miles above its mouth; thence with the said Kankakee and the Illinois River to the mouth of the Fox, and thence to the beginning.” *Consideration*, a “considerable quantity of merchandise” and one thousand dollars worth of goods at cost price, for each year, for twelve succeeding years, to be de-



CHICAGO SIX YEARS AFTER THE MASSACRE.



livered on some point of the Illinois River, not lower down than Peoria."

The object of this important and early treaty with the Indians, it is said, was in the interest of the "Illinois and Michigan Canal," which as early as 1814 was mentioned in the "Niles Register" as a "*stupendous* idea," by which Buffalo and New Orleans were ultimately to enjoy uninterrupted water communication.

A later treaty, made Oct. 20, 1832, secured from the Pottawatomies the balance of their territory south of the above tract, for which they were to receive an annuity of fifteen thousand dollars for twenty years, forty-five thousand dollars delivered at the signing of the treaty, and twenty thousand the year following. *Billy Caldwell* was to receive six hundred dollars a year, and *Alexander Robinson* two hundred.

It will be seen that this tract of land averaged twenty miles in width, and extended from Chicago to Ottawa.

In conjunction with other tribes, the Pottawatomies soon after ceded what interest they had in the country at large for other considerations and annuities, and were removed beyond the Mississippi in the year 1836. Thus ended all Indian claims to Chicago soil.





THE PEACEFUL HOME OF EARLIER DAYS.

The Winnebago Scare—A Telescopic View of the Chicago Horizon Fifty Years Ago—Sketched by a Living Resident of Chicago,  
Col. G. S. Hubbard.

At the breaking out of the Winnebago war, early in July, 1827, Fort Dearborn was without military occupation.

Doctor Alexander Wolcott, Indian Agent, had charge of Fort Dearborn, living in the brick building, just within the north stockade previously occupied by the commanding officers.

The old officers' quarters, built of logs, on the west, and within the pickets, were occupied by Russell E. Heacock, and one other American family, while a number of *voyageurs*, with their families, were living in the soldiers' quarters, on the east side of the inclosure. The store-house and guard-house were on either side of the southern gate; the sutler's store was east of the north gate, and north of the soldiers' barracks; the block-house was located at the southwest and the bastion at the northwest corners of the fort, and the magazine, of brick, was situated about half-way between the west end of the guard and block houses.

The annual payment of the Pottawatamie Indians occurred in September of the year 1828. A large body of them had assembled, according to custom, to receive their annuity. These left after the payment for their respective villages, except a portion of Big Foot's band.

The night following the payment there was a dance in the soldiers' barracks, during the progress of which a violent storm of wind and rain arose; and about midnight these quarters were struck by lightning and totally consumed, together with the store-house and a portion of the guard-house.

The sleeping inmates of Mr. Kinzie's house, on the opposite bank of the river, were aroused by the cry of "*fire!*" from Mrs. Helm, one of their number, who, from her win-

dow, had seen the flames. On hearing the alarm I, says Col. H., with Robert Kinzie, late Paymaster U. S. Army, hastily arose, and, only partially dressed, ran to the river. To our dismay, we found the canoe which we used for crossing the river filled with water; it had been partially drawn up on the beach, and became filled by the dashing of the waves. Not being able to turn it over, and having nothing with which to bail it out, we lost no time, but swam the stream. Entering by the north gate we saw at a glance the situation.

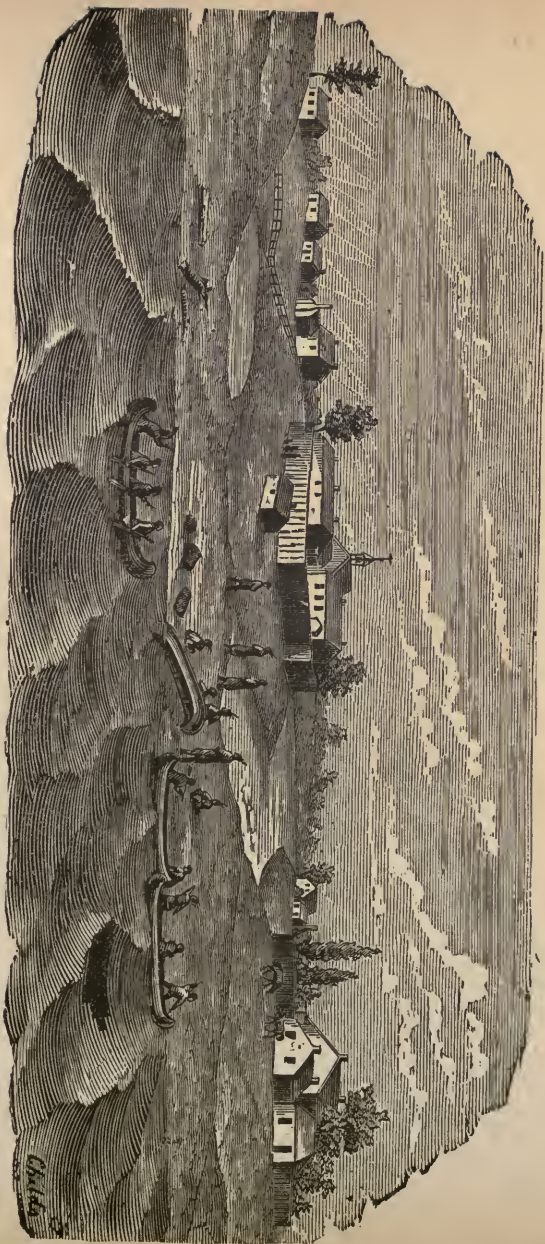
The barracks and store-house being wrapped in flames, we directed our energies to the saving of the guard-house, the east end of which was on fire. Mr. Kinzie, rolling himself in a wet blanket, got upon the roof. The men and women, about forty in number, formed in line to the river, and with buckets, tubs, and every available utensil, passed the water to him. This was kept up till daylight before the flames were subdued, Mr. Kinzie maintaining his position with great fortitude, though his hands, face, and portions of his body were severely burned. His father, mother, and sister, Mrs. Helm, had meanwhile freed the canoe from water, and, crossing in it, fell into line with those carrying water.

Some of the Big Foot band of Indians were present at the fire, but merely as spectators, and could not be prevailed upon to assist. They all left the next day for their homes. The strangeness of their behavior was the subject of discussion among us.

Six or eight days after this event, while at breakfast in Mr. Kinzie's house, we heard singing, faintly at first, but gradually growing louder as the singers approached. Mr. Kinzie recognized the leading voice as that of Bob Forsyth, and left the table for the piazza of the house, where we all followed.

About where Wells street now crosses the river, in plain





CHICAGO IN 1820.

sight from where we stood, was a light birch-bark canoe, manned with thirteen men, rapidly approaching, the men keeping time with their paddles to one of the Canadian boat songs. It proved to be Governor Cass and his Secretary, Robert Forsyth, and they landed and soon joined us. From them we first learned of the *breaking out of the Winnebago war*, and the massacre on the Upper Mississippi.

Governor Cass was at Green Bay by appointment, to hold a treaty with the Winnebagoes and Menominee tribes, who, however, did not appear to meet him in council. News of hostilities reaching the Governor there, he immediately procured a light birch-bark canoe, purposely made for speed, manned it with twelve men at the paddles and a steersman, and started up the river, making a portage into the Wisconsin, then down it and the Mississippi to Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis.

Here he persuaded the commanding officer to charter a steamer, and embarking troops on it, ascended the Mississippi in search of the hostile Indians, and to give aid to the troops at Fort Snelling. On reaching the mouth of the Illinois River, the Governor (with his men and canoe, having been brought so far on the steamer) here left it, and ascending that stream and the Desplaines and passing through Mud Lake into the south branch of the Chicago River, reached Chicago.

This trip from Green Bay round, was performed in about thirteen days, the Governor's party sleeping only five to seven hours, and, averaging sixty to seventy miles travel each day. On the Wisconsin River they passed Winnebago encampments without molestation. They did not stop to parley, passing rapidly by, singing their boat songs; the Indians were so taken by surprise that, before they recovered from their astonishment, the canoe was out of danger. Gov.

ernor Cass remained at Chicago but a few hours, coasting Lake Michigan back to Green Bay.

As soon as he left the citizens of Chicago assembled for consultation. Big Foot was suspected of acting in concert with the Winnebagoes, as he was known to be friendly to them, and many of his band had intermarried with that tribe.

Shab-o-nee was not here at the payment, his money having been drawn for him by his friend, Billy Caldwell. The evening before Governor Cass' visit, however, he was in Chicago, and then the guest of Caldwell. At my suggestion he and Caldwell were engaged to visit Big Foot's village (Geneva Lake), and get what information they could of the plans of the Winnebagoes; and also learn what action Big Foot's band intended taking. They left immediately, and on nearing Geneva Lake arranged that Shab-o-nee should enter the village alone, Caldwell remaining hidden.

Upon entering the village Shab-o-nee was made a prisoner, and accused of being a friend of the Americans and a spy. He affected great indignation at these charges, and said to Big Foot:

"I was not at the payment, but was told by my braves that you desired us to join the Winnebagoes and make war on the Americans. I think the Winnebagoes have been foolish; alone they cannot succeed. So I come to council with you, hear what you have to say, when I will return to my people and report all you tell me; if they shall then say we will join you I will consent."

After talking nearly all night they agreed to let him go, provided he was accompanied by one of their own number. To this proposal Shab-o-nee readily consented, though it placed him in a dangerous position.

His friend Caldwell was waiting for him in the outskirts of the village, and his presence must not be known, as it would endanger both of their lives.





THE PIONEER HOME.



The brave Shab-o-nee was equal to the emergency.

After leaving, in company with one of Big Foot's braves, as the place of Caldwell's concealment was neared he commenced complaining in a loud voice of being suspected and made a prisoner, and when quite near said:

"We must have no one with us in going to Chicago. Should we meet any one of your band or *any one else*, we must tell them to go away; we must go by ourselves, and get to Chicago by noon to-morrow. Kinzie will give us something to eat, and we can go on next day."

Caldwell heard and understood the meaning of this, and started alone by another route. Strategy was still to be used, as Shab-o-nee desired to report; so on nearing Chicago he said to his companion, "If Kinzie sees you he will ask why your band did not assist in putting out the fire? Maybe he has heard news of the war and is angry with Big Foot; let us camp here, for our horses are very tired."

This they did, and after a little the Big Foot brave suggested that Shab-o-nee should go to the fort for food and information. This was what he wanted to do, and he lost no time in reporting the result of his expedition, and, procuring food, returned to his camp. Starting the next morning with his companion for his own village, on reaching it he called a council of his Indians, who were addressed by Big Foot's emissary; but they declined to take part with the Winnebagoes, advising Big Foot to remain neutral.

On receiving Shab-o-nee's report, *the inhabitants of Chicago were greatly excited*. Fearing an attack, we assembled for consultation, when I suggested sending to the Wabash for assistance, and tendered my services as a messenger.

This was at first objected to, on the ground that a majority of the men at the fort were in my employ, and in case of an attack no one could manage them or enforce their

aid but myself. It was, however, decided that I should go, as I knew the route and all the settlers.

An attack would probably not be made until Big Foot's ambassador had returned with his report; this would give at least two week's security, and in that time I could, if successful, make the trip and return.

I started between 4 and 5 p. m., reaching my trading house on the Iroquis River by midnight, where I changed my horse and went on; it was a dark, rainy night.

On reaching Sugar Creek I found the stream swollen out of its banks, and my horse refusing to cross I was obliged to wait till daylight, when I discovered that a large tree had fallen across the trail, making the ford impassable. I *swam the stream* and went on, reaching my friend Mr. Spencer's house at noon, tired out.

Mr. Spencer started immediately to give the alarm, asking for volunteers to meet at Danville the next evening with five days' rations. By the day following, at the hour appointed, 100 men were organized into a company, and appointing a Mr. Morgan, an old frontier fighter, as their Captain, we immediately *started for Chicago*, camping that night on the north fork of the Vermillion River.

It rained continually, the *trail was very muddy*, and we were obliged to swim most of the streams and many of the large sloughs; but we still pushed on, reaching Fort Dearborn the *seventh day after my departure*, to the great joy of the waiting people.

We reorganized, and had a force of about 150 men, Morgan commanding. At the end of 30 days news came of the defeat of the Winnebagoes and of their treaty with the commanding officer who went from Jefferson Barracks, as before stated. Upon hearing this Morgan disbanded his company, who returned to their homes, leaving Fort Dearborn in charge of the Indian Agent as before.

**An Army from Danville, Ill., Rushing to the Rescue of Chicago from an Indian  
Massacre—Incidents by the Way.**

The response to Col. Hubbard's visit to Danville for Chicago's safety from the Indians is shown by H. W. Beckwith, Esq., which he condensed from notes taken at several lengthy interviews with Mr. Hezekiah Cunningham:

In the night time, about the 15th or 20th of July, 1827, I was awakened by my brother-in-law, Alexander McDONALD, telling me that Mr. Hubbard had just come in from Chicago with the word that the Indians were about to massacre the people there, and that men were wanted for their protection at once. The inhabitants of the county capable of bearing arms had been enrolled under the militia laws of the State, and organized as "The Vermilion County Battalion," in which I held a commission as Captain.

I dressed myself and started forthwith to notify all the men belonging to my company to meet at Butler's Point, (six miles southwest of Danville), the place where the county business was then conducted and where the militia met to muster. The captains of the other companies were notified the same as myself, and they warned out their respective companies the same as I did mine. I rode the remainder of the night at this work, up and down the Little Vermilion.

At noon the next day, the Battalion were at Butler's Point; most of the men lived on the Little Vermilion River, and had to ride or walk from six to twelve miles to the place of rendezvous. Volunteers were called for, and in a little while fifty men, the required number, were raised. Those who agreed to go, then held an election of their officers for the campaign, choosing Achilles Morgan, Captain; Major Bayles, First Lieutenant; and Col. Isaac R. Moores, as second. The names of the private men, as far as I now remember them are as follows: George M. Beck-

with, John Beasley, myself (Hezekiah Cunningham), Julian Ellis, Seaman Cox, James Dixan, Asa Elliot, Francis Foley, William Foley, a Mr. Hammers, Jacob Heater, a Mr. Davis, Evin Morgan, Isaac Goen, Jonathan Phelps, Joshua Parish, William Reed, John Myers ("Little Vermilion John"), John Saulsbury, a Mr. Kirkman, Anthony Swisher, George Swisher, Joseph Price, George Weir, John Vaughn, Newton Wright, and Abel Williams.

Many of the men were without horses, and the neighbors who had horses and did not go, loaned their animals to those who did; still there were five men who started afoot, as there were no horses to be had for them. We disbanded, after we were mustered in, and went home to cook five days' rations, and were ordered to be at Danville the next day.

The men all had a pint of whisky, believing it essential to mix a little of it with the slough water we were to drink on our route.

We arrived at the Vermilion River about noon on Sunday, the day after assembling at Butler's Point. The river was up, running bank full, about a hundred yards wide, with a strong current. Our men and saddles were taken over in a canoe. We undertook to swim our horses, and as they were driven into the water the current would strike them and they would swim in a circle and return to the shore a few rods below. Mr. Hubbard, provoked at this delay, threw off his coat and said, "Give me old Charley," meaning a large, steady-going horse, owned by James Butler and loaned to Jacob Heater. Mr. Hubbard, mounting this horse, boldly dashed into the stream, and the other horses quickly crowded after him.

The water was so swift that "old Charley" became unmanageable, when Mr. Hubbard dismounted on the upper side and seized the horse by the mane, near the animal's



head, and, swimming with his left arm, guided the horse in the direction of the opposite shore. We were afraid he would be washed under the horse or struck by his feet and be drowned; but he got over without damage, except the wetting of his broadcloth pants and moccasins. These he had to dry on his person, as we pursued our journey.

I will here say that a better man than Mr. Hubbarā could not have been sent to our people. He was well known to all the settlers. His generosity, his quiet and determined courage, and his integrity, were so well known and appreciated that he had the confidence and good-will of everybody, and was a well-recognized leader among us pioneers.

At this time there were no persons living on the north bank of the Vermilion River near Danville, except Robert Trickle and George Weir, up near the present woolen factory, and William Reed and Dan Beckwith; the latter had a little log cabin on the bluff of the Vermilion near the present highway bridge, or rather on the edge of the hill east of the highway some rods. Here he kept store, in addition to his official duties as Constable and County Surveyor. The store contained a small assortment of such articles as were suitable for barter with the Indians, who were the principal customers. We called it "The Saddle-Bags Store," because the supplies were brought from *Terre Haute* in saddle-bags, that indispensable accompaniment of every rider in those days before highways were provided for the use of vehicles.

Mr. Reed had been elected Sheriff the previous March, receiving fifty-seven out of the eighty votes that were cast at the election, and which represented about the entire voting population of the county at that time. Both Reed and Dan wanted to go with us, and after a warm controversy between them, as it was impossible for them both to

leave, it was agreed that Reed should go and that Beckwith would look after the affairs of both until Reed's return. Amos Williams was building his house at Danville at this time; the sale of lots having taken place the previous April.

Crossing the North Fork at Denmark, three miles north of Danville, we passed the cabin of Seymour Treat. He was building a mill at that place; and his house was the last one in which a family was living until we reached Hubbard's Trading Post, on the north bank of the Iroquois River, near what has since been known as the town of Buncombe; and from this trading house there was no other habitation, Indian wigwams excepted, on the line of our march until we reached Fort Dearborn!

It was a wilderness of prairie all the way, except a little timber we passed through near Sugar Creek, and at the Iroquois.

Late in the afternoon we halted at the last crossing of the North Fork, at Bicknell's Point, a little north of the present town of Rossville. Here three of the footmen turned back, as the condition of the streams rendered it impossible for them to continue longer with us. Two men who had horses also left us. After a hasty lunch we struck across the eighteen-mile prairie, the men stringing out on the trail Indian file, reaching Sugar Creek late in the night, where we went into camp on the south bank, near the present town of Milford.

The next day, before noon, we arrived at Hubbard's Trading House, which was on the north bank of the Iroquois, about a quarter of a mile from the river. A lot of Indians, some of them half naked, were lying and lounging about the river bank and Trading House; and when it was proposed to swim our horses over, in advance of passing the men in boats, the men objected, fearing the Indians would take their horses, or stampede them, or do us some other

mischievous. Mr. Hubbard assured us that those Indians were friendly, and we afterward learned that they were Pottawatomies, known as "Hubbard's Band," from the fact that he had long traded with and had a very great influence over them.

It is proper to state that we were deficient in arms. We gathered up squirrel rifles, flint-locks, old muskets, or anything like a gun that we may have had about our houses. Some of us had no fire-arms at all. I, myself, was among this number. Mr. Hubbard supplied those of us who had inefficient weapons, or those of us who were without them. He also gave us flour and salt pork. He had lately brought up the Iroquois River a supply of these articles. We remained at Hubbard's Trading House the remainder of the day, cooking rations and supplying our necessities.

The next morning we again moved forward, swimming Beaver Creek and crossing the Kankakee River at the Rapids, just at the head of the island near Momence; pushing along we passed Yellowhead's Village. The old chief, with a few old men and the squaws and papposes, were at home. The young men were off on a hunt.

Remaining here a little time, we again set out, and going about five miles encamped at the point of the timber on Yellowhead's Creek. The next morning we again set out, crossing a branch of the Calumet to the west of the Blue Island. All the way from Danville we had followed an Indian trail, since known as "Hubbard's trace;" there was no sign of roads; the prairies and whole country was crossed and recrossed by Indian trails, and we never could have got through but for the knowledge which Mr. Hubbard had of the country. It had been raining for some days before we left home, and it rained almost every day on the route. The streams and sloughs were full of water. We swam the

former and traveled through the latter, sometimes almost by the hour.

Many of the ponds were so deep that our men dipped up the water to drink as they sat in their saddles. Col. Hubbard fared better than the rest of us; that is, he did not get his legs wet so often, for he rode a very tall, iron-gray stallion that Peleg Spencer, Sr., living two miles south of Danville, loaned him. The little Indian pony which Hubbard rode in from Iroquois to Spencer's was so used up as to be unfit for the return journey.

We reached Chicago about four o'clock on the evening of the fourth day, in the midst of one of the most severe rain-storms I ever experienced, accompanied by thunder and vicious lightning. The rain we did not mind—we were without tents and were used to wetting. The water we took within us hurt us more than that which fell upon us, as drinking it made many of us sick.

The people of Chicago were very glad to see us. They were expecting an attack every hour since Col. Hubbard had left them; and as we approached they did not know whether we were enemies or friends, and when they learned that we were friends they gave us a shout of welcome.

They had organized a company of thirty or fifty men, composed mostly of Canadian half-breeds, interspersed with a few Americans, all under command of Capt. Beaubien. The Americans, seeing that we were a better-looking crowd, wanted to leave their associates and join our company. This feeling caused quite a row, and the officers finally restored harmony, and the discontented men went back to their old command.

The town of Chicago was composed at this time of six or seven American families, a number of half-breeds and a lot of idle, vagabond Indians loitering about. I made the ac-



quaintance of Robert and James Kinzie, and their father, John Kinzie.

We kept guard day and night for some eight or ten days, when a runner came in—I think from Green Bay—bringing word that Gen. Cass had concluded a treaty with the Winnebagoes, and that we might now disband and go home.

The citizens were overjoyed at the news, and in their gladness they turned out one barrel of gin, one barrel of brandy, one barrel of whisky, knocking the heads of the barrels in. Everybody was invited to take a free drink, and, to tell the plain truth, everybody *did* drink.

The ladies at Fort Dearborn treated us especially well. I say this without disparaging the good and cordial conduct of the men toward us. The ladies gave us all manner of good things to eat. They loaded us with provisions, and gave us all those delicate attentions that the kindness of woman's heart would suggest. Some of them—three ladies whom I understood were recently from New York—distributed tracts and other reading matter among our company, and interested themselves zealously in our spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

We started on our return, camping out of nights, and reached home on the evening of the third day.



## The First Hotel in Chicago.

Chicago, now so justly proud of her many magnificent hotels, some of which are the finest in the world, opened her "first tavern" in 1829, under the following official cast-iron stipulations: County Commissioners' Court, Peoria County, December 8, 1829. Present: Francis Thomas, George Sharp, and Isaac Egman.

*Ordered:* That a license be granted to Archibald Caldwell to keep a tavern at Chicago, and that he pay a tax of eight dollars, and be allowed the following rates, and give a bond with security for one hundred dollars:

|                                                            |         |
|------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Each half pint of wine, rum, or brandy.....                | 25 cts. |
| "    pint        "        "        "        "        ..... | 37½ "   |
| "    half-pint gin.....                                    | 18¾ "   |
| "    pint        "        .....                            | 31¼ "   |
| "    gill of whisky.....                                   | 6¼ "    |
| "    half-pint "        .....                              | 12½ "   |
| "    pint        "        .....                            | 18¾ "   |
| "    breakfast, dinner, or supper.....                     | 25 "    |
| "    night's lodging.....                                  | 12½ "   |
| Keeping horse over night on grain and hay...               | 25 "    |
| The same as above, 24 hours.....                           | 37½ "   |
| Horse feed.....                                            | 12½ "   |

This paternal Chicago tavern was located on the west side of the North Branch, a few rods from the junction of the rivers. There were but two houses in that "region of country" at that time, one the residence of Che-che-pin-gua (Alexander Robinson), and the other the store of James Kinzie.



CHICAGO IN 1833

FIRST HOTEL, IN CHICAGO.

**Hunting Wolves Around Chicago—An Exciting Instance in Which a Herd Take to the Ice in the Harbor.**

One of our early amusements (says an old settler) was that of wolf-hunting. Experienced Indian ponies were plenty in our city.

The last hunt I remember had for its object the driving of as large a number of wolves as possible up to the ice upon the lake shore, and as near the mouth of the harbor as could be done. There was to be no shooting until the wolves had got upon the ice. No person was to fire unless his aim was entirely over ice, and then to the eastward.

Two parties started early in the morning, one following the lake shore south, and the other the river, to meet at a common center not far from Blue Island. Then they were to spread themselves out, cover as much territory as possible, and drive the wolves before them.

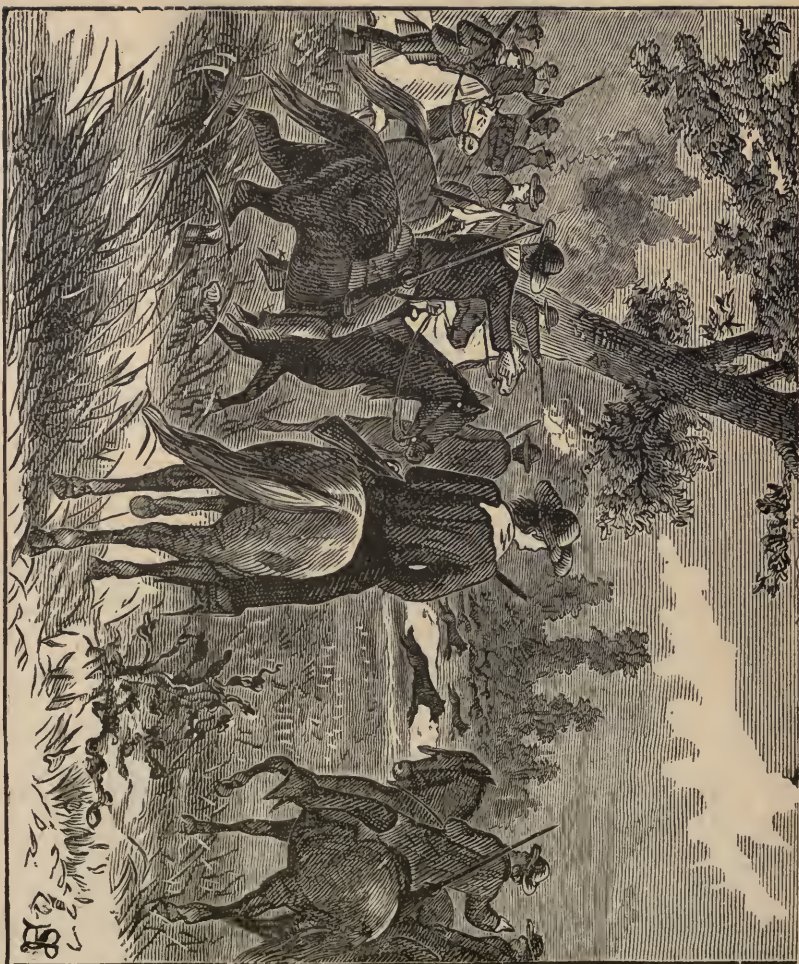
About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a wolf made his appearance in the *outskirts of the city*. The news was spread, and our people turned out on foot, keeping along the margin of the river, so as to drive the wolves upon the ice of the lake shore. One wolf after another made his appearance, and soon we saw the horsemen. The number of wolves was about the same as that of Samson's foxes.

The men were so eager to get the first fire at a wolf that the tramp of their horses broke the ice; and, as the wind was rather brisk, it broke away from the shore, with the wolves upon it, and drifted northeasterly, very much in the same direction as that taken by the recent unfortunate balloon. But the wolves, unlike the man in the balloon, took no reporter on board.

Men, women, and children lined the bank of the lake, expecting to see the ice break in pieces and the wolves swim ashore. But it did not do so. Our people watched the ice, and could see the wolves running from side to side,



A WOLF HUNT IN THE EARLY DAYS.



until they faded away from view. When I took my last look they appeared about the size of mice.

About two weeks afterward a letter appeared in a Detroit paper containing an account of some farm settlements on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan being attacked by a large body of hungry wolves. They destroyed fowls and cattle, and for several days spread terror through the neighborhood.

We always supposed that these were our wolves, but our hunters never laid any claim to them, as the news of their arrival was so long in reaching here.

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**Judge Caton's First Night in Chicago—His "Boarding-House," And What Became of the Landlady's Daughter!**

The first night I slept in Chicago (says the Judge) was in a "log-tavern" (the name they went by then), west of the junction of the rivers, kept by W. W. Wattles.

The next day I learned that the best entertainment was to be had at the crack boarding-house of the place, kept by Dexter Graves, at five dollars per week. It was a log-house near the middle of the square just north of the present Tremont House. If it was a log-house, I assure you we had good fare and a right merry time, too.

There were *seven beds in the attic* in which *fourteen* of us slept that summer, and I fear we sometimes disturbed the family with our carryings on o' nights.

I know of but one of those fourteen boarders besides myself now living. Edward H. Haddock knows who slept with me in that attic.

Haddock was a sly fellow then; for before one of us suspected what he was at he made sure of the flower of the family—and a real gem of priceless value she was—who still

survives to promote the happiness of those around her. Young ladies were in demand here in those days.

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### The First Ferry.

The official record of the first Chicago ferry, dated June 2, 1829, is as follows:

*Ordered:* That Archibald Clybourn and Samuel Miller be authorized to keep a ferry across the Chicago River, at the lower forks, near Wolf's Point, crossing the river below the Northeast Branch, and to land on either side of both branches, to suit the convenience of persons wishing to cross. And that said Clybourn and Miller pay a tax of two dollars, and execute a bond with security for one hundred dollars. The rates for ferriage to be one-half the sum that John L. Bogardus gets at his ferry at Peoria.

*Ordered:* That the following rates be, and they are hereby, allowed to be charged and received by the different ferries, by their respective owners, in this county, to wit:

|                                                                                                                   |                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| For each foot passenger.....                                                                                      | 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts. |
| “ man and horse.....                                                                                              | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ “   |
| “ Dearborn sulkey chair with springs. 50                                                                          | “                    |
| “ one-horse wagon.....                                                                                            | 25 “                 |
| “ four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two<br>oxen or horses.....                                                      | 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ “   |
| “ cart with two oxen.....                                                                                         | 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ “   |
| “ head of neat cattle or mules.....                                                                               | 10 “                 |
| “ hog, sheep, or goat.....                                                                                        | 3 “                  |
| “ hundred-weight of goods, wares, and<br>merchandise, each bushel of grain<br>or other article sold by the bushel | 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ “    |

And all other articles in equal and just proportion.

First School-Teacher in Chicago—He Opens in a Little Barn Twelve Feet Square  
—His Own Sketch of His Early Labors.

Mr. John Watkins was Chicago's first school-teacher. In describing his early labors he says: I arrived in Chicago in May, 1832, and always had the reputation of being its first school-teacher. I never heard my claim disputed.

I commenced teaching in the fall, after the Black Hawk war, 1832. My first school-house was situated on the North Side, about half-way between the lake and the forks of the river, then known as Wolf Point. The building was owned by Col. Richard J. Hamilton, was erected for a horse stable, and had been used as such. It was *twelve feet square*.

My benches and desks were made of *oldstore boxes*. The school was started by private subscription. Thirty scholars were subscribed for. But many subscribed who had no children. So it was a sort of free-school, there not being thirty children in town.

During my first quarter I had but twelve scholars, and only four of them were white. The others were quarter, half, and three-quarter Indians. After the first quarter I moved my school into a double log-house on the West Side. It was owned by Rev. Jesse Walker, a Methodist minister. and was located near the bank of the river where the north and south branches meet. He resided in one end of the building, and I taught in the other. On Sundays Father Walker preached in the room where I taught.

In the winter of 1832-3, Billy Caldwell, a half-breed chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, better known as Sauganash, offered to pay the tuition and buy books for all Indian children who would attend school, if they would dress like the Americans, and he would also pay for their clothes. But *not a single one* would accept the proposition conditioned upon the change of apparel.



When I first went to Chicago there was but one frame building there, and it was a store owned by Robert A. Kinzie. The rest of the houses were made of logs. There were *no bridges*. The river was crossed by *canoes*!

I was born in Scipio, Cayuga County, N. Y., in 1802. I left Chicago in 1836, and have resided in Joliet and vicinity ever since. I had the acquaintance, when in Chicago, of Col. Richard J. Hamilton, Thomas Owen (Indian Agent), Geo. W. Dole, John Wright, P. F. W. Peck, Philo Carpenter, John S. C. Hogan, Col. John B. Beaubien, Mark Beaubien, John H., Robert A., and James Kinzie.

I will now give you the names of some of my scholars: Thomas, William, and George Owen; Richard Hamilton; Alexander, Philip, and Henry Beaubien; and Isaac N. Harmon, now a merchant in Chicago.

I remember Stephen R. Beggs, who sometimes preached in Father Walker's building where I taught school.

Mr. Watkins is still residing at Joliet.

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**The First Drawbridge Across the Chicago River—Sketched by the Builder.**

Nelson R. Norton came to Chicago November 16, 1833. He says: Soon after I arrived I commenced cutting the lumber for a drawbridge on the land adjoining Michigan avenue, afterward owned by Hiram Pearsons. In March, 1834, I commenced building it, and I think it was completed by the first of June.

The first steamboat that passed through it was the old Michigan, with a double engine, commanded by Capt. C. Blake, and owned by Oliver Newberry, of Detroit.

The bridge had an opening of 60 feet, with a double draw. I think the length was 300 feet. This is the best of my recollection. The width was 16 feet. It was located at Dearborn street.



Credit me with building the first vessel at Chicago. I built the sloop *Clarissa* in the spring of 1835. This was the first sail vessel launched on the west side of Lake Michigan, if not the first on the lake.

The first freight taken down the lakes was in 1834, being a lot of hides, from cattle that had been slaughtered for the Government troops.

I was born at Hampton, Washington Co., N. Y., on November 8, 1807.

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**The First Sunday-School in Chicago—Sketched by the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D.**

Dr. Mitchell, now pastor of the first church organized in Chicago (First Presbyterian), in a recent historical discourse thus describes the first Sunday-school:

Several months before the schooner's arrival from Fort Brady (which brought the Rev. Jeremiah Porter to Chicago), before there was either school-house, or church, or minister in the settlement, four earnest workers had started a Sunday-school. Its first session was held (so I learn from Mr. Porter) in a log house at the Point, on the west side of the south branch of the river. There were fifteen scholars, mostly children of the French and half-breed residents. They were untutored little urchins, and had to be collected each Sabbath by the teachers.

Mr. Philo Carpenter, a druggist, a member of Dr. Beman's Presbyterian Church, in Troy, N. Y., was the Superintendent. This was the first Sunday-school established in Northern Illinois, except one opened by that heroic Home Missionary, Rev. Aratus Kent, (known as Father Kent), in a dram-shop in Galena. The Sunday-school (in Chicago) was opened August 19, 1832.

In April, 1833, Father Walker, an aged Methodist minister, came to Chicago to reside. He lived in a log cabin on the west side of the river, near the North Branch, and preached there on the Sabbath. The Methodists are the pioneers. The first minister to preach the gospel in Chicago was a Methodist. He had about *thirty days' start* of Mr. Porter.

The Sunday-school in its first two years of labor had been moved from the log house on the Point, first to Father Walker's house, then to the Fort, then to the second story of one of the three frame buildings used as stores. This stood at the corner of La Salle and South Water streets, then the business part of the village. Mr. Carpenter was still Superintendent, and John Wright Secretary and Librarian, "the library being comfortably carried"—so writes Dr. Humphrey—"in a silk handkerchief. It soon became necessary, however, to substitute a basket for the silk handkerchief," Mr. Joseph Meeker having arrived in July, '34, with great spoil—a quantity of second-hand books, which had been used in a Sunday-school in the city of New York.

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**Chicago's First Minister and First Church--Sketched by the Pastor.**

Chicago's first minister, the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, still lives, and all the way from his home on the Pacific Coast comes the following description of his first arrival and early labors in the city by the sea. Mr. Porter says: "On the arrival of Major Fowle at Fort Dearborn, on the 4th of May, 1833, in a schooner direct from Fort Brady, with his missionary pastor (Mr. Porter) on board, they found, including troops of the United States Army, some four hundred people at Chicago; but no minister or priest had



ever visited them so far as they could learn, except Father Jesse Walker, who as an itinerant Methodist minister had come once a month from his Indian mission on the Fox River, and gathered a few Christians in a log school house on the west side of the river.

But Philo Carpenter had preceded the army chaplain by a year, and had established a sabbath-school and a prayer-meeting. John Wright and his son, John S. Wright, were associated with Mr. Carpenter in these incipient Christian efforts, laying foundations for many generations. The elder Mr. Wright, by writing, had tried for months to secure a minister for Chicago, and when to his surprise on that Monday morning he met the minister (as he went to dinner in his log boarding-house), whom he had known eight years before a student in Williams College, and learned from him that he had come with a part of a scattered church, he exclaimed with admiration:

"This is like the bursting out of the sun from the darkest clouds! Yesterday was the darkest day we ever saw. We were to lose one of our praying officers, and were expecting only godless men with the new troops, and Mr. Carpenter has gone back to New York for his spring goods."

With the aid of Major Fowle and his men, the *carpenter shop* at Fort Dearborn was changed into a house of worship.

The *first sermon*, however, was preached in Father Walker's school-house, west of the South Branch, just over the bridge.

The first text of the new minister (Mr. Porter) was: "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear fruit; so shall ye be My disciples.—(John xv., 8.)

No minister of any church, or priest, except Father Walker, was found north, south, east or west, *within one hundred miles!* Niles, Mich., east; Danville, Ill., south;

Galena, Ill., west; Princeton, southwest, and the Stockbridge Indians, north, on the Fox River, Wis., were the only *near* churches!

During the month of June (the 26th), 1833, a Presbyterian Church was gathered, consisting of two officers of the army and their wives, three wives of soldiers and eleven soldiers, all from the church at Fort Brady. The citizens of Chicago who united at the organization were only four gentlemen and four ladies, all by letter from churches in New England, except Philo Carpenter, who was a native of New England, coming from Dr. S. S. Beman's church, Troy, N. Y., and Mrs. Charles Taylor, sister of the present General Orlando Wilcox, U. S. A.

From this acorn of a church, planted forty-seven years ago, have grown the oaks that now fill the fifth, if not the fourth, city of the American United States.

John Wright, Philo Carpenter, and Major De L. Wilcox, were chosen elders of the church and set apart by the pastor.

On the first Sabbath of July, 1833, the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the town that now has 500,000 inhabitants. And of those *first communicants* four continue to this day to testify of those days of small things: Mr. Carpenter, identified from that day with all the moral and spiritual interests of Chicago; Miss Taylor; Eliza Chappel, who two years afterwards became the *pastor's wife*, and is still; and himself."

The Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D., the present pastor of the church organized by the Rev. Jeremiah Porter, adds:

"In the first year of Mr. Porter's labors the church increased from twenty-six to sixty-seven members. Letters were presented twenty years old by persons who had passed all those years at frontier posts. The little church could not give a support to their pastor. He was sustained by

the Home Missionary Society; but steps were taken immediately by them and money raised to build a house of worship.

On the 4th of January, 1834, that house was dedicated to God. It was a frame building, about forty feet in length by twenty-five in width, and cost \$600. It would seat about two hundred; and the settlers, with the attendants from the garrison, filled it comfortably every Sunday.

The walls were simply plastered, the floor bare, the seats home-made benches, made of ordinary boards. It stood on what is now the alley of the lot at the southwest corner of Lake and Clark streets. "People wondered," so I have been told by an aged lady who worshipped in that primitive place, "what on earth Mr. Porter had *put the church away off there for, out on the prairie!*"

The young pastor evidently had faith in the future of Chicago. The building stood out in the open fields, without any fence around it. Several of the members lived on the West Side, where there were then three houses—but one of those houses, though only twenty feet by fourteen, accommodated that winter seventeen persons! For them it was quite a circumstance to reach the church.

The river had to be crossed by a sort of floating bridge, near what is now Randolph street, and they must then go skipping from one log to another across the swamps and bogs of the muddy prairie. Sometimes they were sadly bemired on the way, and more than once ladies had to be picked up by strong arms and lifted across the black and treacherous holes."



"Long John's" Story of an Early Chicago Wedding---The Whole City Invited  
---Stylish Outfits, and What Became of a Lock of the Bride's Raven Hair.

I remember attending the wedding of one of Laframboise's daughters. She was married to a clerk in the Post-office. The clerk was the one who delivered letters, and of course was well known to all our citizens, and was remarkably popular.

He went to the printing office and had fifty cards of invitation struck off. But when people went for their letters they politely hinted that they expected a card of invitation to the wedding. So he was compelled to go to the printing office and have fifty more struck off. These did not last long, and he had one hundred more.

Then he said that tickets were of no use, and *everybody* might come; and about everyone did come. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Isaac W. Hallam, pastor of the St. James' Episcopal Church.

The house was of no particular use, as it was full and surrounded with people.

This wedding made a strong impression on my mind, as it was the first time I ever saw the Indian war-dance. Some of the guests not only had their tomahawks and scalping-knives, bows and arrows, but a few of them had real scalps which they pretended they had taken in the various Indian wars. Their faces were decorated with all the favorite pictures of the Indians. And some of our young white men and ladies played the part of the Indian so well that it was difficult to distinguish them from the real ones.

It has been a wonder to me that, while our professors of music have been inventing so many different kinds of dances, none of them have reproduced the Indian war-dance, which to me is much more sensible than nine-tenths of those which are now practiced at so many of our fashionable parties. I presume that the trouble is that our ladies





THE POLICE PATROL.

consider that the Indian war-paint extemporized for the occasion would interfere with the original paint put on before they left their homes, and which they wished to remain through the evening.

One of our young men claimed that at this wedding, amid the crowd, unperceived, he had clipped a lock from the bride's long, flowing, raven hair. Some of this hair he had put into a breast-pin, and very soon thereafter these Indian bridal breast-pins were about as thick as were the manufactures from our old court-house bell after the fire.

One man who had worn one for some years was suddenly taken sick, and expected to die. He called his wife to his bedside and told her he deemed it his duty to state to her that he had been deceiving her for years, and he could not die in peace until he had made a confession.

"I must tell you before I die that the hair in that pin I have been wearing so deceitfully is not the hair of that Indian chief's daughter, but your own."

With pitiful eyes he looked to his wife for forgiveness.

"And is that all that troubles you?" said she; "what you have just revealed in your dying hour only confirms my opinion of you. I always supposed you thought more of me than you did of a squaw!"

And now I suppose you think that that man died in peace. But he did not. He is alive now. There is occasionally an instance where a man has survived a confession to his wife. But where, oh where, is there an instance of a woman who has survived a confession to her husband?

After the marriage of this Indian chief's daughter, several of our wealthy citizens (wealthy for those days) gave return parties. I remember attending a very elegant one given at the house of Medard B. Beaubien. I think the fashionable society of Chicago subsisted for about two months upon that wedding. Mr. Beaubien has given me several invita-

tions, as he has others of our old settlers, to visit him at his residence among the Pottawatomies. He told me that I would be a big Pottawatomie! He gave as a reason for abandoning Chicago, where he was a merchant, that he would rather be a big Indian than a little white man. He has the reputation of being the handsomest man that was ever in this city. I met him at Washington, a few years ago, and he attracted great attention for his remarkable personal beauty.

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#### St. James' Episcopal Church.

Concerning Chicago's first Episcopal Church and its early labors, the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold says:

John H. Kinzie and Mrs. Juliette A. Kinzie, with Gurdon S. Hubbard, may be considered, more than any others, the founders of St. James' Church. Others aided and contributed, but the Kinzie family took the lead. The parish was organized in 1834, and on the 12th of October, 1834, Rev. Isaac W. Hallam arrived in Chicago, and took charge of the parish.

The first regular services were held in a room in a wooden building standing on the corner of Wolcott (now N. State) and Kinzie streets, fitted up by Mr. Kinzie and others as a place of worship, and which afterward, being used in the Presidential campaign of 1840 as a place for political meetings, was named "Tippecanoe Hall."

In 1835 or 1836 John H. Kinzie donated two lots on the southeast corner of Cass and Illinois streets as a site for the church edifice, and in 1836-1837 a brick church was erected thereon. On the 26th of March, 1837, the body of the church was first occupied for public service. The entire cost of the church, exclusive of the organ, was

\$14,000. On the Monday following the first service most of the pews were sold at auction, and brought the sum of \$13,862, which, with subscriptions and the proceeds of a fair, paid the cost of the church and left a balance of \$4,000, which was used toward the erection of a rectory.

At the home of John H. Kinzie (standing on the northeast corner of Cass and Michigan streets) the Bishops and clergy of the Diocese of Illinois were always welcome. The Venerable Bishop Chase always found there a home and a genial welcome. Indeed, the hospitality of the Kinzie family was proverbial all over the Northwest. In the reminiscences of Bishop Chase, published in two volumes, by James B. Dow, Boston, 1848, this family is spoken of.

In a letter on p. 389, dated Monday, July 26, 1837, the good old Bishop says: "The consecration of *St. James' Church*, Chicago, took place yesterday at half-past ten. The church was filled to overflowing, even before the Bishop met the wardens and vestry at the door. The Rev. Mr. Hallam read the morning prayers, and myself the ante-communion and sermon. Text: 'The Lord is in this place. This is none other than the House of God, and this the gate of heaven.' The whole number of communicants is now about thirty. I went to the Kinzies. Mrs. Magill, and all the young, and Mrs. K. were most attentive to my every want, etc."

Indeed, such was the prominence and activity of Mrs. John H. Kinzie in the early days of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Illinois, that she was sometimes called "*The Female Bishop of Illinois.*"



**The First Daily Newspaper.**

The first daily newspaper printed in Chicago was the *Chicago Daily American*, edited by Wm. Stuart, the first number of which bears date April 9th, 1839. The closing words of the editor's "salutatory" are as follows: "We now launch our humble bark on the great ocean of the world, with plenty of *sheet*, but still with no certainty of *sale*, and with what pilotage we may command, we must trust the destiny of its voyage to the winds and waves, the sunshine and the storm."

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**The First "Loafer" in Chicago.**

The first "loafer" on record was Richard Harper. The city census of July 1st, 1837, gave the occupation of every citizen. In this instance the record reads, "Richard Harper, loafer." This man, it is said, was "respectably connected" in the city of Baltimore, and, be it known, afterward *reformed*. He left the young city no doubt in disgust, and made his way back to his native place, and afterward became one of the six Washingtonian Reformers who started the great temperance reformation which spread over the country in 1840. So it is said.

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**Chicago's First Wedding.**

The first wedding in Chicago—of which there is any record—occurred July 20th, 1823. Curiously enough, the contracting parties were a physician, Alexander Wolcott, M. D., and Ellen M. Kinzie, who was the first child born in Chicago. John Hamlin, J. P., who was returning from a business trip to Green Bay, Wis., to his home in Fulton

County, officiated on the occasion, and made them "husband and wife" by a very plain but solid-binding ceremony. All the prominent chiefs and braves of the Pottawatomies, and other tribes, were present at this first of the long and rapidly extending list of Chicago marriages. Miss Kinzie was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kinzie. She was born in the autumn of 1807, and was just "sweet sixteen" the year of her marriage.

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### Violets.

The first divorce suit in Chicago was brought in 1835.

The first "one-horse shay" to make its appearance was in 1834; Philo Carpenter, proprietor.

"Horse cars" made their appearance in the city, "as far up as Twelfth street," April 25, 1859.

The first Coroner was John R. Clark, and his first inquest was "over the body of a dead Indian."

Mr. Robert Fergus issued the first Directory of Chicago. It appeared in 1839, and contained 1,660 names.

The first church fair held in Chicago was given by the ladies of the Protestant Episcopal Church, June 18, 1835.

David McKee was Chicago's first blacksmith. He also in early days carried a monthly mail from Fort Wayne to Chicago.

The first white woman to make her home in Chicago from New England was Mrs. Hadassah Trask, who arrived May 26, 1826.

The first Justice of the Peace in Chicago was John Kinzie, commissioned July 28, 1825, as shown by the records of Peoria County.

The first bank established in Chicago was a branch of

the State Bank of Illinois, in December, 1835, of which W. H. Brown was cashier.

The first lawyer who appeared on the Chicago horizon was Russell E. Heacock. He arrived July 4, 1827, and "still lives" in the city.

Chicago boasted of its first brick house in 1831, built by Caleb Blodgett on the North side of Adams street, between Dearborn and State streets.

The first railroad to run *out of Chicago*, was the "Galena and Chicago Union," which penetrated the distant village of Elgin (forty miles), in 1850.

Chicago's first City Clerk was Isaac N. Arnold, since a member of Congress, and now the Honorable President of the Chicago Historical Society.

The first census of Chicago was taken July 1st, 1839. It showed a grand total population of 4,170 persons, of whom 3,989 were white, 77 black, and 104 sailors.

The first large vessel that ever entered the *Chicago River* was the schooner "Illinois," which "sailed up" July 11, 1834, amid the acclamations of the citizens.

The first livery stable in Chicago was kept by Lathrop Johnson, now a resident of Ontonagon, Mich. He also "run" the first stage line between Chicago and Milwaukee.

The first arrival of passengers from the East by railroad was via the Michigan Southern line, Feb. 20, 1852, and the first train by the Michigan Central was May 21, 1852.

The first lady "schoolmarm" in Chicago is said to have been Mrs. Stephen Forbes, who opened a school in 1830 near what is now the corner of Randolph street and Michigan avenue.

The first Sunday Liquor Law was adopted Sept. 1, 1834, prohibiting the opening of any "tippling shop or grocery" on Sunday, under a penalty of \$5, one half to go to the complainant.

The first jail was built in the autumn of 1833, "of logs well bolted together," on the northwest corner of the public square. It was standing as late as 1853, when it gave way for the "New Court House."

The first Postmaster of Chicago was J. S. C. Hogan, who kept a "variety store" on South Water street. He was appointed in 1833, and once a week received a mail from Niles, Mich., brought on horseback.

The first side-wheel steamer, the "Geo. W. Dole," was built by that gentleman in 1840, at the junction of the two branches of the Chicago River, from timber that grew on the North Branch of the Chicago River.

The first male child born in Chicago was Merriweather L. Whistler, son of Lieut. Whistler. He was born in Fort Dearborn during the autumn of 1805, and at the age of about seven years was drowned at Newport, Ky.

The first white man hung in Chicago was John Stone—evidently a hard case—who was executed July 10th, 1840, on a gallows erected "back of Myrick's tavern," near the lake shore, in expiation of the murder of Mrs. Thompson.

The first sail-vessel that ever arrived in the Chicago port is believed to have been the United States schooner "Tracy," with Dorr for Master. It came around the lakes from Detroit some time in 1803, bringing Capt. John Whistler, who came to build a fort.

The first tax-list on record is for the year 1825, which shows the entire personal property—not including the American Fur Company—to have been valued at \$4,047, on which the whole tax paid was \$40.47; with only thirteen persons, all told, as the tax-payers.

The first "celebration" of any character took place July 4th, 1836, in honor of the removal of the first shovelful of dirt in the construction of the canal. It is said every man, woman, and child in good health in the village was present



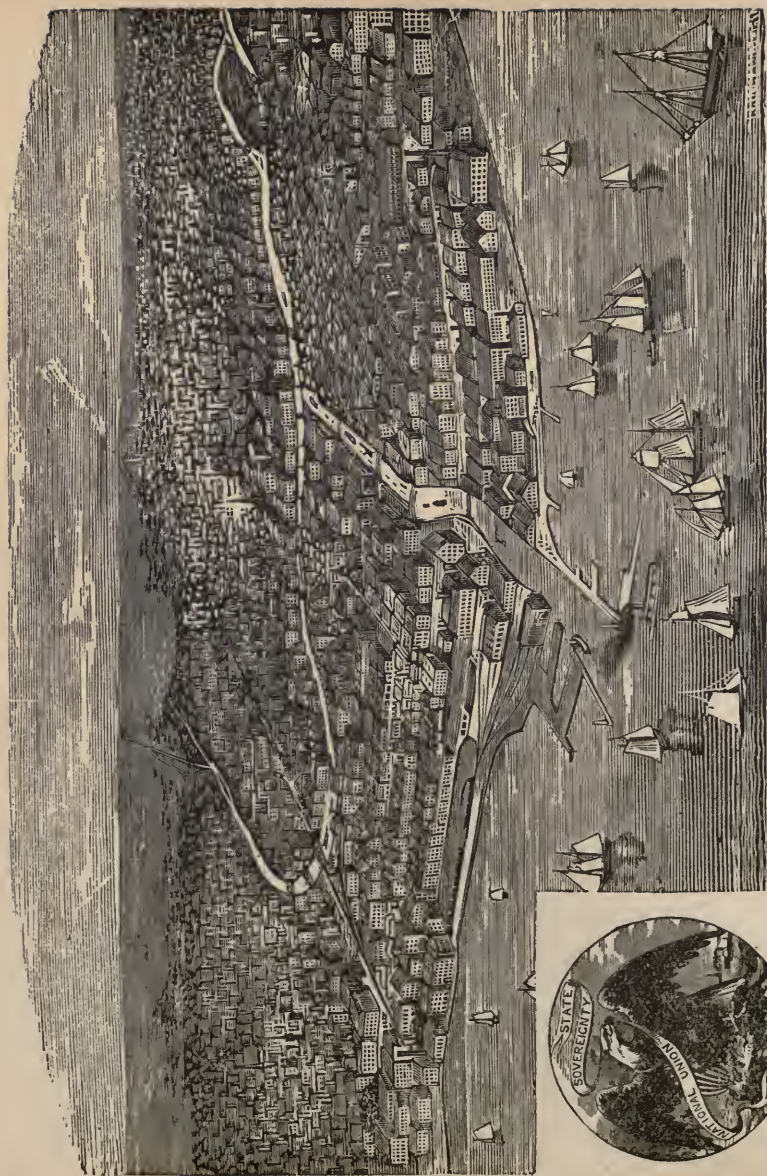
on the eventful occasion. The temperance people had lemonade, and others whisky; but finally, it is said, the two liquids got seriously mixed.

The first steam fire-engine was introduced by Mayor Wentworth, during his first term in 1857. It was appropriately called "Long John." During his second term, in 1861, he introduced two more, and called them "Liberty" and "Economy," in honor of a favorite watchword of his.

The first steamers that stirred the waters of Lake Michigan in *front* of Chicago, were the "Sheldon Thompson" and "William Penn." They arrived July 8th, 1832, and had on board Gen. Winfield Scott and a lot of soldiers for the Black Hawk war. At that date there were only five dwelling houses in Chicago, three of which were made of logs.

The first public building in Chicago of which any mention is made was an "Estray Pen," erected on the southwest corner of the public square. The lowest bid for the contract was \$20, put in by Samuel Miller; but failing to complete the structure according to specifications, he was paid only \$12 by the Treasurer. This is supposed to be *the first* instance where a contractor failed to fulfill his contract.

The first street leading to Lake Michigan was laid out April 25, 1832. It commenced at what was then called "the east end of Water street," and is described by Jedediah Wooley, the surveyor, as follows: "From the east end of Water street, in the town of Chicago, to Lake Michigan. Direction of said road is south  $88\frac{1}{2}$  degrees east from the street to the lake, 18 chains 50 links." Said street was laid out fifty feet wide. The viewers on this occasion "also believe that said road is of public utility, and a convenient passage from the town to the lake."



CHICAGO ONE YEAR AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

## AMUSING AND OTHERWISE.

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Love Letters in the Early Days of Chicago.---How Some of Them were  
"Franked" by the Aid of Mr. Wentworth.---A Laughable Story.



Soon after my election to Congress—says Mr. Wentworth, who tells this story—a young man who had rendered me material service made me a call, and observed that postage was very high; in which sentiment I concurred, and promised to labor to reduce it. He then remarked that I would have the franking privilege; to which I assented, and promised to labor

to abolish it.

But all this did not seem to interest the young man, and



I was perplexed to know the drift of his conversation. Finally, with great embarrassment, he observed that he was *engaged to a young lady at the East*, and wanted to know if I could not frank his letters.

I explained that there was but one way to avoid the responsibilities of the law; and that was for him to *write his letters to me*, and then I could write a *letter to her*, calling her attention to his; and she could have the same privilege. The correspondence took this form until the Congressman from her district asked me if, at the close of the session, I was going home by the way of his district.

I did not comprehend him until he stated that he was well acquainted in the family of the lady with whom I had been corresponding, and suggested that if I was going to be *married* before the next session, it would be pleasant for us to *board at the same house!*

This put a new phase upon my way of dodging an abuse of the franking privilege, and I wrote to my constituent that he must bring his *courtship to a close*, and he did so.

Four letters from *him* and three from *her* covered the transaction, and I stand indebted to this day to the "conscience fund" of the Post-office Department for \$1.75. But this was a very insignificant sum to pay for the securing of a good Yankee girl to the West in those days.

But every time anyone speaks to me about the corruptions and defalcations among public men of the present day, I see "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" written on the wall! I think of that \$1.75, and say nothing.





How the Yankee Clock-Peddlers Flanked an Early Chicago Law which Required only One Man to Break, but Two to Keep.

Ex-Lieut. Gov. Bross is responsible for the following amusing incident in connection with "the law" and "clock-peddlers:"

It must be borne in mind that the first settlements were made in the southern parts of the State, by immigrants principally from Virginia, Kentucky, and some of the other Southern States. Many of them had a sort of "holy horror" for that ubiquitous, ever-trading sharper, "the live Yankee."

To guard against his depredations, a law was passed February 14th, 1823, duly enacting that "No person shall bring in and peddle or sell wooden clocks in this State, unless they first take out an extra license;" for which the price was \$50.

The penalty for violating the law was fixed at the same sum. This "said sum" would make a sad inroad upon Jonathan's profits, and hence, under the impulses of his "higher law" notions of the value of money, he pursued his "chosen calling," without any regard to the majesty of the law in "such case made and provided."

He was of course arrested, and in due form arraigned before the court of Fayette County.

The fact of "*selling*" was not denied, but it appeared in evidence that one Yankee brought them "*in*" across the river at St. Louis—and another "*sold*" them.

The counsel for the prisoner—Wm. H. Brown, Esq.—contended that it must be shown that the prisoner did both "*bring in and peddle or sell*."

Jonathan, as usual, escaped and went on his way "peddling" and "selling" his wooden wares. We believe his "*Yankeeship*" has always, since the failure of that law to "head him off," been permitted to exercise his peculiar habits without "let or hindrance."

Getting on in the World Without Money.---An Amusing Story of a Scrip-ticket,  
"Good for a Drink " that Got Into a Contribution-box.

Mr. Wentworth is responsible for the following: In early days nearly every man in Chicago doing business was issuing his individual scrip, and the city abounded with little tickets, such as, "Good at our store for ten cents," "Good for a loaf of bread," "Good for a shave," "Good for a drink," etc., etc. When you went to trade, the trader would look over your tickets and select such as he could use to the best advantage.

The times for a while seemed very prosperous. We had a currency that was interchangeable, and for a time we suffered no inconvenience from it, except when we wanted some specie to pay for our postage. In those days it took twenty-five cents to send a letter east.

But after a while it was found out that men were over-issuing. The barber had outstanding too many shaves; the baker too many loaves of bread; the saloon-keeper too many drinks, etc.

Want of confidence became general. Each man became afraid to take the tickets of another. Some declined to redeem their tickets in any way, and some absconded. And people found out, as is always the case where there is a redundancy of paper money, that they had been extravagant, had bought things they did not need, and had run in debt for a larger amount than they were able to pay. Of course nearly every one failed and charged his failure upon President Jackson's specie circular.

In after times I asked an old settler, who was a great growler in those days, what effect time had had upon his views of Gen. Jackson's circular. His reply was that Gen. Jackson had spoiled his being a great man. Said he, "I came to Chicago with nothing, failed for \$100,000, and

*could have failed for a million* if he had let the bubble burst in the natural way."

A single instance will illustrate to what various purposes those little tickets of indebtedness could be put. A boy had a ticket "Good for a drink." He dropped it into the church contribution box, and heard no more of it.

He told another boy, who did the same thing, with the same result. That boy told his sister, who told her mother, who told her husband, who deemed it his duty to tell *the deacon!*

Meanwhile the boys were putting in the tickets "Good for a drink," and telling the other boys to do the same.

The deacon, alive to all the responsibilities of his position, for the first time in his life entered a saloon; called the barkeeper one side and asked him to change a \$1 scrip, well knowing he could not do so unless it were in liquor tickets.

The saloon-keeper was afraid to offer such tickets, and declined to make the change, until the deacon gave him a hint that although he did not stimulate himself he thought he could use the tickets.

"Then," said the deacon, "I have a curiosity to know the extent of the circulation of these tickets, and really wish you would put a private mark upon them and notify me when one returns."

Think of a deacon putting such currency into a contribution box! But he did it, and the boys put in some more.

On Monday afternoon the deacon was notified that one of his tickets had been redeemed. Oh, what a chance for a scandal case! Imagine that such a thing had happened in our day! Think of our enterprising news-gatherers calling upon a deacon and asking him what was the average time of a liquor-ticket's going from his church contribution box to a saloon!

With solemn tread the deacon made his way to his pastor's

residence, and asked him *what disposition* he made of the various tickets taken from the contribution box.

The reply was that his wife assorted them, strung them upon the different strings, entered them upon a book, and gave the church credit as she used any of them.

"And do you say, my dear brother," asked the deacon, "that you have no knowledge of the particular uses to which these tickets have been put?"

"I do say so," said the pastor.

The deacon breathed freer. He had cleared his pastor, but I have no doubt he prayed, "May the Lord have mercy on his poor wife!"

The wife was called and her husband said, "The deacon wishes us to give an account of the proceeds of the contribution box."

"Not exactly so, my dear sister," said the deacon, "but I wish to know for what purposes the liquor-tickets have been used."

She comprehended the matter at once and promptly replied, "Why, Deacon, did *you* want them? I never thought *you were a drinking man!* Now, as you didn't have the tickets, will you share with us the proceeds? Let us all take a drink!"

She rushed to her pantry, brought out a pitcher, with tumblers, and it was filled with—*milk!*

In making the change with the milkman his eyes had fallen upon these tickets, and he said he could use them. Thus throwing the liquor-tickets into the contribution box was but a repetition of the old adage, "Evil be thou my good." They had discharged all the functions of the modern greenback, even to furnishing a poorly-paid clergyman's children with milk.



## Chicago's Early Fiddler, Mark Beaubien.

One of the noted men who formed an essential factor in the extemporized enjoyments of early Chicago was Mr. Mark Beaubien. He was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1800, and was an eye-witness of Gen. Hull's surrender of the American army in 1812. He came to Chicago in 1826.

Judge Caton says of him: "He used to play the fiddle at our dances, and he played it in such a way as to set every heel and toe in the room in active motion. He would lift the sluggard from his seat and set him whirling over the floor like mad! If his playing was less artistic than that of Ole Bull, it was a thousand times more inspiring to those who are not educated up to a full appreciation of what would now create a *furor* in Chicago; but I will venture the assertion that Mark's old fiddle would bring ten young men and women to their feet and send them through the mazes of the dance, while they would sit quietly through Ole Bull's best performance—pleased, no doubt, but not enthused so that they could not retain their seats."

Ex-Lieut. Gov. Bross, in alluding to old times, gets off the following on "Mark": "Not satisfied with being already *chief* ferryman, as well as a merchant, or with having experienced the clemency of the court, in the shape of a remittance of a fine of ten dollars, "assessed to him for a fracas" with John G. Hall, he also applied for and received a license to "keep a tavern," being charged therefor the moderate sum of six dollars. As an offset to these various evidences of favor, he well-nigh met with a worse fate than old Charon, for he was "ordered" to ferry the citizens of Cook County "from daylight in the morning until dark, *without stopping*." The reason for this stringent order, as given by Dr. Kimberly, was that Mark at the time kept two *race horses*, and he had such a passion for the sports of

the turf that he would every day, if possible, get up a race with some of the Indian "bloods," and sadly neglect his duty to ferry the good citizens of Cook County free, according to the law in such case made and provided.

Mark Beaubien still lives, and at the recent "Old Settlers' Reception," it is said, fiddled the tunes of earlier days while many of the "boys" of ye olden times danced as of yore.

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#### Judge Caton's Chicago Bear Story.

Late in 1833 (says Judge Caton) a bear was reported in the skirt of timber along the South Branch, when George White's loud voice and bell—he was as black as night in a cavern, and his voice had the volume of a fog-horn, and he was recognized as the town-crier—summoned all to the chase. All the curs and hounds of high and low degree were mustered, with abundance of fire-arms of the best quality in the hands of those who knew well how to use them. Soon bruin was treed and despatched very near to where the Rock Island Depot now stands.

Then was the time when we chased the wolf over the prairies now within the city limits, and I know some that were of the party who pursued one right through the little hamlet and onto the floating ice near old Fort Dearborn. O, those were glorious times, when warm blood flowed rapidly no matter how low stood the mercury. Then in winter the Chicago River was our skating-rink and our race-course.

In those days young Caton and John Bates would occasionally skate up the south branch to "Hardscrabble," where Bridgeport is now located.

The First Irishman in Chicago—His Picture as Painted by "Long John."

The names of the voters in 1830, says Mr. Wentworth, indicate a large influx of the Anglo-Saxon race; but among them was *one Irishman*, probably the first who ever trod Chicago soil.

The first thought that occurred to me was, What could bring an Irishman out here all alone? Who was to help him celebrate St. Patrick's Day? Who was to attend his wake? His name was *Michael Welch*. What have our Irish Aldermen been thinking of, that they have never given us, in honor of their first settler, a Welch avenue, a Welch street, a Welch school-house, or a Welch fire-engine?

The next thought that occurred to me was, What could he be doing out here all by himself? Now, what would an Irishman naturally do when he found himself here all alone, hundreds of miles distant from any other Irishman?

He was a *bugler*. He blew his horn. He was a discharged soldier, and, having faithfully served out his time, he stopped long enough to vote the straight Jackson ticket, and then joined Captain Jesse Brown's Rangers, and marched on to clear the Indians out of the way of his coming countrymen, who were already aroused by his bugle's blast, as his patron St. Patrick, centuries before, had cleared the snakes out of his way in the land of his nativity.

Captain Jesse Brown was a brother of the late Judge Thomas C. Brown, of our Supreme Court, and was authorized by President Jackson to raise a company of men, who were called "Brown's Rangers," and was ordered to report to Gen. Stephen W. Kearney, on the Western frontier.

There is a prevailing impression that Irishmen never go anywhere except in squads. But the history of the American Continent will prove that Irishmen have ventured as

far alone upon hazardous explorations as any other men. But he dislikes to stay alone. Like the honey-bee, when he finds a good thing, he wants some others to come and help him enjoy it.

My original Congressional district extended north to the Wisconsin line, west to the Rock River Valley, south so as to embrace Princeton, LaSalle, Bloomington, Urbana, and Danville. I had to travel all over this district with a horse and buggy, and visit the sparse settlements. I often found an Irishman cultivating the soil alone. But when I made a second visit I found some more Irishmen there, or else the original one had gone.

Gov. Winthrop, of Boston, in his journal under date of 1642, tells us of one Darby Field, an Irishman, who could not rest contented after his landing in America until he had climbed to the top of the White Mountains. He was the first man to ascend Mount Washington, and when asked why he went, replied, "Merely to take a look at the country!"

The official dispatches of one of the battles of the Mexican War commended the conduct of Private Sullivan, of one of our Chicago regiments. In the battle he had advanced before his company, engaged in single combat with a Mexican officer, and killed him. I called President Polk's attention to the report, and asked for Sullivan's promotion. He referred the matter to the Adjutant General. Time passed along, and no appointment was sent to the Senate.

I called upon the Adjutant General, and he read me a letter from Sullivan's superior officer, commending his courage and general good conduct, but strongly protesting against his appointment as Lieutenant in the regular army, on account of his deficiency in West Point education.

I appealed to the President, and it did not take long to satisfy him that good fighting in war-time would counter-



balance all deficiencies in education, and Sullivan was promoted.

Some time after the close of the war, his father called upon me, said he had not heard from his son for a long time, and wanted me to find him.

I wrote to Washington, and received for answer that Sullivan resigned his Lieutenantcy at the close of the war. Inside the official letter was a note marked "private and unofficial." "Tell Sullivan's father to read the news from Mexico. I inclose some scraps from a New Orleans newspaper, and the Col. Sullivan therein mentioned is reported to be the late Lieut. Sullivan of the regular army."

Some time afterward an officer of the army gave me the following account:

After the close of the war with Mexico, some of the officers were tarrying late at dinner, when Lieut. Sullivan entered and was saluted with "Will you join us, Lieut. Sullivan?"

"Col Sullivan, if you please, gentlemen," was the reply.

Whereupon one of the officers said: "It will not surprise us at all if you are Col. Sullivan. If your killing that Mexican was of so much account as to put you on an equality with us who have studied four years at West Point, and have seen considerable active service, a little personal favoritism might carry you still higher, and make you a Colonel. Why, Lieut. Sullivan, if you should kill another Mexican, those politicians at Washington would make you Commander-in-Chief!"

"Gentlemen," said Sullivan, "It is business that brings me here. Here is my commission as Colonel in the Mexican revolutionary army, and now you know my authority. And now, here's my business in this paper, which I will read." He then read a paper authorizing and requesting him to employ a competent engineer upon his staff.

The officers reminded him that they knew nothing of the face of the Mexican country, had no maps, knew not his route, and insisted that they could be of no service to him.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," replied Sullivan; "it is not for what I am going to do that I want any of your assistance. I only want you to map it out after I have done it. You

are always talking about your military school, and what you have studied, and the like of you will be at school hereafter, and they will want to study Sullivan's Route to the Capital of Mexico; and if ever I should be Emperor, whom should I want for Secretary of War but my own Engineer?"

Sullivan set out upon his march with no one to map his route. He penetrated forests where no man had ever been before. He came out of forests where men least expected him. He appeared to be everywhere, and the inhabitants could make no calculation where he was not. They either all joined him, or fled before him. He had everything his own way, until, in his efforts to join the main army, he found himself in the fortified country. Here he missed his engineer and his military education. He was wounded, taken prisoner, marched into the Plaza, a bullet pierced his heart, and that was the last of Sullivan. But it just took a Chicago Irish boy to teach the Emperor Maximilian how to die the death of a soldier some twenty years afterward; and Sullivan had as much right in Mexico as Maximilian.

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**Cook County and Chicago in 1831—Sketched by Ex-Lieut. Gov. Bross.**

The county of Cook, in 1831 (says Gov. Bross), embraced all the territory now included in the counties of Lake, McHenry, Dupage, Will, and Iroquois.

At that time Fort Dearborn was occupied by two companies of United States infantry, under the command of Major Fowle.

The resident citizens were Mr. Elijah Wentworth and family, occupying a house partly log and partly frame, owned by Mr. James Kinzie.

Mr. W. kept a tavern, the best in Chicago.

In the vicinity of this tavern resided Mr. James Kinzie and family, Mr. William See and family, Mr. Alexander

Robinson and family (afterward living on the Desplaines, two miles north of River Park, where he died only a few years ago), and Mr. Robert A. Kinzie, who had a store composed of dry goods—a large portion of them Indian goods—groceries, etc.

Across the North Branch of the Chicago River, and nearly opposite Mr. Wentworth's tavern, resided Mr. Samuel Miller and family, and with them Mr. John Miller, a brother. Mr. Miller also kept tavern. On the east side of the South Branch, and immediately above the junction with the North Branch, resided Mr. Mark Beaubien and family, who also kept tavern; and a short distance above him, on the South Branch, resided a Mr. Bourisso, an Indian trader.

Between Mark Beaubien's tavern and Fort Dearborn there were no houses, except a small log cabin, near the foot of Dearborn street, and used as an Indian trading house.

Near the garrison, and immediately south, on the property sold by James H. Collins, Esq., to the Illinois Central Railroad Company, was the residence of J. B. Beaubien and family, who was connected with the American Fur Company in the Indian trade. He had near his residence a store, containing such goods as were suitable to the business. A short distance south of him on the lake was a house, then unoccupied.

On the north side of the river, and immediately opposite the garrison, stood the old "Kinzie House," as it was commonly called, which was also then unoccupied, and in a very dilapidated state.

A short distance above, on the main branch of the river, and on the ground since occupied by the Chicago and Galena Railroad Company, stood what had been the Government Agency house, and known to the "oldest inhabitant"

as "Cobweb Castle." That was then unoccupied, Dr. Wolcott, the Government Agent, having died the fall before.

In its vicinity were several small log buildings for the accommodation of the blacksmith, interpreter, and others connected with the Agency. The blacksmith then occupying one of the buildings was a Mr. Magee, who afterward lived in Dupage County.

Billy Caldwell, the principal chief of the Ottawa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indians, occupied another. He was then interpreter for the Agency.

Col. Thomas J. V. Owen, who had been, the winter before, appointed to succeed the late Dr. Wolcott, had not then taken up his residence in Chicago; G. Kercheval, who was then Sub-Agent, was a resident.

Dr. E. Harmon and James Harrington had taken up their residence, and were making claims on the lake shore.

Here we have some dozen families in the spring of 1831, constituting, with the officers and soldiers in the fort, the entire population of Chicago.

In June following, the garrison, by order of the Secretary of War, was abandoned by the troops, and left in charge of Col. T. J. V. Owen, the Government Agent of the Ottawa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indians; and by September the fort, together with the old Kinzie House and the one on the lake shore (formerly vacant), were filled with immigrant families.

In the latter part of September the payment of the Indian annuities was made by Col. Owen. There were present on that occasion about four thousand Indians, and among them was a deputation of eight Sauk and Fox Indians, belonging to the band of the celebrated Black Hawk.

Their object was to induce the Ottawas, Pottawatomies, and Chippewas to join them in their contemplated invasion



of the Rock River country, and wrest it from the whites, who, they alleged, had obtained it fraudulently.

Had it not been for the influence of Billy Caldwell, little doubt was entertained of the success of their mission. Caldwell was well advised of the weakness of the Indians and the strength of the Government, and by his influence and representations prevented the alliance.

After the payment, a scene of drunkenness, debauchery, and violence occurred, such as is never witnessed except at an Indian payment.

During the fall, in the month of November, the schooner *Marengo*, belonging to Oliver Newberry, of Detroit, arrived. She encountered a heavy gale on Lake Michigan, which was just subsiding on her arrival.

There being no harbor, she anchored out in the lake, more than half a mile from the shore, nearly in front of the fort, where she remained until the lake became sufficiently calm to unload. This could only be done by the aid of small boats, crossing the bar at the mouth of the river, which then emptied into the lake near the foot of Randolph street.

The *Marengo* was commanded by Captain Stewart, a veteran sailor who had long been in the employment of Mr. Newberry. The *Telegraph*, which arrived in July, and the *Marengo* were the only arrivals during the season, except the one that transported the troops to Green Bay.

The principal part of the population of Chicago during the winter of 1831-2 occupied the quarters in the garrison, and were ministered to, in the way of creature comforts, by that estimable citizen, Geo. W. Dole, who was the only merchant then in Chicago, except Mr. R. A. Kenzie at "*Wolf Point*," which was the name given to the "*settlement*" at the junction of the North and South Branches.

The winter was long and intensely cold, and the popula-

tion of the surrounding country so sparse that no traveler could be found sufficiently reckless to traverse it.

There were then *no mail routes, post routes nor post offices at Chicago*, and the only means its inhabitants had of knowing anything of the world was by sending a half-breed Indian once in two weeks to Niles, in Michigan, to procure all the papers, both old and new, that could be had. "Great caution," says Colonel Hamilton, "was exercised in reading the old *first*, that we might be properly advised of events in the *world* as they occurred.

"The trip was made on foot, and usually occupied a week. The arrival of '*the mail*' was an event of quite as much interest then as it is now; but notwithstanding our exclusion from the world, we were not unhappy, and doubtless enjoyed ourselves as well as its inhabitants now do."

"A debating society was formed, composed of most of the male inhabitants of the fort, over which presided J. B. Beaubien with much efficiency and dignity. Although not very conversant with '*Jefferson's Manual*,' he had no occasion to use it, as every member was disposed to be orderly and behave himself; and each and all felt bound to contribute as much as possible to the general sum of knowledge and usefulness.

"To vary the amusement, a dance was occasionally got up at the house of Mark Beaubien, Esq., and for those who had no taste for such amusements a religious meeting was generally held once a week in the fort by Mark Noble, Jr., and his wife and two daughters, and Mrs. R. J. Hamilton, who were all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Col. Hamilton has paid a just tribute to the zeal and piety of Mr. Noble. He was the principal speaker at all these religious meetings, and his exertions in the cause of truth were greatly blessed. He was a young man of practical common sense and great ability, and well fitted for a stan-

dard-bearer on the borders of civilization. It will be seen that the Methodists were zealous workers in the great cause in Cook County and Chicago as early as 1831.

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Gen. Winfield Scott in Chicago—His Official Report to Gov. Reynolds—An Interesting Bit of History.

The following is taken from the Louisville (Ky.) *Advertiser* of July 27, 1832:

HEADQUARTERS N. W. ARMY, }  
CHICAGO, July 15, 1832. }

SIR—To prevent or correct the exaggerations of rumor in respect to the existence of cholera at this place, I address myself to your Excellency. Four steamers were engaged at Buffalo to transport United States troops and supplies to Chicago. In the headmost of these boats, the Sheldon Thompson, I, with my staff and four companies, a part of Col. Eustis' command, arrived here on the night of the 10th inst. On the 8th all on board were in high health and spirits, but the next morning six cases of undoubted cholera presented themselves. The disease rapidly spread itself for the next three days. About one hundred and twenty persons have been affected. Under a late act of Congress, six companies of rangers are to be raised and marched to this place. Gen. [Henry] Dodge, of Michigan, [Senator,] [then embracing Dodgeville, Wis.] is appointed Major of the battalion, and I have seen the names of the Captains, but I do not know where to address them. I am afraid that the report from this place, in respect to cholera, may seriously retard the raising of this force. I wish, therefore, that your Excellency would give publicity to the measures I have adopted to prevent the spread of this disease, and

of my determination not to allow any junction or communication between uninfected and infected troops. The war is not at an end, and may not be brought to a close for some time. The rangers may reach the theater of operations in time to give the final blow. As they approach this place, I shall take care of their health and general wants.

I write in great haste, and may not have time to cause my letter to be copied. It will be put in some postoffice to be forwarded forthwith.

I have the honor to be, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. JOHN REYNOLDS.

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**Early P. O. Days—**“Long John” Perched on a Dry-Goods Box, Reads to the Citizens the New York Papers.

“Long John” facetiously describes the early post-office days as follows: One of our most reliable places of entertainment was the Post-office, while the mail was being opened. The Post-office was on the West side of Franklin street, cornering on South Water street. The mail coach was irregular in the time of its arrival, but the horn of the driver announced its approach.

Then the people would largely assemble at the Post-office and wait for the opening of the mails which at times were very heavy. The Postmaster would throw out a New York paper, and some gentleman with a good pair of lungs and a jocose temperament would mount a dry-goods box and commence reading.

Occasionally I occupied that position myself. During exciting times our leading men would invariably go to the Post-office themselves, instead of sending their employes.





THE NEW POST OFFICE.—See page 156.

The news would be discussed by the assemblage, and oftentimes heavy bets would be made, and angry words passed. If it was election times, there would be two papers thrown out, of opposite politics, two reading stands established, two readers engaged, and the men of each party would assemble around their own reader.

This condition of things would last until the mails were opened, when the gathering would adjourn until the next blowing of the driver's horn. This gathering afforded the best opportunity for citizens to become acquainted one with another.

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#### . How a New Silk Dress was Exchanged for a Fortune!

I was introduced, says an old settler (in the early days of Chicago), to a Lieutenant in the army, who had just come to take charge of the Government works in this city. He had great confidence in our future, and expressed his intention to invest all his means here. He was eventually ordered away to some other station, but kept up his interest in Chicago.

His taxes became high, too high in proportion to his pay as an army officer and the support of his family. His wife had once placed the price of a *new dress* in a letter which was to leave by the return of a mail which brought her husband an exorbitant tax-bill.

He expressed his intention of ordering, by the same mail, the sale of his Chicago property, as his means could endure his taxes no longer.

His wife ordered her letter from the mail, took out the money, and, saying that she preferred the Chicago property to a new dress, insisted that he should use it to pay his

Chicago taxes. The next summer he visited our city, and rented his property for enough to pay the taxes.

That lady lost her dress for that year, but she gained thereby one of the largest and most celebrated (Kingsbury) estates in our city.

The narrator wisely adds: I mention this fact to warn our ladies that they should never ask for a new dress until they find their husband's tax-receipt in his wallet; and at the same time, I would also caution husbands not to try to carry so much real estate as to make their poorly-clad wives and children objects of charity when they make their appearance in the streets.

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**Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's Story of Abraham Lincoln.**

The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, a long, and honored resident of Chicago, tells the following interesting incident concerning the early surroundings of the Garden City in connection with young Lincoln, Gurdon S. Hubbard, and others:

In 1832 John Dixon kept the ferry across Rock River, and the latch-string of his hospitable home was never drawn in against the stranger. The Black Hawk war was pending, and settlers and whole families had been killed and scalped upon the prairie.

The National Government sent Gen. Scott with some regular troops to Chicago, and to these were added some companies of Illinois mounted volunteers, called out by Governor Reynolds, to aid in protecting the settlers and chastising the Indians.

Among the regulars who met on the banks of Rock River, at the crossing then called "Dixon's Ferry," under the im-

mediate command of General Atkinson, were Lieutenant Colonel Zachary Taylor, subsequently President of the United States; Lieutenant Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter; Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, and *Private Abraham Lincoln*, of Capt. Iles' company of Illinois Mounted Rangers.

These facts I received from John Dixon, a hale man of more than eighty years (of Dixon, Ill.) Anderson and Davis were young lieutenants, just from West Point, and Lincoln was a tall and boyish-looking young man of twenty-two. So far as I know, our fellow-citizen, Gurdon S. Hubbard is the only living citizen of Chicago who was engaged in this expedition against Black Hawk.

When Major Anderson visited Washington, after his evacuation of Fort Sumter, he called at the White House to pay his respects to the President. After the Chief Magistrate had expressed his thanks to Anderson for his conduct in South Carolina, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Major, do you remember of ever meeting me before?"

"No," replied Anderson "I have no recollection of ever having had that pleasure."

"My memory is better than yours," said Lincoln. "You mustered me into the United States service, as a high private of the Illinois volunteers, at Dixon's Ferry, in the Black Hawk war."

Father Dixon, the ferryman, and guide of the United States forces, and even then well known by the Winnebagoes as "*Nachusa*," or "*Whitehead*," says that in all the marches, whenever the forces approached a grove or depression, in which an Indian ambush might be concealed, and scouts were sent forward to examine the cover, Lincoln was the first man selected; and he adds that while many, as they approached the place of suspected ambush, found an excuse



for dismounting to adjust girths or saddles, Lincoln's saddle was always in perfect order.

"*Nachusa*" adds two or three other facts in regard to Lincoln: One was that while the little army was encamped around the ferry, every evening, when off duty, Lincoln could be found sitting on the grass, with a group of soldiers, eagerly *listening to his stories*, of which his supply seemed, even at that early day, inexhaustible; and that no one could induce the young volunteer to taste the whisky which his fellow-soldiers, grateful for the amusement which he offered them often pressed upon him.

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**The Hon. John Wentworth's Early Experience in Church Matters—Not Able to Rent but Half a Pew—His Description of Parson Hinton's Sensational Lectures on "The Devil."**

Not feeling able to sustain the expense of a whole pew, I engaged one in partnership with an unpretending saddle and harness maker (S. B. Cobb), who, by a life of industry, economy, and morality, has accumulated one of the largest fortunes in our city, and still walks our streets with as little pretense as when he mended the harnesses of the farmers who brought the grain to this market from our prairies.

The church building in those days was considered a first-class one, and we had a first-class pew therein, and the annual expense of my half of the pew was only \$12.50, more than it would have been in the Savior's time.

People wonder at the rapid increase in the price of real estate at the West; but it bears no comparison with the increase in the price of gospel privileges. A good clergyman is well worth all that a liberal-hearted congregation may see fit to pay him. But the people ought to cry out against the reckless waste of money, steadily increasing

in the erection of extravagant church edifices. And the pride in such matters seems to eat up all other considerations.

During the recent panic, a Christian lady of this city, with a large family of children, whose husband was suddenly reduced from opulence to penury, astonished me by observing, with tears in her eyes, that her most grievous affliction was that she would be compelled to give up her pew in the church, which was the most expensive in the city, and take one in a cheaper edifice. And yet our people sing in every church, "God is present everywhere."

At the close of service one day, Parson Hinton said he thought Chicago people ought to know more about the devil than they did. Therefore he would take up his history, in four lectures.

First he would give the origin of the devil.

Second, state what the devil has done.

Third, state what the devil is now doing.

And fourth, prescribe how to destroy the devil.

These lectures were the sensation for the next four weeks. The house could not contain the mass that flocked to hear him, and it is a wonder to me that those four lectures have not been preserved. Chicago newspaper enterprise had not then reached here.

The third evening was one never to be forgotten in this city; as it would not be if one of our most eminent clergymen, with the effective manner of preaching that Mr. Hinton had, should undertake to tell us what the devil is doing in this city to-day. The drift of his discourse was to prove that everybody had a devil; that the devil was in every store, and in every bank, and he did not even except the church. He had the devil down the outside and up the middle of every dance; in the ladies' curls, and the gentlemen's whiskers. In fact, before he finished, he proved con-



VIEW ON DEARBORN AVENUE BEFORE THE FIRE

clusively that there were just as many devils in every pew as there were persons in it; and if it were in this our day, there would not have been swine enough in the Stock-Yards to cast them into.

When the people came out of church, they would ask each other: "What is your devil?"

And they would stop one another in the streets during the week, and ask, "What does Parson Hinton say your devil is?"

The fourth lecture contained his prescription for destroying the devil. I remember his closing: "Pray on, brethren and friends; pray ever. Fight as well as pray. Pray and fight until the devil is dead !

The world, the flesh, the devil,  
Will prove a fatal snare,  
Unless we resist him,  
By faith and humble prayer.

In this grand contest with his Satanic Majesty, he, our leader, fought gloriously, but he fell early in the strife. We, his hearers, have kept up a gallant fight to this day, but, judging by our morning papers, the devil is far from being dead in Chicago.

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**An Amusing Indignation Meeting—How State Senators Were Tortured in True Indian Style and Blown to Atoms.**

The Hon. Grant Goodrich is responsible for this story, graphically illustrating the anger of young Chicago on a certain occasion : In the winter of 1834-5, Gurdon S. Hubbard, John H. Kinzie, and others visited the Legislature at Vandalia, to urge the passage of a bill to commence the work on the canal.

They succeeded well in getting it through the House of Representatives, and securing the pledges of votes enough



to carry it in the Senate ; but two Senators who had agreed to support it changed their minds, and secured its defeat.

The indignation at Chicago was hot and fierce, and she must give some signal expression of it. A cannon was procured, effigies of the offending Senators made, and placed on the bank of a cellar, where the Tremont House now stands, and John and Robert Kinzie, and others, performed around them the ceremonies which the Indians practiced around prisoners, devoted to mockery, torture, and an ignominious death, after which one was shot into fragments from the mouth of the cannon.

The other one was laid upon a rude bier, and carried upon the ice in the river, escorted by Geo. White, as master of ceremonies, the town bell-ringer and the only negro here. The effigy was then placed over a can of powder, which was exploded, up-heaving the ice, and blowing the Senator high in the air, and tearing him into fragments, amidst the shouts and jeers of the multitude.

We were compelled (says the Judge) to furnish our own amusements, and this is a specimen of the way in which it was done.

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**Laughable Court Work—Regulating the Price of Boarding, Horse-Feed, and  
"The Drinks."**

The Commissioners' Court, under the act organizing the county, was opened March 8, 1831.

The first record we have is that "Samuel Miller, Gholson Kercheval, and James Walker, Commissioners for Cook County, were sworn into office by J. S. C. Hogan, Justice of the Peace. William See was appointed Clerk of the Commissioners' Court, who, after being duly sworn and giving bonds 'according to law, the Court proceeded to business.'

“Archibald Clybourne was appointed County Treasurer, and an order passed that the ‘S. W. fraction of Sec. 10, in T. 39 N., R. 14 East of the third principal meridian, be entered for county purposes.’

“At the next meeting, March 9, the Treasurer is authorized to *borrow one hundred dollars*, with which to enter the land before mentioned, and he is directed ‘not to give more than six per cent. interest.’ It is also ordered that Jesse Walker be employed to enter the land, that Jedediah Wooley be nominated to the Governor for County Surveyor, and that there be three precincts in the County of Cook, to-wit: ‘The Chicago Precinct,’ the ‘Hickory Creek Precinct,’ and the ‘Dupage Precinct.’

“The boundaries of these three precincts were established, Judges of Election appointed, and the times and the places of holding the same. Grand and Petit Jurors were selected, and some other minor business transacted, when the ‘Court adjourned until Court in course.’”

April 13, 1831.—A special term was held. The record says: “Court was called at the hour of 10 o’clock in the morning, and Samuel Miller and Gholson Kercheval, being present, formed a quorum, and proceeded to business.

“*Ordered*, That there be a half per cent. levied on the following description of property, to wit: On town lots, on pleasure carriages, on distilleries, on all horses, mules, and neat cattle above the age of three years; on watches, with their appurtenances, and on all clocks.”

Elijah Wentworth and Samuel Miller were licensed to keep a tavern in the town of Chicago, and taxed therefor the sum of \$7 and \$5 respectively. The following financial measure was also adopted, and as one of the “quorum” on this occasion was also one of the prospective “tavern-keepers,” we have a right to presume that the tariff was fairly adjusted:

"*Ordered*, That the following rates be allowed to tavern-keepers, to wit :

|                                             |           |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Each half-pint of wine, rum, or brandy..... | 25 cents. |
| Each pint do.....                           | 37½ "     |
| " half pint of gin.....                     | 18¾ "     |
| " pint do.....                              | 31¼ "     |
| " gill of whisky.....                       | 6¼ "      |
| " half-pint do .....                        | 12½ "     |
| " pint do .....                             | 18¾ "     |
| For each breakfast and supper.....          | 25 "      |
| " dinner.....                               | 37½ "     |
| " horse feed .....                          | 25 "      |
| Keeping horse one night.....                | 50 "      |
| Lodging for each man, per night.....        | 12½ "     |
| For cider or beer, one pint.....            | 6¼ "      |
| " " one quart .....                         | 12½ "     |

The first licensed merchants in Cook County, as appears from the licenses granted at this time, were B. Laughton, Robert A. Kinzie, Samuel Miller; and the first auctioneer, James Kinzie. Russell E. Heacock was licensed to keep a tavern at his residence.

Initiatory steps were taken for the establishment of a ferry across both branches of Chicago River, at the forks, over which the people of Cook County, with their "traveling apraties" (according to the record), were to be passed *free*.

Rates of ferriage were specified for outsiders, and a ferry scow was purchased from Samuel Miller for sixty-five dollars.

At the next meeting of the Court, Mark Beaubien filed his bond for \$200, with James Kinzie as security, and having agreed to pay into the Treasury fifty dollars, and "to ferry all citizens of Cook County free," became the first ferryman of Chicago.

During vacation of Court, permits to sell goods were obtained from the Clerk by Alexander Robinson, John B. Beaubien, and others.

At the next term of Court, June 6, Jesse Walker, who

had been commissioned to enter the land selected for county purposes, reported that he had been refused permission to enter the same, and *paid back* the money put into his hands for that purpose.

The fees received by the members of the Commissioners' Court at this time were, as appears from appropriations made them, at the rate of \$1.50 per day for actual term time, which were paid in county orders.

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#### Old Jack, the Singing Ferryman—A Floating Music Hall.

An interesting institution, says Mr. Wentworth, was the ferry-boat between the North and South sides. It was a general intelligence office. Business was done principally upon the South Side, while most of the dwelling-houses were upon the North Side.

The ferryman knew about every person in town, and could answer any question as to who had crossed. The streets had not been raised to their present grade, nor the river deepened or widened, and the boat was easily accessible to teams. It was pulled across by a rope, and was not used enough to kill the green rushes which grew in the river.

If a lady came upon the South Side to pass an evening, she would leave word with the ferryman where her husband could find her. Bundles and letters were left with him to be delivered to persons as they passed. He was a sort of superannuated sailor, and if he had not sailed into every port in the world, he had a remarkable faculty of making people think he had.

His fund of stories was inexhaustible, and he was constantly spinning his interesting yarns to those who patronized his institution. Like most sailors, he could not pull



unless he sung, and to all his songs he had one refrain with a single variation. His voice was loud and sonorous. If he felt dispirited, his refrain was, "And I *sigh* as I pull on my boat." If he felt jolly (and people took particular pains to make him so), his refrain was, "And I *sing* as I pull on my boat."

All night long this refrain was disturbing the ears of those who dwelt near the banks of the river. Song after song was composed for him, in the hope of changing his tune, but it would not be long before he would attach to it his usual refrain. One of our musical composers composed a quadrille, which our young folks used to dance in the evening on the ferry, during certain portions of which they would all join in old Jack's refrain, and sing, "And we'll dance as we ride on the boat."

There was a little boy who took great delight in Jack's company, whose parents lived on the margin of the river near the ferry, and as in the last of his sickness he was burning with a violent fever, nothing would quiet him but the sound of old Jack's voice. Old Jack had just sung, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat," when the boy whispered his last words to his mother, "And I die while Jack pulls on his boat."

Jack heard of this, and his lungs became stronger than ever. Racking both his memory and his imagination for songs, all night long he sung, with his plaintive refrain, "Charlie dies while Jack pulls on his boat." A distinguished poetess, traveling at the West about this time, was tarrying at the "Lake House," and heard of the incident. She wrote for a New York magazine some beautiful lines appropriate to the last words of the child and the circumstances. These were reproduced in our Chicago papers.

Old Jack went to church one Sunday, and the clergyman preached from the text: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of

Me and My words, of Him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory."

After church was over the clergyman took Jack to task for making so much noise on his ferry-boat, and told him he was going to have him removed.

"You can't do it," said Jack.

"Why not?" said the clergyman.

"Your sermon, sir, your sermon! You said we must make a practical application of it."

"How can you apply that to your position?"

"In this way," said Jack; "the Mayor appoints a ferryman. I will just tell him, he that is ashamed of me and my boat, of him will I be ashamed when I go to the polls on the day of election."

Jack was not removed. But he went one fall to the South with the robins; but, unlike the robins, he returned no more. He probably saw the coming bridge.

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#### A Wedding Reminiscence of the Great Fire.

A wedding fixed for the week after the great fire was postponed by a letter of the lady to her lover, who was in an Eastern city. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and in the letter, after telling him of the fire, she wrote :

"Our wedding will have to be postponed for at least one year, as I am in no condition at present to be married; not that I love you less than ever, for you know that better than I can tell you, but that we have no house to live in and my father is rendered almost destitute by the fire. His place of business was, as you know, in the burnt district, and was swept away in company with a number of others the second night of the fire. We expect to have a new house built in



THE GREAT FIRE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

a few weeks, just around the corner from where we formerly resided, near —— street and —— avenue. I am very glad you did not come to this city when you intended, for then you would be as the rest of us, half scared to death. Father was up at the time, and saved two suits of clothes—the one he had on and another—but we, that is Mar, Jeannette, and I, were less lucky. You would have been surprised to see me, the morning after we were driven out of the house, with a pair of Jim's old pants on, one slipper, one shoe, and a waterproof cloak. This was, indeed, my complete outfit, and it was not until yesterday that I received some other clothes from my cousin Mary, who sent them from Cincinnati. That would have made a splendid wedding suit, wouldn't it?

"The city is building up lively. Work is lively, but a number of laborers have left this, the doomed city.

"Frank, please come on and see us as soon as you can; I want to see you very badly."

It is said that Frank did not decline that invitation, nor did he consent to postpone the wedding a year, or any longer than a new outfit could be provided.

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#### **How a Woman was Saved in the Great Fire by Brave Men---A Narrow Escape.**

The following thrilling episode connected with the great fire is narrated by an eye witness:

A woman was seen at the window of a building, shrieking for assistance. The building was on fire within, and the only hope of escape, the staircases, had been destroyed. The walls were still safe, and a short ladder was procured. A man with long, silvery hair mounted a box and cried out:

"A hundred dollars to any brave man who will go to her rescue!"



A dozen men sprang forward, and the leader said: "We don't want your money, but we will try!"

Throwing off his coat, the stranger seized a rope, ran up the ladder, and entered the lower window. He was lost to view for a moment, but soon returned, his shirt blackened with the smoke and burned by the falling embers.

"Let some one come up," he shouted; "I want some help."

Another followed, and the ladder was drawn in and pushed up through the burning flames at the staircase. They mounted to the story above and repeated the process. They were now within one story of the poor woman. She meanwhile had been caught by the flames, and to save herself had been obliged to tear off her outer clothing.

Not a moment was to be lost, and when the men appeared at the window—with hair curled with the intense heat, their clothing in rags and partially burned—and sent down the coil of rope for a new ladder (theirs having been broken by a falling timber), all hope seemed gone. But by great efforts they raised the ladder to where they were, and once more essayed to reach the hapless woman above them. But the flames were too hot, and they were forced back from the interior to the window. Here they essayed to throw the rope to the woman, but in the excitement of the occasion they could not succeed.

The leader, however, was a man of resources, and lowering the rope again, he started for the hook. One was attached, and when drawn up he managed to hand the rope to the woman, and shouted to her to make it fast and descend to them. She tied the rope to some place, still strong enough to sustain the strain, but could not, in her weakness, risk herself in the descent.

All seemed lost; but the crowd soon beheld the first of the men slowly ascending the rope, hand over hand. Cheer

after cheer hailed him as he drew himself into the window. In a moment the woman was lowered to the story below, where she was seized by the second brave rescuer, who drew her into the room and waited for the descent of his companion.

The rope was not long enough to reach from where it was attached to the pavement, but a second was produced, and a piece of twine attached to a stone was thrown in, which enabled them to haul it up. The two then lowered the woman, almost "*in natura puribus*," to the street, and the first lowered the second and then came down himself.

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#### A Dreadful Scene in the Washington Street Tunnel During the Great Fire.

While the great fire was raging in the South Division a thrilling scene occurred in the Washington street tunnel, which led to the West Side. Several of the bridges over the South Branch being on fire, the tunnel was resorted to by thousands of people who desired to pass from one division to the other.

At a moment when the passage-way was filled with pedestrians, rushing wildly in either direction, the *gas suddenly gave out*, and all were left in total darkness. A terrible panic, a collision, and the trampling to death of the weaker by the stronger seemed inevitable.

But, strange as it may seem, everybody in that dark recess seemed at once to comprehend the necessity for coolness and courage; not a man lost his presence of mind; but all, as with one accord, bore to the right, each calmly enjoining upon others to be cool and steady, and to march steadily on till the end of the tunnel could be reached.

Rapidly, but without confusion, the two columns moved on through the thick darkness with almost military preci-

sion, the silence being broken only by frequent shouts of "right," "right." There was no collision, and no one was harmed, but all reached the ends of the tunnel in safety, and then, for the first time in almost ten minutes, breathed freely.

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**How a Cat in the Old Postoffice Saved its Life by Jumping into a Pail of Water**

One of the features of the Postoffice was the "official cat." This notorious feline may or may not have had a name; at any rate it is not now known. It had been once before burned out, and was, therefore, in a measure prepared for this calamity.

On the night of the great fire the cat was present and assisted in the removal, though she did not go herself. Nobody invited her, and she was too much of a public-spirited employe to go without permission.

When the work afterward of removing the safes was in progress, the tearing away of a partition revealed the faithful public servant in a pail partially filled with water. She had rented this as temporary quarters, and apparently enjoyed the cool shelter which it afforded. From her position it appeared impossible that she could have gone away and returned after the fire, and so she may be set down as a *living being* who passed Sunday night and Monday in the burnt district.

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**A Remarkable Incident in the Great Fire, where a Man Saves his House by Throwing Hard Cider on it.**

A policeman named Bellinger lived in a small, white, wooden cottage on Lincoln place. When he saw the fire coming he hauled up the sidewalk, raked up the leaves and burned them, hewed down the fence and carried it into the house in pieces, and notified his neighbors that, live or die, he would stick to that house.

The fire advanced and gave battle. It flung torches into his porch; it hurled them through the windows. It began and kept up a hot bombardment of flaming shot upon the roof.

He met it at every point; with hands and boots, with water and wet blankets, and finally as the last wave of fire enveloped the building in a sirocco, and whirled through the crackling tree-tops, and gyrated madly over the adjacent walls, and wavered and whirled over the smoking roof, Bellinger cast a pail into his cistern and it was dry. The blankets were on fire.

Then the Bellinger genius rose triumphant. He assaulted his cider barrels, and *emptied their contents* on the roof. It was the *coup de guerre*. It gave him victory. His blankets were scorched, his hands blistered, his boots distorted, and his cider spilled, but his house *was saved!*



**The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's Personal Experience in the Great Chicago Fire—A Graphic Description of that Wonderful Conflagration.**

The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, the friend and biographer of President Lincoln, whose name is well known in this and other countries, and who is still a resident of Chicago, describes his own thrilling adventures in the great fire as follows:

There was literally a rain of fire. It caught in the dry leaves; it caught in the grass; in the barn; in the piazza; and as often as it caught it was put out, before it got any headway. When the barn first caught, the horses and cows were removed to the lawn. The fight was continued, and with success, until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Every moment flakes of fire falling, touching dry wood, with the high wind, would kindle into a blaze, and the next instant would be extinguished. The contest after 3 o'clock grew warmer and more fierce, and those who fought the devouring element were becoming exhausted.

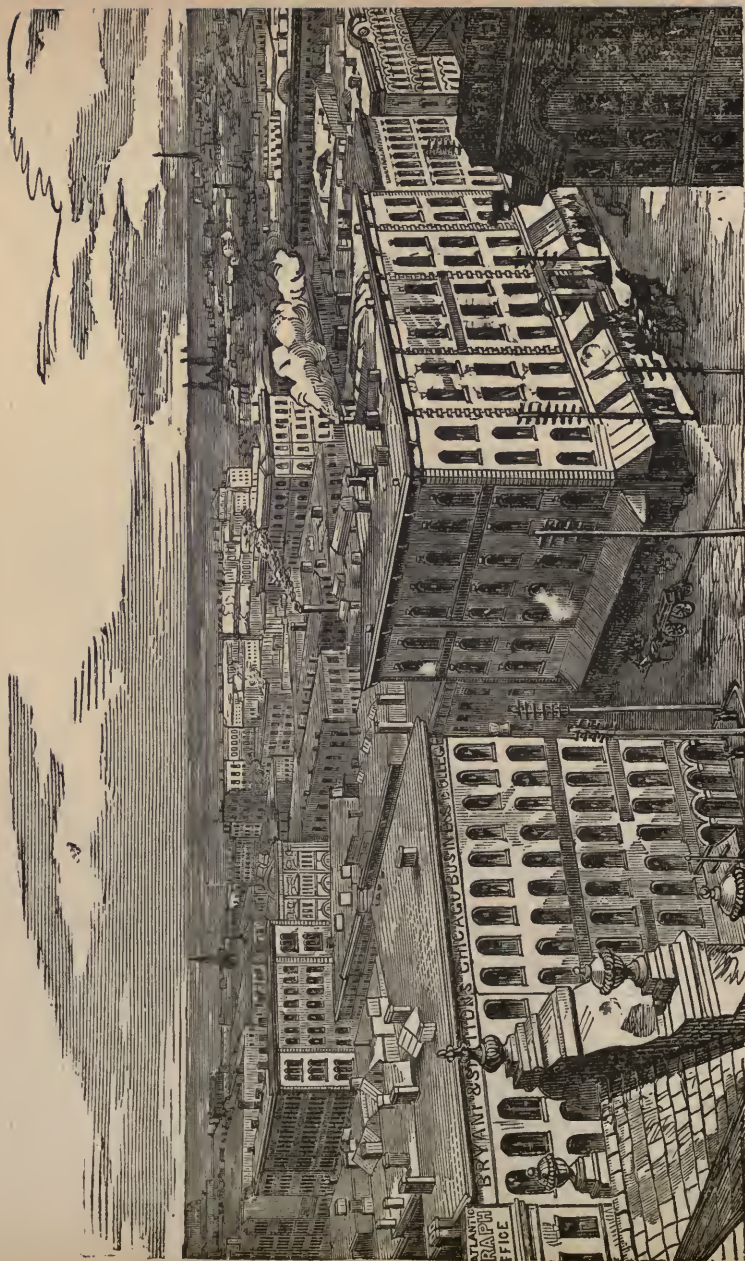
The contest had been going on from half-past 1 until after 3, when young Arthur Arnold, a lad of 13, called to his father: "The barn and hay are on fire!"

"The leaves are on fire on the east side," said the gardener.

"The front piazza is in a blaze," cried another; "the front greenhouse is in flames, and the roof on fire."

"*The water has stopped!*" was the last appalling announcement.

"Now, for the first time," says Mr. A., "I gave up hope of saving my *home*, and considered whether we could save any of the contents. My pictures, papers, and books, can I save any of them?" An effort was made to cut down some portraits, a landscape of Kensett, Otsego Lake, by Mignot—it was too late! Seizing a bundle of papers, gathering the children and servants together, and leading forth the animals they started. But where to go?



[124] VIEW OF BUSINESS CENTER OF CHICAGO. BURN'T IN A SINGLE NIGHT. FROM COURT HOUSE LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

They were surrounded by fire on three sides; to the south, west, and north raged the flames, making a wall of fire and smoke from the ground to the sky; their only escape was east to the lake shore. Leading the horses and cow, they went to the beach. Here were thousands of fugitives hemmed in and imprisoned by the raging element. The sands, from the Government pier north to Lill's pier, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, were covered with men, women, and children, some half-clad, in every variety of dress, with the motley collection of things which they sought to save.

Some had silver, some valuable papers, some pictures, some old carpets, beds, etc. One little child had her doll tenderly pressed in her arms, an old woman a grunting pig, a fat woman had two large pillows, as portly as herself, which she had apparently snatched from her bed when she left. There was a singular mingling of the awful, the ludicrous, and the pathetic.

Mrs. Arnold and her little daughter Alice had been sent away to the residence of Mrs. Scudder, and the party were accordingly separated, a circumstance which added to the anxiety of the wanderers.

After toiling along W. B. Ogden's pier, they hired a small row-boat, and were conveyed to the lighthouse, where they were cordially received by the authorities, and other refugees who had preceded them. The party remained prisoners in the lighthouse, and on the pier on which it stood, for several hours.

The shipping above in the river was burning; the immense grain elevators of the Illinois Central and Galena Railroads were a mass of flames, and the pier itself, some distance up the river, was slowly burning toward the lighthouse.

A large propeller fastened to the dock a short distance

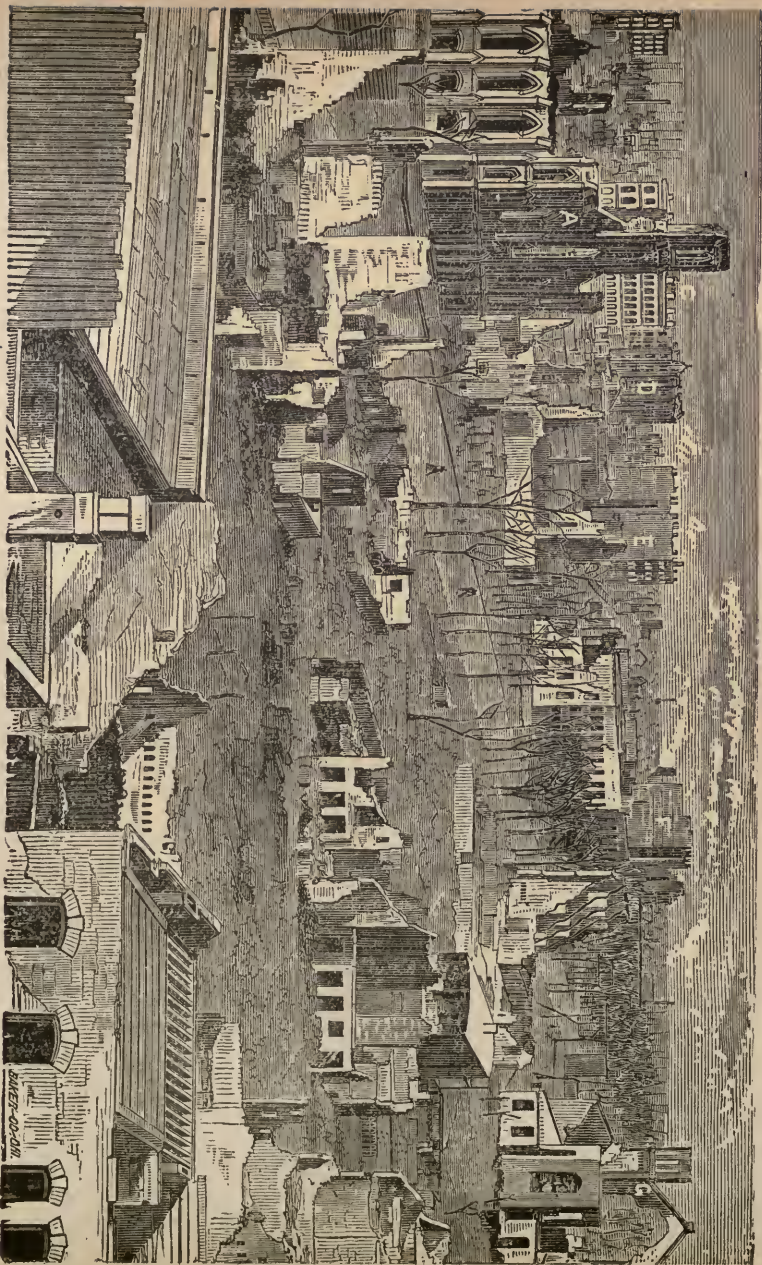
up the river caught fire, and the danger was that as soon as the ropes by which it was fastened burned off it would float down stream and set fire to the dock in the immediate vicinity of the lighthouse. Several propellers moved down near the mouth of the river, and took on board several hundred fugitives and steamed out into the lake.

If the burning propeller came down it would set fire to the pier, the lighthouse, and vast piles of lumber, which had as yet escaped in consequence of being directly on the shore and detached from the burning mass. A fire company was organized of those on the pier, and with water dipped in pails from the river the fire kept at bay, but all felt relieved when the propeller went to the bottom. The party were still prisoners on an angle of sand, and the fire running along the north shore of the river. The river and the fire prevented an escape to the south, west, and north. The fire was still raging with unabated fury.

The party waited for hours, hoping the fire would subside. The day wore on, noon passed, and 1 and 2 o'clock, and still it seemed difficult, if not dangerous, to escape to the north. Mr. Arnold, leaving his children in the lighthouse, went north toward Lill's, and thought it was practicable to get through, but was not willing to expose the females to the great discomfort and possible danger of the experiment.

Between 3 and 4 in the afternoon the tug-boat Clifford came down the river and tied up near the lighthouse. Could she return—taking the party up the river—through and beyond the fire to the West Side, or was it safer and better to remain at the lighthouse? If it and the pier, the lumber and shanties around should burn during the night, as seemed not unlikely, the position would not be tenable, and might be extremely perilous; besides, Mr. A. was extremely anxious to *know* that Mrs. A. and little Alice were safe.





CHICAGO ONE DAY AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

Rush, Clark, State, and Wells street bridges had all burned, and their fragments had fallen into the river. The great warehouses, elevators, storehouses, docks on the bank of the river, were still burning, but the fury of the fire had exhausted itself.

The party resolved to go through this narrow canal or river to the south bank, outside the burning district. This was the most dangerous experience of the day. The tug might take fire herself, the wood-work of which had been blistered with heat as she came down; the engine might get out of order and the boat become unmanageable after she got inside the line of fire, or she might get entangled in the floating timber and *debris* of the bridges. However, the party determined to go.

A full head of steam was gotten up, the hose was attached to the engine, so that if the boat or clothes caught it could be put out. The children and ladies were put in the pilot house, and the windows shut and the boat started. The men crouched clear to the deck behind the butt works, and with a full head of steam the tug darted past the abutments of Rush street bridge; as they passed the State street bridge the pilot had to pick his way carefully among falling and floating timber.

The extent of the danger was now obvious, but it was too late to retreat. As the boat passed State street the pump supplying cold water ceased to work, and the exposed wood in some parts was blistering. "Snatching a handkerchief," says Mr. Arnold, "I dipped it in water, and covering the face and head of Arthur, whose hat the wind had blown away, I made him lie flat on the deck, as we plunged forward through the fiery furnace. On we sped past Clark and Wells streets."

"Is not the worst over?" asked Mr. Arnold of the Captain, as the boat dashed on and on.

"We are through, sir," answered the Captain.

"We are safe." "Thank God!" came from hearts and lips as the boat emerged from the smoke into the clear, cool air outside the fire lines."

The party went ashore at Lake street, and Mr. Arnold commenced a search for his wife and child, whom he found had gone to Evanston. It was not until the next night that the whole family were united at the residence of Judge Drummond.





## Singular Incident in Connection With the Great Fire.

On State street was the fine row of five-story marble-front buildings known as "Booksellers' Row." These magnificent buildings were one hundred and ninety feet deep, and, including the basements, were filled with books and stationery. Griggs & Co., besides a large stock of imported works, had whole floors of school books. The Western News Company, besides its immense sales-room, had a force of sixty persons engaged in packing goods.

All these stores were elaborately finished, and of course included heavy stocks of paper and other stationery.

An exploration of the ruins failed to discover a single book, or a sheet or a quire of paper.

The only legible thing found was a single leaf, badly scorched, of a Bible, and this is said to have contained that part of the first chapter of Jeremiah which opens:

"How doth the city set solitary that was full of people, how she became as a widow.

"She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks."

That is all that was left of the more than a million of books contained in all these immense stores.

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Bits of History.

CHICAGO had a debating society as early as 1831, with J. B. Beaubien for the first President. It was considerable of an "institution" during its day.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH arrived in Chicago Oct. 25, 1836, and, as he laughingly asserts, was in time to see the *first white man hung*, which occurred on the *open prairie*, south of the Court House.



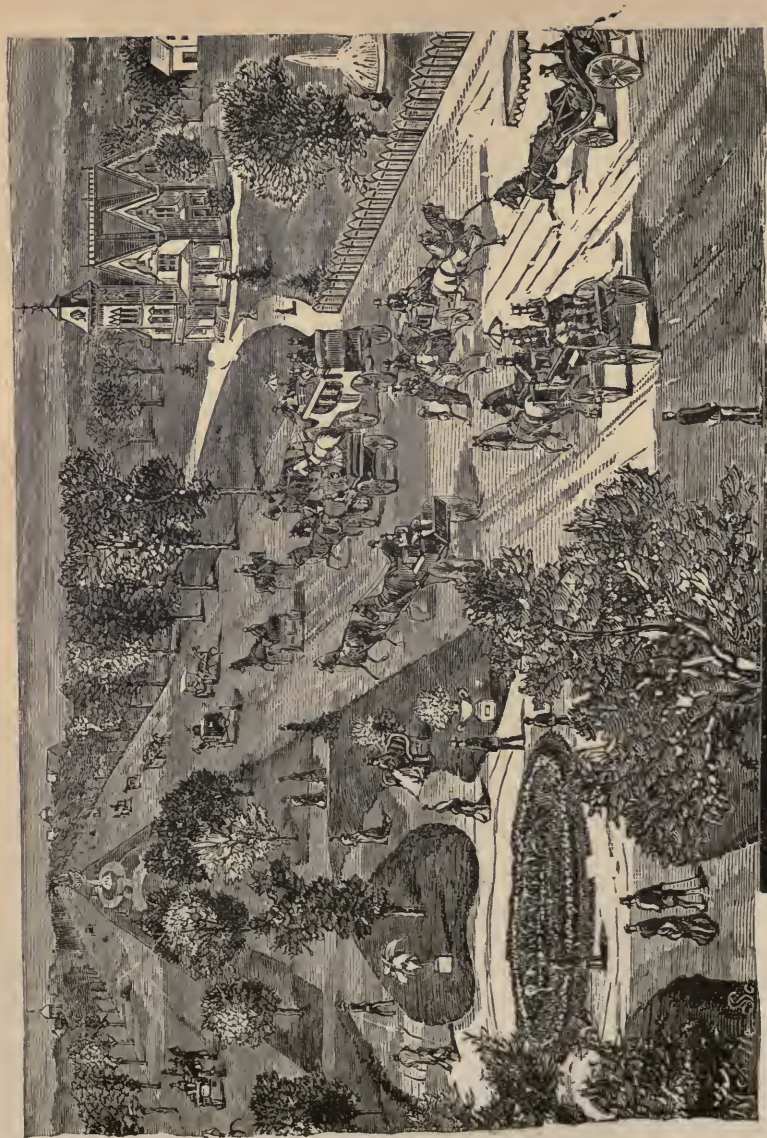
THE first will on record is that of Alexander Wolcott, filed April 27th, 1831, before R. J. Hamilton, Judge of Probate.

EVEN Chicago was "slightly tainted" with negro slavery. "Black Jin" was a negro slave, owned, it is said, by John Kinzie, who brought the sable brother to Fort Dearborn in 1804.

THE first lady visitors to Chicago from New England were Mrs. Lydia Pomeroy and Mrs. Beard (mother of the celebrated artist by that name) and wife of Captain James Beard, who commanded the vessel "Selina," and entered the port of Chicago in the summer of 1809.

LOCAL rivalries made their appearance in the young city as early as 1831. At that date there were only two merchants, and one of these—R. A. Kinzie—was located on the West Side, at "*Wolf Point*," which was the name given to the "*settlement*" at the *junction* of the north and south branches of the river. The other merchant, Geo. W. Dole, resided in "the lower village," on the South Side near where the Tremont now stands. After much advice and mature deliberation, P. F. W. Peck, a third merchant, who arrived in 1831, determined to locate in the "lower village," believing it would ultimately be the future Chicago.

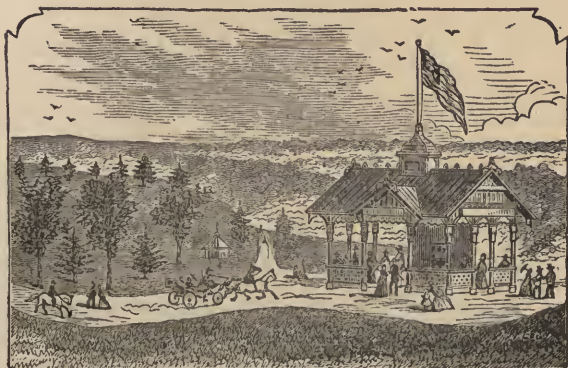
MORE than half a century since, I first came to Chicago on horseback, from Saint Louis, stopping on the way at the log-cabins of the early settlers, and passing the last house at the mouth of Fox River. I was married in Chicago, having to send a soldier one hundred and sixty miles, on foot, to Peoria, for a license. The northern counties in the State had not then been organized, and were all attached to Peoria County. My dear wife is still alive and in good health; and I can certify, a hundred times over, that Chicago is a first-rate place from which to get a good wife.—*David Hunter, Washington, D. C., 1879.*



DREXEL BOULEVARD AND SOUTH PARK.

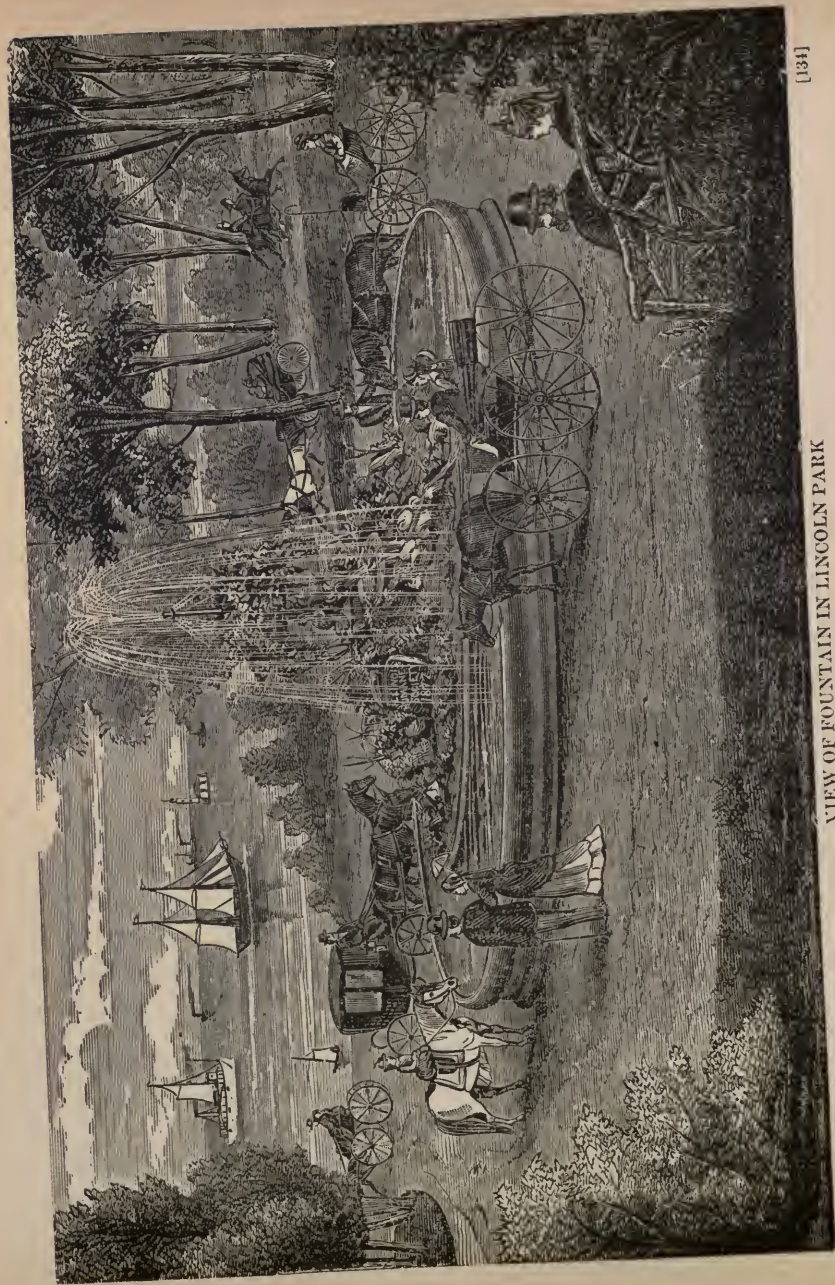
# WONDERS AND BEAUTIES.

## The Parks and Boulevards.



The parks and boulevards of Chicago are remarkable for their numbers, magnificence, beauty, and the *short space of time* in which they have been brought to such a high degree of perfection. What was recently but a dry, dead level, and comparatively barren prairie, as if by magic has been changed into magnificent spaces of rivers, lakes, lawns, and groves, with all the park accompaniments of older cities. The visitor should, therefore, as he glides through these immense pleasure grounds, remember that about all he sees *that* make up the Chicago parks has been "imported," and that all this has been effected with much labor of head and hand, and at great expense.





VIEW OF FOUNTAIN IN LINCOLN PARK

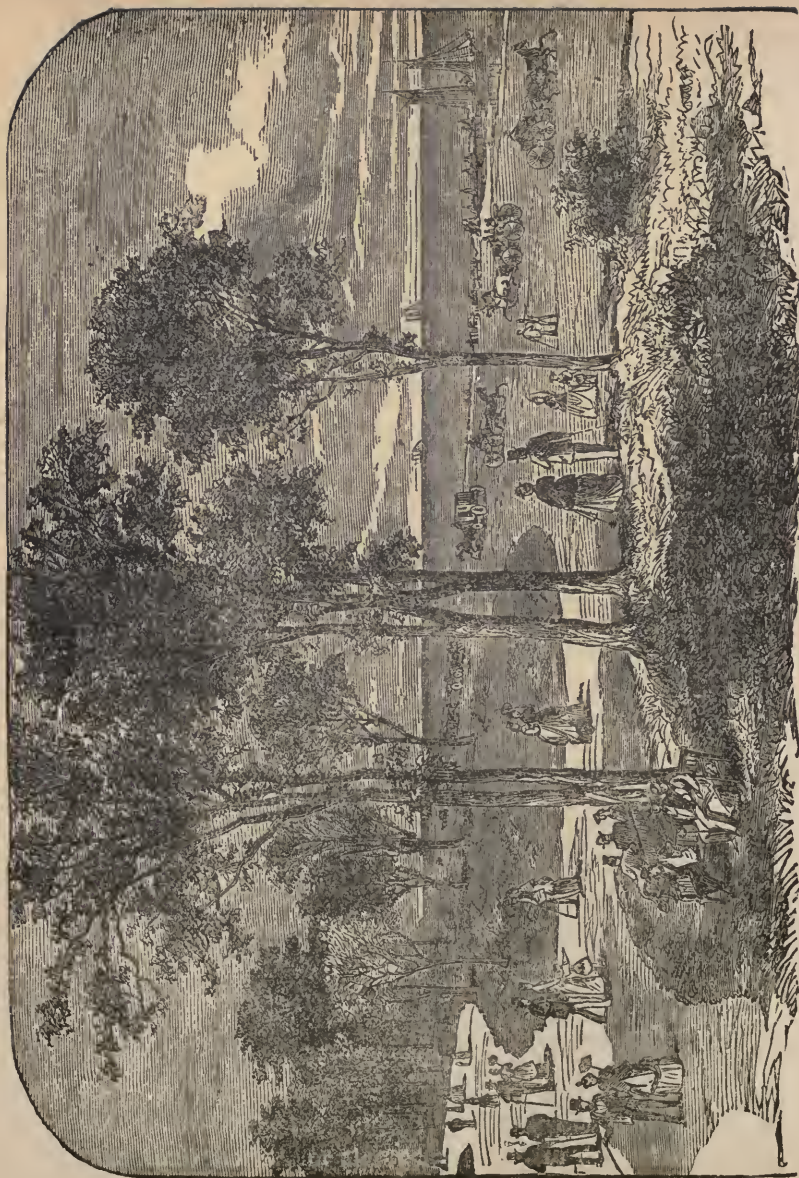


The Boulevards, as shown in the accompanying map, connect the principal parks, and will form, when completed, a continuous drive of 30 miles, with a width varying from 150 to 250 feet.



Lincoln Park.

This popular park is located on the lake shore, two miles north of the Court House, and is easily accessible by the Clark or Wells street line of street cars, or—in the summer—by excursion boats, which usually start from Clark street bridge. A more pleasant way, perhaps, would be to take a carriage and pass into the park via the celebrated “Lake Shore Drive,” which you will enter at the North Side “Water Works.” Lincoln Park has a frontage on Lake Michigan of two and a quarter miles, and contains 250 acres.



LAKE SHORE DRIVE AT LINCOLN PARK.

It is noted for its chain of miniature lakes in the center, the magnificent view of Lake Michigan along its eastern boundary, its beautiful flower beds, zoological gardens, and extensive groves of natural foliage.

It is said that fully 1,500,000 persons visited these lovely grounds during the past year, and that as many as 3,000 vehicles passed through it in a single day.

In the northern portion of the Park will be found several extensive hot-houses and hot-beds; also the "French Flower Garden," in the center of which is the fountain presented by Perry H. Smith, Esq. The lover of flowers will be highly delighted with a visit to this region of Lincoln Park.

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#### **The Zoological Gardens in Lincoln Park.**

In this fine collection will be found buffalo, elk, wolves, foxes, and other animals. A sea lion has been recently introduced, and the lakes are tenanted by swans, geese, ducks, and other fowls.

The "Bear Pit" is an interesting place at the north end of the Park, which the visitor should not fail to see. Here the bears—a wild specimen of which was killed within the "city limits" not a great many years ago—are snugly "at home," and are quite willing to show their dexterity, at least occasionally, by climbing to the tip-top of the snarly oak tree at the mouth of their caverns.

There are also several specimens of "the great American eagle," with room enough to "spread their wings," and other native birds, comfortably housed in this Park.





THE PARKS OF CHICAGO.





Union Park.

This is a little gem park in the West Division, bounded by Ashland and Ogden avenues and Madison and Lake streets. It abounds with rustic bridges, miniature lakes, etc., and is a popular resort. Take the Madison or Randolph street cars west to Ogden avenue, distant one and a half miles from the business center.





South Park.

South Park, including South Park proper, the Lake Shore Park, and the Boulevards, contains 1,003 acres, located in the southern part of the city, about six miles from the Court House. These parks are approached by two magnificent roadways, known as the Drexel Boulevard (sometimes called the Grove Parkway) and the Grand Boulevard, each 200 feet in width, the former having a continuous stretch of fine floral ornamentation in its center. There are fourteen miles of driveway and thirty miles of walks in these parks. It is said, when fully completed, as a park system they will be

unsurpassed by any grounds in the world. Enough has already been done to render them exceedingly attractive. The "South Open Green"—said to be the largest unbroken lawn in the world—which greets the eye of the visitor as he enters the north end of the "System," is but the preface page of the wondrous beauties now being developed in these parks. The Drexel Boulevard is, perhaps, not surpassed by any similar driveway in the country. No visitor fails to see it, as well as the whole South Park System, for it is worth while to see a park "in process of erection," as well as the grounds, which are ultimately to become the finest in the world.

Visitors can easily reach the South Park by taking the Cottage Grove avenue cars on State street and going to Thirty-ninth street, where connection is made with steam cars, or phætons (in the summer), to the park. It can also be reached by railroad from the depot at foot of Lake street; also by carriage drive up Michigan or Wabash avenues to South Park avenue, and thence over the Grand Boulevard.

#### **Central Park.**

Central Park is located near the western limits of the city, about four miles from the Court House, and is accessible to visitors by the Madison street cars, which carry passengers to the main entrance. This park covers 185 acres, and contains some very beautiful artificial lakes, lawns, groves, etc., and the foundations of the unfinished "Fire Monument," which was to have been built out of the many great iron safes ruined by the great fire.

#### **Humboldt Park.**

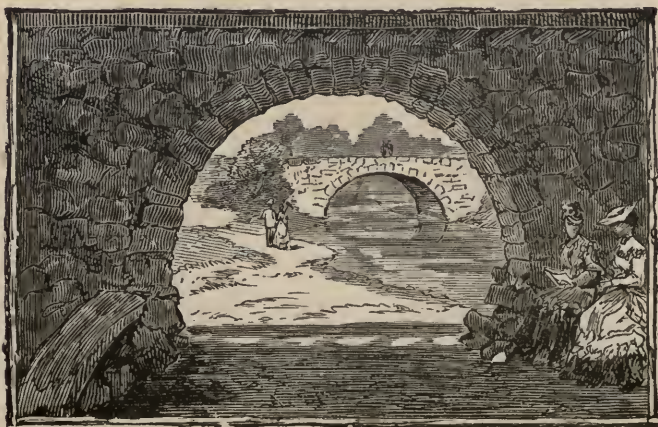
This park, which covers 200 acres, is located in the north-western part of the city, and may be reached by the Milwaukee avenue cars. It is noted for its fine lakes and band stand. Humboldt, Central, and Douglas Parks are connected by boulevards 250 feet in width.



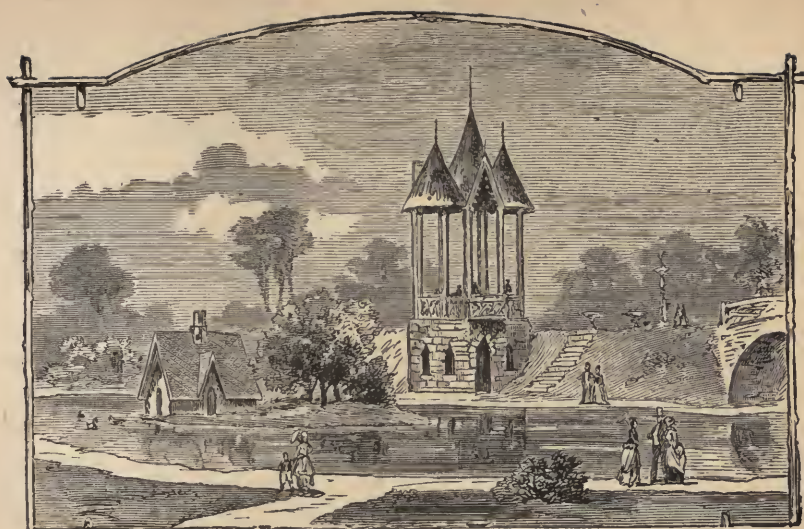


Jefferson Park.

This is a *petite*, but very beautiful park, in the West Division, bounded by Monroe, Throop, and Adams streets and Center avenue. No carriages enter this park, which renders it popular with the little ones. Take the Madison street cars to Center avenue, and go south one square.







VIEW IN JEFFERSON PARK.



VIEW IN UNION PARK.

**Douglas Park.**

Douglas Park is in the southwestern part of the city, four miles from the Court House. Though among the newest, it is a magnificent park. It contains 180 acres. Visitors will find the Ogden avenue cars (a branch of the Madison street lines) the most convenient to reach this pleasure-ground.

**Lake Park.**

This is the most accessible park in the city, and is noted for its refreshing breezes in the summer time. It extends along the lake shore from Jackson street to Park Row, and is bounded west by Michigan avenue. The great Exposition Building is located at the north end. Though not as large as some other parks, its convenience and coolness make it among the most popular summer evening resorts.

**Other Parks.**

There are many other smaller parks in the city, some of which are very beautiful. Among these are Dearborn, Vernon, Wicker, Campbell, Ellis, Congress, and also Washington Square and Union Square.





AT PLAY IN THE PARK.

[145]



## The Chicago Water Works.



The North Side Water Works are located on Chicago avenue and Pine street, near the lake shore, and may be reached by the State street line of cars, or by carriage.

The first man to conceive and perfect the peculiar and stupendous mechanism by which Chicago obtains the purest water of any city, perhaps, in the world, was E. S. Cheshbrough. It is said that in boyhood and early manhood he





THE NEW WATER WORKS AT FOOT OF CHICAGO AVENUE.

had been made thoughtful and self-reliant, and that he thus became a most persevering, hopeful, and positive man.

As City Engineer he suggested in 1863 the plan "to take the water from about two miles east of the pumping works, where the lake is supposed never to be affected by impurities from the river," and bring it in a brick tunnel to the present works, where it might be distributed throughout the city. This plan was considered a "visionary scheme," an "expensive experiment," in fact, "an unprecedented bore," by the conservatives of that day. But notwithstanding all this, the necessary legislation was secured and on the 9th of September, 1863, the contract for making the great tunnel and crib was awarded to Messrs. Dull & Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pa., for \$315,139.

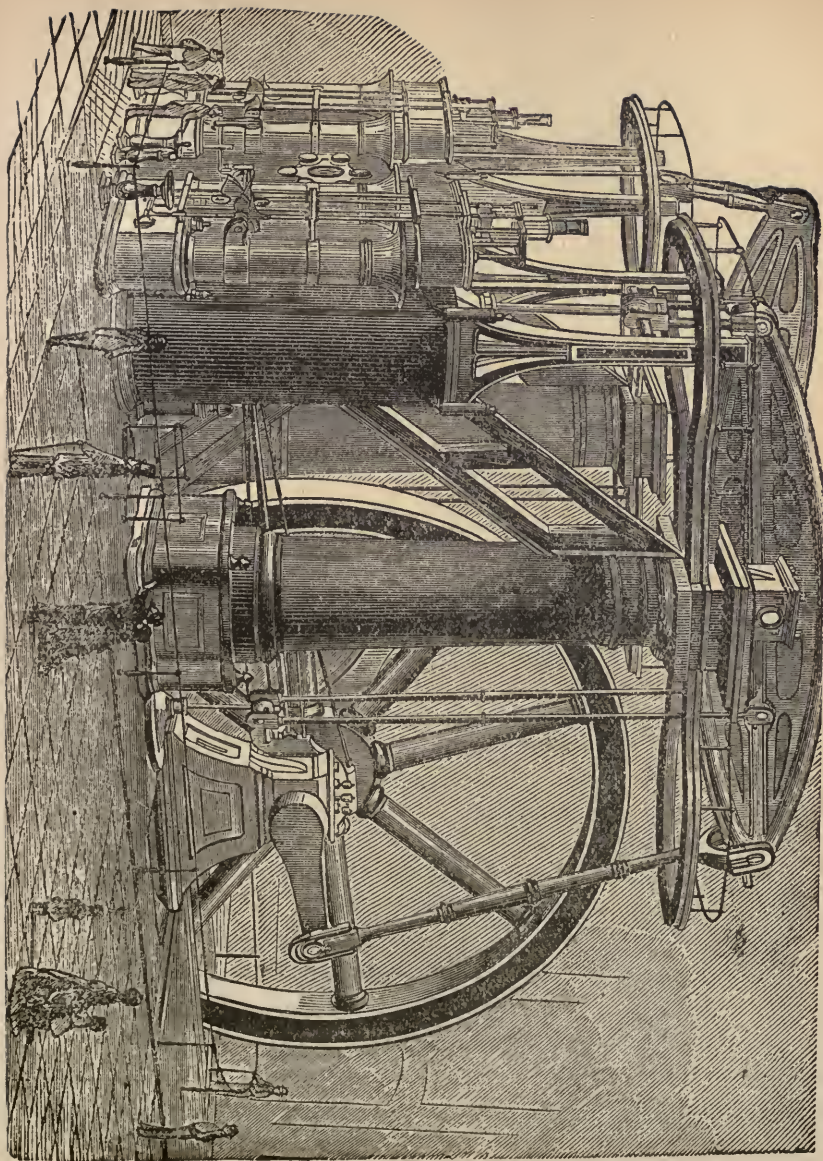
The work began March 17, 1864, and the last brick was laid Dec. 6, 1866.

The tunnel is five feet in diameter and two miles long. At the east, or Crib end, it is sixty-six feet below the water level of the lake, and under a head of eighteen feet, with a velocity of 4 2-10 miles per hour, it will deliver 57,000,000 gallons of water daily.

Received through this spacious tunnel, the water is lifted by the immense engines into the stand-pipe, or "water tower," 175 feet high, from whence by its own weight it is distributed through the mains and into the dwellings.

A similar tunnel has been recently made leading from the Crib to the corner of Ashland and Blue Island avenues, where are located the West Side Pumping Works. It is six miles in length, and may be said to pass under and across the entire city, in a southwesterly direction. This tunnel system is pronounced one of the grandest triumphs of modern engineering.

Visitors to the North Side water works will be greatly interested in seeing what is said to be the largest engine in





the world, procured at an expense of \$200,000, and which pumps 2,750 gallons of water at each "stroke." It is a 1,200 horse-power, with a large fly-wheel 26 feet in diameter. The four engines combined are equal to 3,000 horse-power. A magnificent view of the city and of Lake Michigan may be had from the summit of the great Water Tower, reached, however, with some difficulty by a winding and seemingly endless stairway.

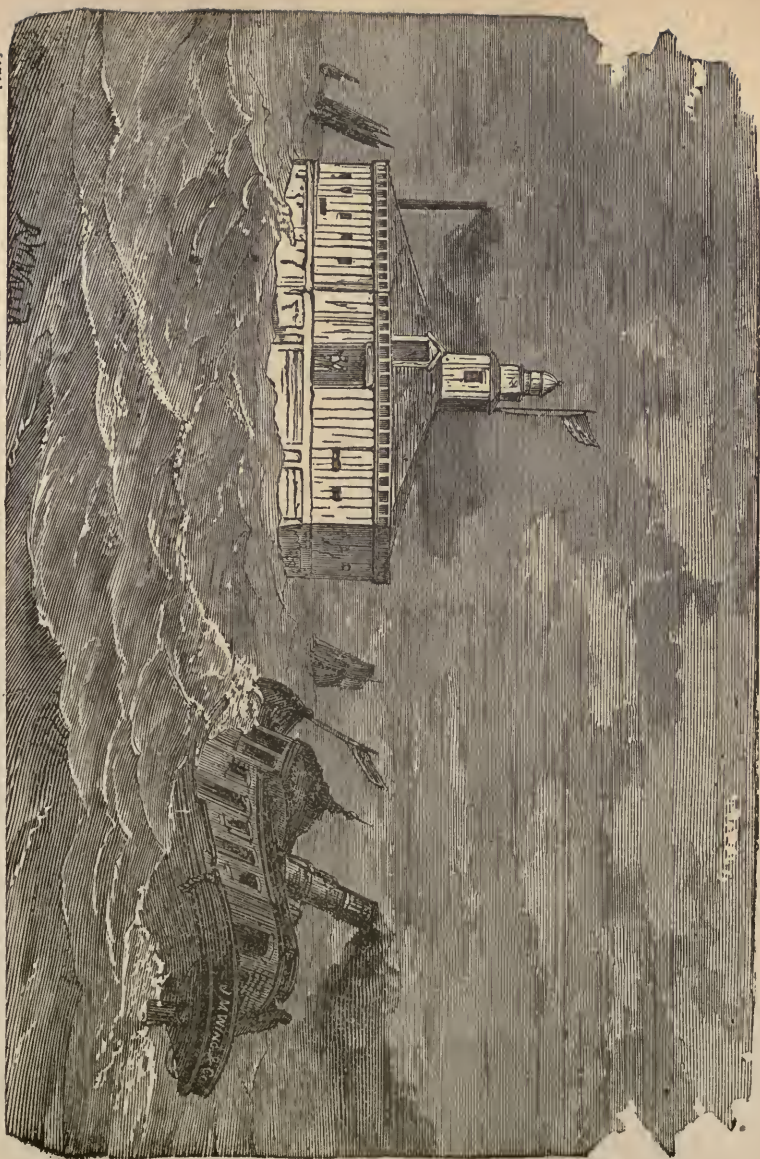
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#### The Crib.

Two miles from the lake shore, in an easterly direction from the North Side Water Works, is "the Crib," which to the eye is a veritable cottage in the sea, and in which, the year round, dwells a "happy family," who superintend the grand entry of the waters at that end of the line. Many have wondered how they live in such absolute isolation. A visit, however, easily made on excursion boats in the summer-time, will show all the "comforts of a home," including telephone communication, etc.

The Crib was built on shore, and launched like a sea-vessel. No expense was spared to make it strong. It is forty feet high, and constructed in pentagonal form in a circumscribed circle of  $98\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter. It is made of three walls—the outer, the center, and the inner—and all firmly braced and bolted together so as to form one great structure. Each of these walls is calked and tarred like the hulk of a vessel. Twelve-inch square timbers of white oak were used for the first twelve feet from the top, and white pine of the same dimensions for the remaining forty-eight feet. These timbers are bolted together with strong square rods of iron. The bottom is composed of twelve-inch timbers firmly bolted.

THE CRIB TWO MILES OUT IN LAKE MICHIGAN



When completed it contained fifteen separate water-tight compartments. In the center is "the well," through which the shafts descend to the bottom of the lake. Including the West Side Water Works, it is possible for Chicago to receive now 150,000,000 gallons daily.



[West Side Pumping Works on Ashland Avenue.]

In 1871 the city had 272 miles of water-pipe; to-day it has nearly 500 miles. It also has over 3,000 fire hydrants. This immense "water system" of the young Garden City has been perfected at an expense of about \$8,000,000.



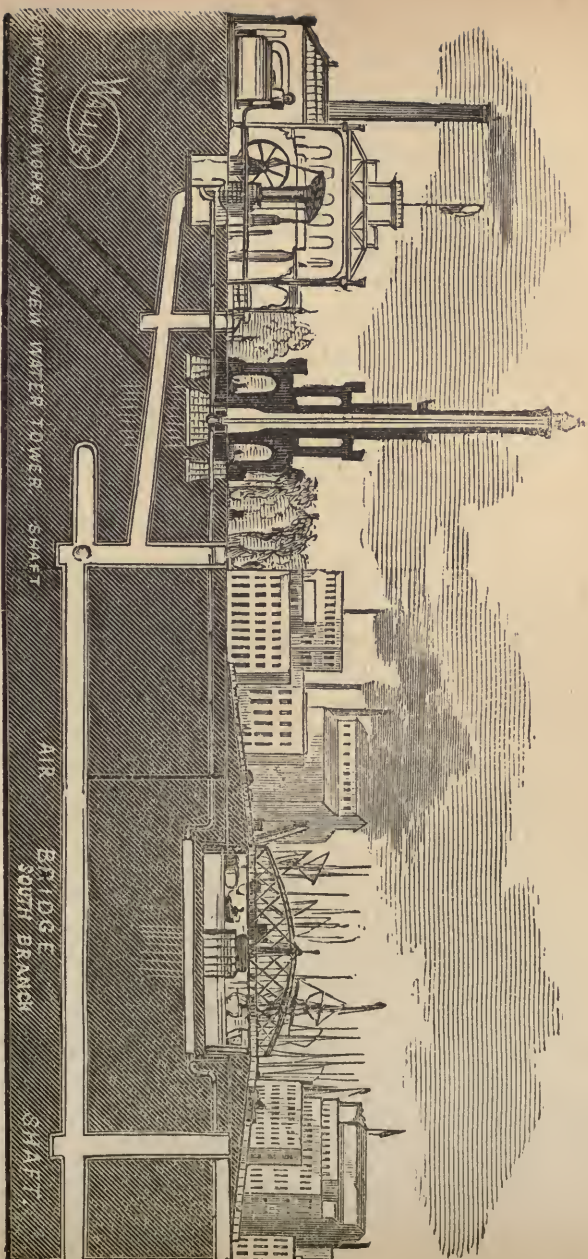


ARCHING THE TUNNEL.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF NORTH SIDE WATER-WORKS, CRIB, TUNNEL, TOWER, ETC.,  
 Showing how the Water is Taken from the Lake through the Tunnels, and is Pumped into the Tower and Distributed  
 through the Mains over the City. Distance from Crib to Tower, Two Miles.





SECTIONAL VIEW OF WEST SIDE WATER-WORKS, TOWER, TUNNEL, ETC.,  
 Showing how the Tunnel Passes under the City and Rivers to the West Side Pumping-works. This Tunnel Receives the  
 Water from the Crib, and is Six Miles in length.



**Postoffice and Custom House.**

This magnificent building, which, including grounds, has been erected at an expense of \$6,000,000, occupies the square between Dearborn, Clark, Adams, and Jackson streets. It is a three story, basement and attic stone edifice, in the style of architecture known as the Romanesque with Venetian treatment.

The basement and first floor are devoted entirely for post-office purposes; the second floor is for customs, internal revenue, sub-treasury, commissioner of pensions, and special mail agents; and the third for courts, and offices connected with the Interior Department.

The approaches are from each of the four streets, the entrance to the courts, customs, and sub-treasury being by grand stairway from Adams and Jackson streets.

The interior finish is exceedingly rich and fine, and is well worth a visit from the stranger. (See page 103.)

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**River Tunnels.**

Chicago has under her rivers two immense tunnels, completed at an expense of a million dollars. The one first constructed is under the South Branch at Washington street, which connects the South and West Divisions of the city. It is known as the Washington Street Tunnel, and may be seen by following that street to the river. It was in this tunnel that the thrilling scene occurred during the great fire elsewhere described in this volume.

The larger and more interesting of the two tunnels is underneath the main river at LaSalle street, connecting the North and South Divisions of the city, and known as the LaSalle Street Tunnel. It is a marvelous underground

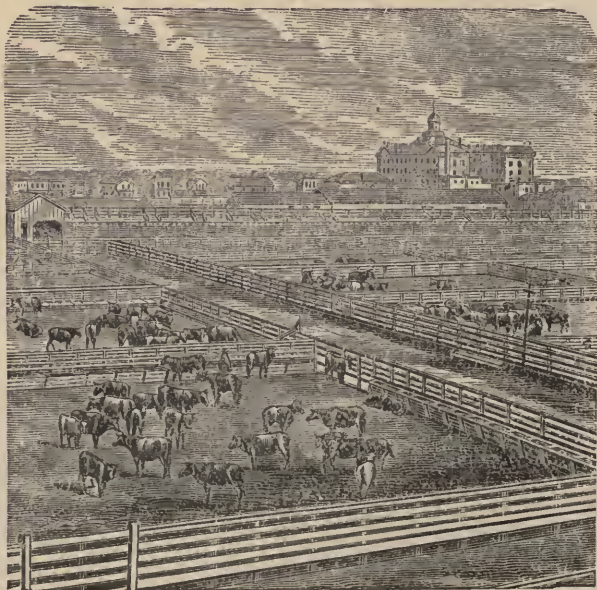


**SECTIONAL VIEW OF LA SALLE ST. TUNNEL, SHOWING MASONRY**

highway, containing two passage-ways for vehicles, besides a footway for pedestrians, passing not only under the river but also under several squares on either side, making it of an easy grade and, with its long rows of gas-lights, a very "cheerful tunnel!"

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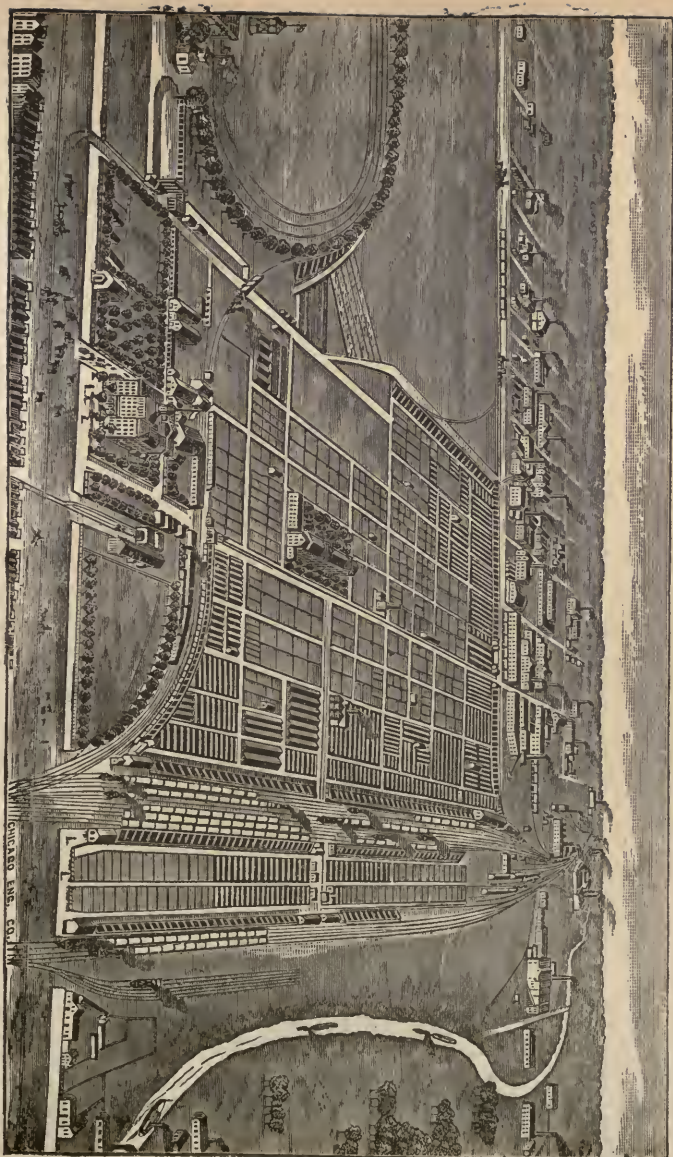
The Union Stock Yards.



[Stock Yards and Transit House.]

The Union Stock Yards, the great live-stock emporium of the world, whose yearly receipts foot up 8,000,000 head, are located in the southwest part of the city, and may be reached by State street cars, or by the Madison and South Halsted line. The business man, at least, who is visiting

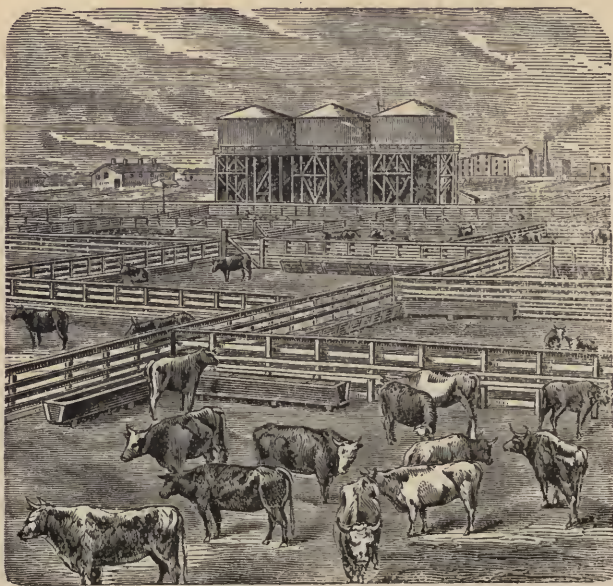




THE UNION STOCK YARDS OF CHICAGO.

Chicago will be interested in what is to be seen at this wonderful place.

The yards occupy an area of 345 acres, and have a capacity of 150,000 head of stock, besides stalls for 500 horses. Eight miles of streets and alleys penetrate every portion of the yards, and three and one-half miles of water troughs and ten miles of feed troughs are in use. There are 2,300



[Water Tanks at Stock Yards.]

gates, 1,500 open stock-pens, and 800 covered pens for hogs and sheep.

There are also enormous water-tanks supplied with water from artesian wells, with thirty-two miles of drainage to facilitate cleanliness, etc. All the railroads have branches entering the yard, and the facilities for "handling stock" are simply wonderful. It is said that as many as 500 cars

can be loaded or unloaded at the same time, the whole operation occupying only a few moments.

Near the Stock Yards are located the immense packing houses for which Chicago is noted, some of which are capable of transforming 15,000 live hogs into dressed pork in the short space of twenty-four hours! They are really one of the "great sights" of the city, and should be visited in connection with the Stock Yards.

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#### **The Grain Elevators.**

The grain elevators of Chicago—purely a Chicago invention—rank among the great wonders of the city. They are found at various places along the river and in connection with one or more railway lines. The capacity and facilities of these remarkable institutions may be best given by the following account of one recently built:

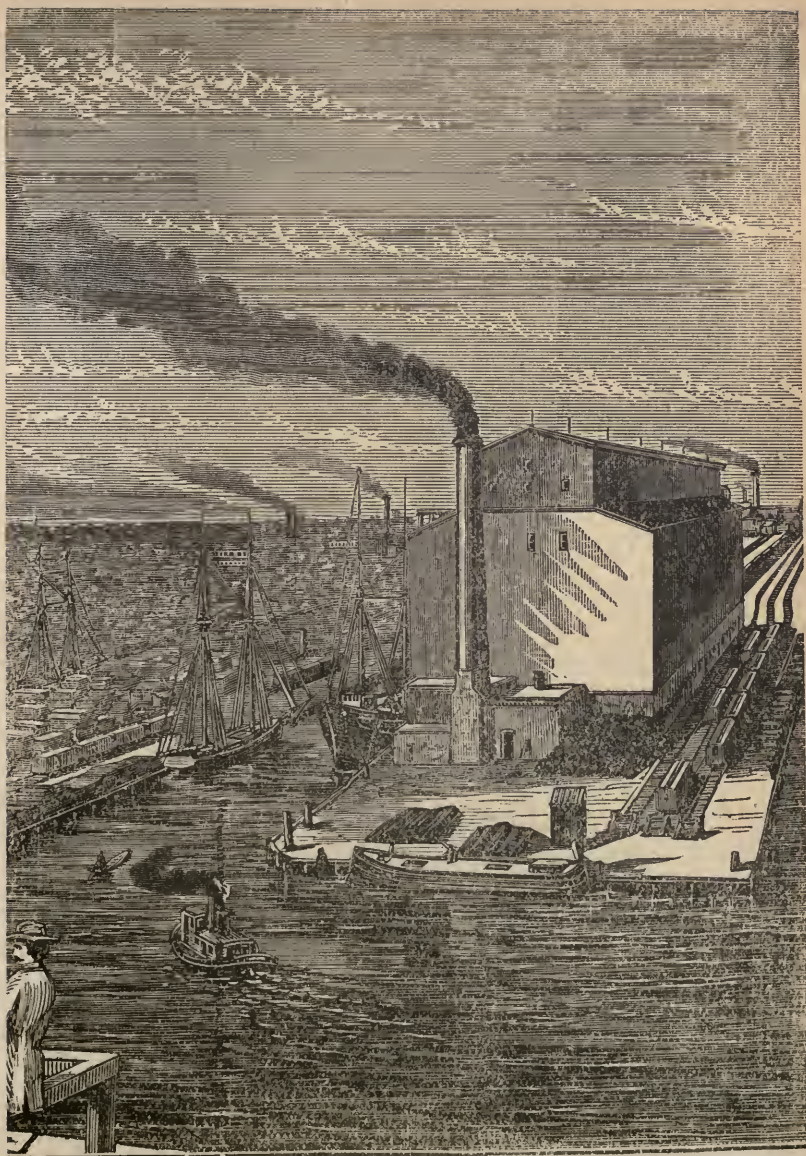
"The building is 312 feet long, 84 feet wide, and 130 feet high, and is divided into 150 bins 65 feet deep, with a storage capacity of 1,250,000 bushels. The yard will hold 300 or 400 cars. Two switch engines, when in full operation, are required to put in and take out cars. Two tracks receive each ten cars, unloaded at once, in six to eight minutes, each car having its elevator, conveying the grain to its large hopper-scale in the top of the building. When weighed, it is spouted to the bin appropriated to that kind and quality. To carry the grain to the several bins renders the elevation necessary. Allowing fifteen minutes to unload each set of ten cars, four hundred are unloaded in ten hours, about 140,000 bushels.

"The shipping facilities equal the receiving, there being six elevators for that work, each handling 3,000 bushels per hour, or 180,000 bushels in ten hours. The grain is run





THE LUMBER DISTRICT.



ELEVATOR AND LUMBER YARDS.



out of the bins to another set of elevators, which throw it into large hoppers at the top of the building, in which it is weighed, and sent down in spouts into the hold of the vessel.

“The same company have another elevator on the opposite side of the slip—for a slip at right angles to the South Branch is cut to lay vessels alongside the warehouse—and ten other large elevators and five smaller afford the same facilities. Any one of thirteen of them, too, will unload a canal boat of 5,000 or 6,000 bushels in an hour and a half or two hours; an aggregate from 65 canal boats alone of 357,000 bushels in ten hours.”

The machinery of this large establishment requires an engine of 400 horse-power. Chicago has 20 similar elevator buildings, with a total capacity of 15,600,000 bushels, and actually handled—including flour reduced to wheat—during the past year, 137,624,833 bushels of grain.

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### **Chicago Lumber Yards.**

(See Illustrations on pages 162 and 163.)

Chicago is noted for the greatest lumber market in the world. The principal yards are located on the South Branch, and may be reached by the Madison and South Halsted line of cars.

The number of laborers engaged in this business would populate a respectable city. About three hundred firms are represented, with a capital of many millions. The yards, of course, connect with the river and railroads, and possess facilities for handling lumber that is marvelous. Fifteen hundred million feet is the average annual movement.

The greater portion of this lumber is brought from the immense pineries of Michigan and Wisconsin.





**CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.**

The Board of Trade Building, the finest in the world, is at the foot of LaSalle street, and fronts on Jackson street. The gallery, commanding a full view of the "bulls and bears," is accessible to visitors during business hours, and those desiring to know what it is to be "on change" should not fail to look in. The "Exchange Hall" is 161 feet long, 152 feet wide, and 80 feet high. There are four elevators in the building. In the corners are telegraph offices, etc., connecting the great outside world, which "change" the bulletins with the speed of lightning to the great joy or sorrow—as it happens—of the "longs" or "shorts." Around the walls are tables on which are exhibited samples of grain, bearing the trade nomenclature, "No. 2 Spring," "Rejected," etc., while in the more central parts are the local groupings of members buying and selling the various commodities, the largest of which is generally that devoted to wheat.

This immense building was occupied in April, 1885, and cost about \$2,000,000. Aside from the terrific buzz of its nearly two thousand members, the Board of Trade is noted for its immense operations in stocks and other commodities. In it you can feel the pulses of commerce all over the world.

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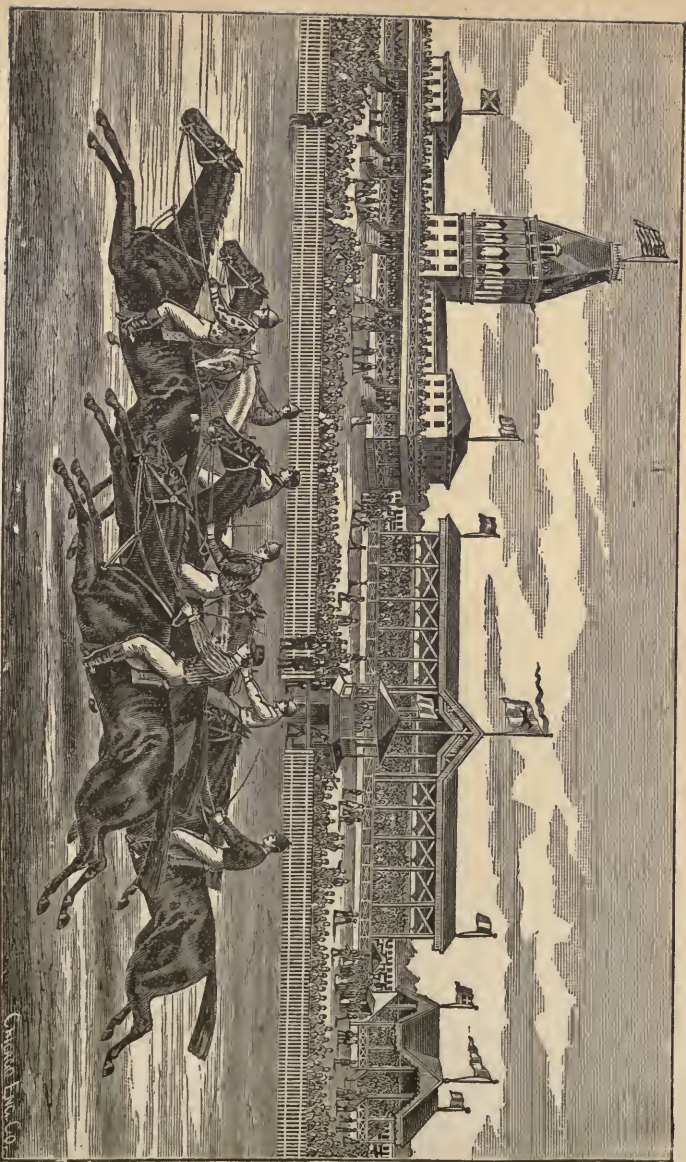
#### **Trotting Park.**

The Washington Park Club, of Chicago, was established by a company of Chicago business men, who determined that Chicago should have the best appointed race-course in the country.

The city office is at room 27, (entre sol) Palmer House. The club house is at Sixty-first Street and South Park Avenue.

The officers of the club are as follows:

President, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan; Vice



TROTting PARK, LOCATED NEAR WESTERN LIMITS OF CITY.



Presidents, Samuel W. Allerton, Albert S. Gage, Charles Schwartz, and Columbus R. Cummings; Treasurer, John R. Walsh; Secretary, John E. Brewster.

Many prominent racing events have taken place in Chicago. Among the greatest of them have been the two following:

In October, 1878, occurred the handicap race between Rarus, Hopeful and Great Eastern; the former going to harness, Hopeful to wagon, and Great Eastern under saddle. Thirty thousand people witnessed this race, and two days later Hopeful exceeded all previous performances of that way of going by drawing a wagon in three heats in the unprecedented time of 2:16½, 2:17, 2:17.

July 25, 1879, the blind pacing horse, Sleepy Tom, lowered the pacing record by doing a mile in 2:12½.

#### **A Laughable Story of an Early Horse Race on the Ice.**

Judge Caton told the following laughable story to the "Old Settlers" at their recent "May meeting" in Chicago:

Let me ask Silas B. Cobb if he remembers the trick Mark Beaubien played on Robert A. Kinzie to win the race on the ice? See now how Mark's eye flashes fire and he trembles in every fiber at the bare remembrance of that wild excitement. (Mr. Beaubien was present.) This was the way he did it:

He and Kinzie had each a very fast pony, one a pacer and the other a trotter. Mark had trained his not to break, when he uttered the most unearthly screams and yells which he could pour forth, and that is saying much in that direction, for he could beat any Pottawatomie I ever heard, *except* Gurdon S. Hubbard and John S. C. Hogan.

The day was bright and cold. The glittering ice was smooth as glass. The atmosphere pure and bracing. The start was about a mile up the South Branch.

Down came the trotter and the pacer like a whirlwind, neck and neck, till they approached Wolf Point, or the junction, when Kinzie's pony began to draw ahead of the little pacer, and bets were two to one on the trotting nag as he settled a little nearer to the ice, and stretched his head and neck further and further out, as if determined to win if but by a throat-latch.

It was at this supreme moment that Mark's tactics won the day. He sprang to his feet in his plank-built pung, his tall form towering above all surroundings, threw high in the air his wolf-skin cap, frantically swung around his head his buffalo robe, and screamed forth such unearthly yells as no human voice ever excelled, broken up into a thousand accents by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the hand. To this the pony was well trained, and it but served to bring out the last inch of speed that was in him, while *the trotter was frightened out of his wits*, no doubt thinking a whole tribe of Indians were after him, and he broke into a furious run, which carried him far beyond the goal before he could be brought down.

Hard words were uttered then, which it would not do to repeat in a well-conducted Sunday-school, but the winner laughed with a heartiness and zest which Mark alone could manifest.

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### The Bridges and a Bridge Story:

Chicago has thirty-six bridges, each of which is made to "swing" on tables in the center of the channel by means of a simple mechanism manipulated by the bridge-tender. It not unfrequently happens that, in the hurry to turn a bridge, a foot passenger is "caught" on the boards and



VIEW ON CHICAGO RIVER WITH TURNING BRIDGE



"necessarily detained" until shore connections are made. When, in the hot days of summer, and the Chicago River *at its worst*, this is a serious matter to the olfactories. For example:

In the summer of 1879 a gentleman who had an office on the North Side had occasion to pass the State street bridge on his way home, where the odors arising from the river are very strong; and arriving at the bridge just as it was being turned he determined not to run the risk of standing so near the deadly stench, but run over the bridge and thus escape it. But he was too late, and was obliged to remain on the bridge while some half dozen vessels passed through the draw. He hardly dared to draw a full breath for fear of inhaling the poisonous miasma.

He was unable to escape, and began to calculate what his chances were of escaping the terrible disease likely to be engendered by the poisonous vapors which he was obliged to breathe.

To obtain some data upon which to found his calculations, he thought he would inquire of the two bridge-tenders to ascertain, if possible, about how long a man could live in such an unhealthy situation. Not deeming it prudent or expedient to make the question direct, and ask how long they expected to survive, or, what was equivalent, how many of their predecessors had died during the last five years, he concluded to make indirect questions, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Pretty bad smell from the river to-day."

"Yes," answered the elder of the two, Martin Casey, "it is so bad it nearly makes me sick."

"Must be rather unhealthy to breathe such an atmosphere," said our friend, who stood trembling in his boots for fear the odor which *nearly* made the tender sick would fill his system with the poisonous virus of that odor.

"Yes," replied Casey, "I guess it is not very healthy to breathe till one gets used to it; but I have got used to it."

"Got used to it? What do you mean? How long have you breathed this terrible odor?"

"I have not breathed it all the time, of course, for I am here only half of the time during the day and night; and then in 1854 I was sick—or got hurt and was off a week or two—but I have breathed this kind of air ever since I commenced being bridge-tender, which was in 1853."

"You don't say you have breathed this air during the last 26 years and not been sick?"

"Yes, sir," said Casey, "I have worked on these bridges for 26 years, and the river has been *awful* sometimes, but it never made mesick, only to be a little sick at the stomach."

The bridge turned and our friend walked off, and wisely concluded that the odors from Chicago River were decidedly more disagreeable than dangerous.

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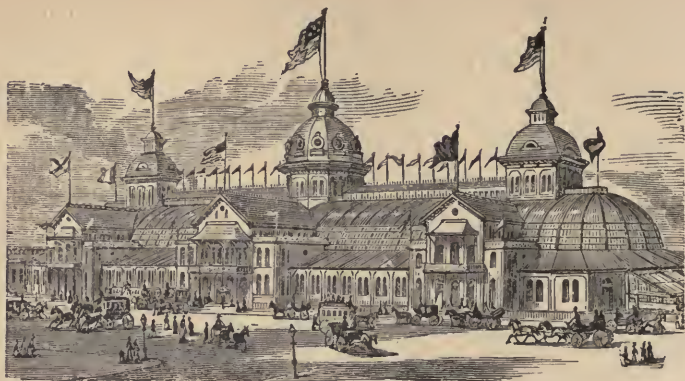
#### The Douglas Monument.

This beautiful and appropriate monument, erected in honor of the gifted citizen of Illinois, and the liberal donor of the Chicago University grounds, is located on the lake shore at the eastern terminus of Douglas avenue, in the southern part of the city. It is built of granite from Hallowell, Me., at an expense of about \$100,000. It is 104 feet high, surmounted with an excellent bronze statue of Douglas, executed by Leonard Volk, a Chicago artist. The residence of Senator Douglas was in this immediate vicinity. A neat little park surrounds the mausoleum, which adds much to the beauty and significance of the final resting place of the great Senator.



DOUGLAS MONUMENT.





**The Industrial Exhibition Building.**

This is said to be the largest building in the world without interior roof supports, its present dimensions being 1,000 by 225 feet; all of which was completed within ninety-six days, at an expense of \$400,000. It is purely a Chicago production, and for exposition purposes is without a parallel in the history of human industries.

Its convenience of location—on the lake front just east of the business center—together with its agreeable and popular manager, J. P. Reynolds, who in all cases carefully consults the public interest, make the building an important factor of Chicago.

It is within this building that some of Chicago's largest assemblages convene, and not unfrequently as many as ten, twenty, forty, and fifty thousand people come together.

This building has been the scene of several national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties. Musical festivals have been held here also.

Every autumn the Inter-State Exposition is held here, and gives pleasant, profitable exhibitions. Also in November, each year, the American Fat Stock show is held here.

The Hotel Buildings of Chicago and a Laughable Hotel Story---Where Horace Greeley got his "Go West Young Man."

Chicago may justly boast of its many magnificent hotels, some of which are not surpassed by any similar buildings in the world. The Grand Pacific and Palmer, each cost about two millions, while the Tremont, Sherman, and Gardner possess, respectively, nearly an equal capacity. There are also about forty other hotel buildings in Chicago, many of which would be an ornament in any city. The Lake House (burned out Oct. 1871), was Chicago's first hotel that aspired to first-class pretensions.

The Hon. John Wentworth tells an amusing story concerning this early "stopping place" of Chicago: There was an elegant party given at the Lake House one evening, when one of the most fashionable men on the North Side, who was a *candidate for office*, thought he would throw an anchor to the windward by dancing with a South Side dressing-maid, while he supposed his wife was being entertained at the supper-table. But she entered the ball-room while the dance was going on. At once a proud heart was fired. Quicker than thought she spoke to a carriage-driver who stood at the door looking in:

"Can you dance, Mike?"

"It's only for the want of a partner," was the response.

Seizing him by the hand, she said, "Come on!" and, turning to the crowd, she said, "This is a game that two can play at!" and immediately the dance went on, amid the applause of the whole room—the man with the South Side dressing-maid, and his wife with the South Side driver.

And thus free suffrage began its work against artificial social position.

Not long after my first election to Congress, upon opening my mail at Washington, I found a letter dated in the

western part of Iowa, then far in the wilderness, reading in this way:

"MY DEAR OLD CHICAGO FRIEND: I see you have been getting up in the world, and it is so with myself, who am the Sheriff's deputy here, and I also *keep hotel*. I am the same one who made all the fuss dancing with the lady at the Lake House ball, and you were there; and the girl I married is the same domestic her husband danced with. The Judge of the Court boards at our house, and he often dances with my wife at the big parties here, where we are considered among the first folks, and I reckon my wife Bridget would put on as many airs as the lady did at the Lake House, if she should catch me dancing with domestics. I found out that those people who made so much fuss at the Lake House were not considered much where they came from. But they emigrated to Chicago, and then set up for big folks. So I thought I would marry Bridget and start for a new country where I could be as *big as anybody*. And now remember your old Chicago friend, and tell the President that I am for his administration, and would like to get the postoffice here."

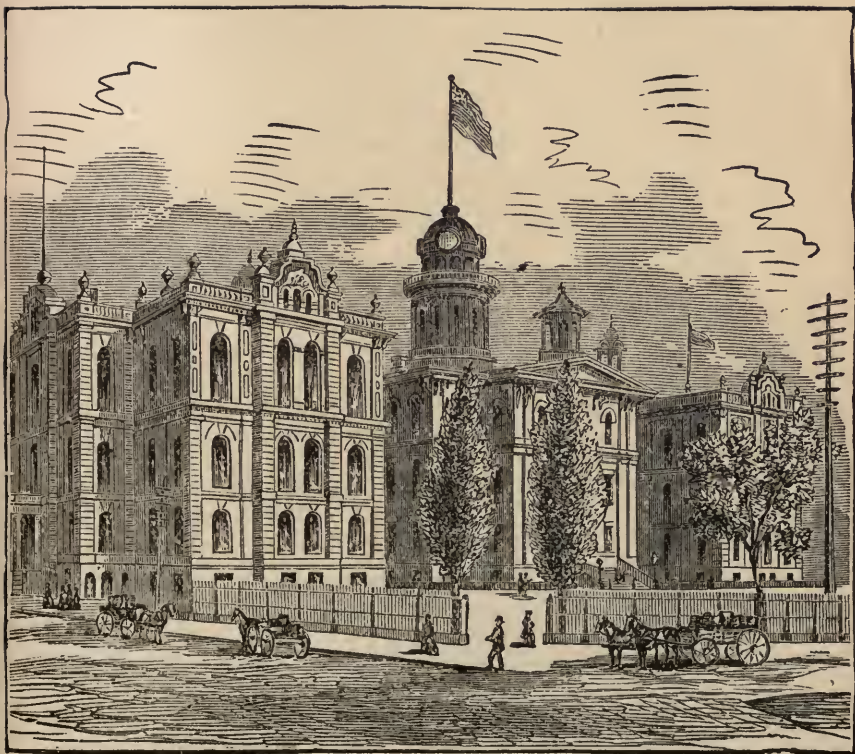
I remember that during that session of Congress I boarded at the same house with Horace Greeley, and he was frequently in my room; and I think that it was from this letter he borrowed his sentiment, "Go West, young man!"

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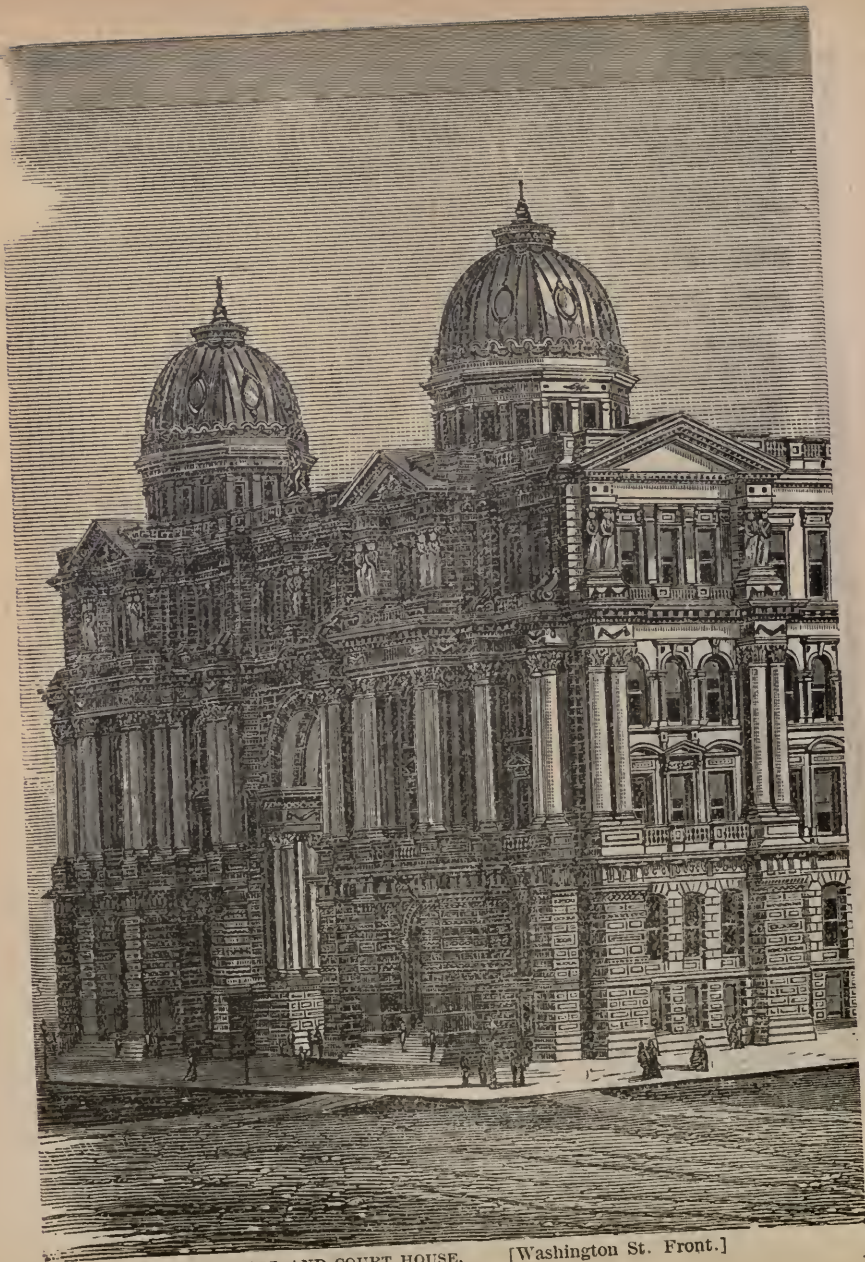
#### The New Court House and City Hall.

This magnificent building, located on the Public Square, with a frontage of 340 feet on Clark and LaSalle streets, and 280 feet on Washington and Randolph streets, is the most elaborate edifice in Chicago, and is said to be the finest of its kind in the world. It is in the modern French *renaissance* style of architecture, with a colonade story of Corinthian columns surrounding the sub-building, the whole producing a very fine architectural effect. These columns are each thirty-five feet high, and support an elegantly-proportioned entablature, which is divided into





THE OLD COURT HOUSE—Burned 1871.

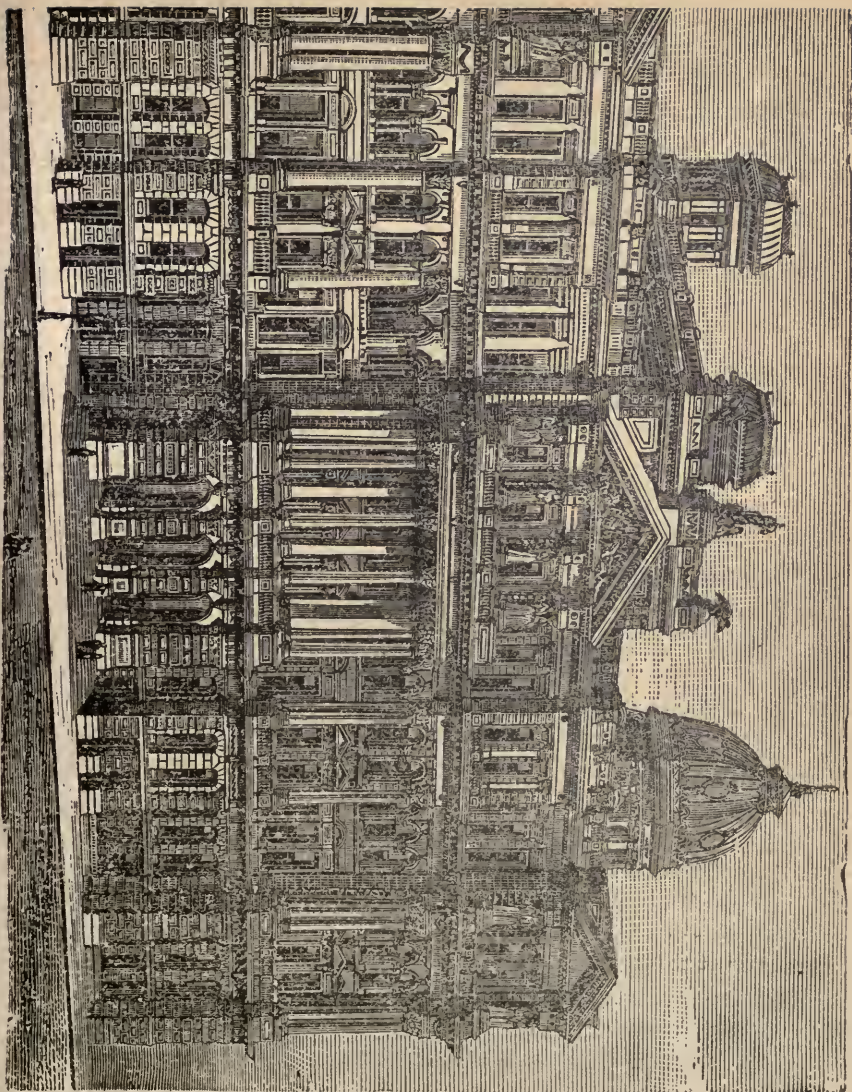


NEW CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE, [Washington St. Front.]



NEW COURT HOUSE.

[Clark St. Front.]





architrave, frieze, and cornice. Over this entablature is an attic story, enriched with allegorical groups, representing Agriculture, Commerce, Mechanical Art, Peace and Plenty, and Science Art. The principal story is of Athens marble, with polished columns, pilasters, and pedestals of Maine granite. The whole is thoroughly fire-proof, and will cost, when fully completed, about \$5,000,000.

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Chicago "Yesterday and To-Day"—A Graphic Picture by Gen. Strong.

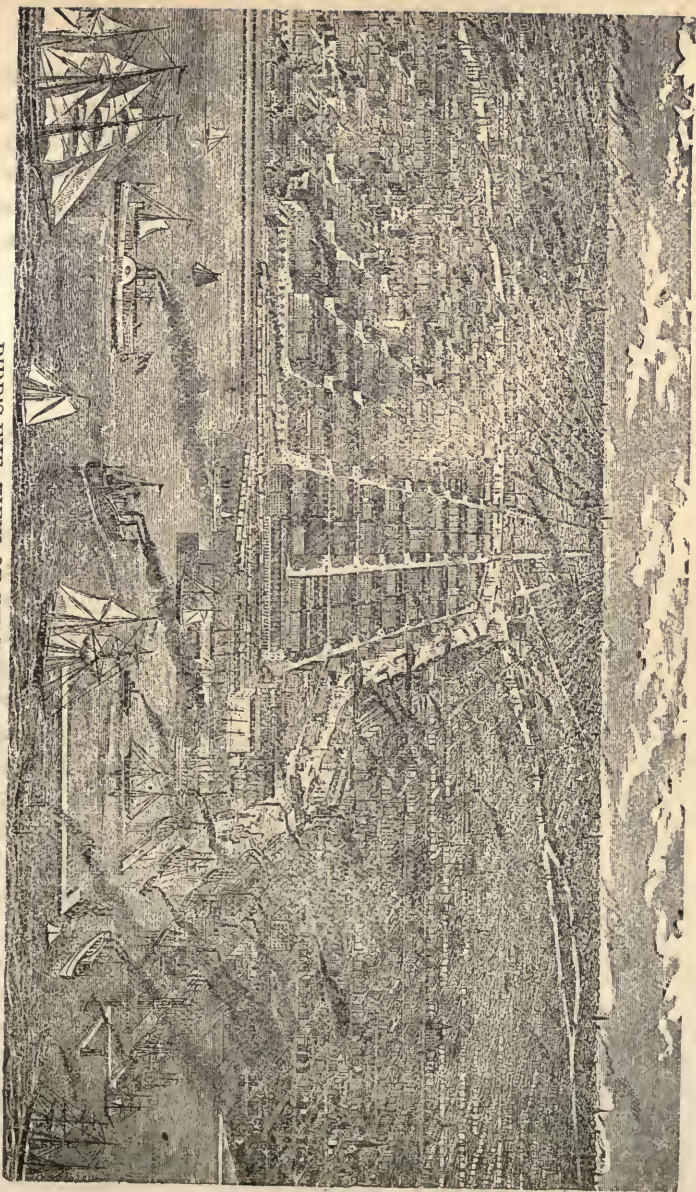
At a recent reception given by the Calumet Club to the "Old Settlers of Chicago," Gen. Strong in his address of welcome said:

More than forty years ago, Harriet Martineau, who was here, wrote of the then Chicago: "It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there living in such small, inconvenient houses on the edge of the prairie." And to-day you *founders of Chicago* witness the strange if not anomalous spectacle of your municipal bantling throwing into commotion the three leading nations of Europe, and causing their hoary statesmen to take down their long-shelved industrial creeds, and even to revise again what was supposed to be the postulates of political economy; and all Europe, wonderful to relate, is discussing the re-enactment of corn-laws

When we contemplate these astounding results, how our incredulous minds turn back to verify for themselves the almost fabulous story of the date and origin of such a municipal prodigy; to try to discover the succession of events and their cause, which have produced the miracle of civic growth and power. And, sure it is, we find your story true.

Were they living, I would also call Heacock as a witness

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BUSINESS CHICAGO.



—the sagacious, enterprising, “Shallow-Cut” Heacock—the fundamental canon of whose hydraulic faith was that water would not run up hill. He was right, and you *boys* had to knock under or the canal would not have come. And Garrett, too, Auctioneer Garrett, him of the prophetic soul, who, with Abraham’s faith, predicted the future greatness of Chicago, founded the Garrett Biblical Institute of Evanston, and, when short of change, was wont to send back to his laundress to be rewashed the shirts he could not redeem.

But we have the living witnesses here to-night. Hubbard, Gurdon S. Hubbard, the oldest of this Trojan band; and Beaubien, the Apollo of the early settlers; and Caton, and John Wentworth, and Scammon, and Drummond, and Skinner, and Hoyne, and Blodgett, and Grant, and Morris, and Goodrich, and the Burleys, and Cobb, and Walter, and Arnold, and Raymond, and King, and Williams, and the Wadsworths, and Beecher, and the Kimballs—Mark and Walter—and Laflin, and Dickey, and Van Higgins, and Carpenter, and Carter, and Gray, and Stewart, and the Runseys, and Stearns, and Boone, and Freer, and Taylor, and Wright, and Eldridge, and Follansbee, and Gale, and Botsford, and more than one hundred others whom I may not stop to name, gathered from all parts of the land—the men of that little log and clapboard village.

And there were the women, too—the noble, faithful women—your wives, who nursed the infant Chicago, and who, in all these years of waiting, shared your sacrifices, lightened your burdens, and sustained your faith.

Gentlemen, you saw the infancy of this city, and you see it to-day.

Yesterday a hamlet; to-day a continuous city, covering an area of more than fifty square miles. Yesterday not a single vessel had entered this port. Now more vessels



enter and leave this port every year in the season of navigation than in the same months enter all three of the largest Atlantic ports.

Yesterday you built your houses of logs. Now the lumber that is yearly sold in Chicago would freight a continuous line of vessels 250 miles in length, and would load a freight train 1,400 miles long.



[The Pioneer.]

Yesterday you could not give away a lot of ground. Now every week there are more voluntary sales of real estate than in all the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and I think I might safely throw in St. Louis

and Cincinnati. These are prophetic sales, too; prophetic of future growth, for the purchasers are largely from the other cities I have named.

Yesterday you fattened your yearly pig and made your own pork. You bought and sold none. Now the hogs and the hog-product sold and made here yearly exceed thirteen hundred million pounds, a line of living hogs that would reach nearly a quarter around the globe. The lard made by one Chicagoan is known the world over.

Yesterday the neighboring farmer dragged in through the mud his few bags of wheat or corn. Now one hundred and thirty million bushels of grain are sold yearly in Chicago—I mean are actually received from the adjacent country. . Instead of the back-room of the store where you kept your wheat, there are now elevators with a capacity of fifteen million bushels.

Yesterday the aggregate sales of stock and merchandise, and manufacturers' products of all kinds, were less than ten thousand dollars yearly. To-day they are seven hundred and fifty million dollars. The annual sales of one dry-goods house are over twenty million dollars.

Yesterday the prairie-schooner was your only means of transportation. Now *twelve thousand vessels* yearly enter your port, and *ten thousand miles of railway* have their headquarters here, not including the Eastern lines, nor lines in the far West not controlled here, but which look to this city as their market.

Yesterday was heard the anvil of the single blacksmith. Now may be heard the hammers of the largest rolling mill corporation in the world, employing in all its branches over four thousand men and supporting over twenty thousand people with its capital stock above par, while even Pittsburgh mills barely survived the late panic.

Yesterday you waded through mud between your stores

and houses. To-day there are 122½ miles of continuous street railway, 650 miles of streets, 7.8 miles of boulevards, and 844 acres in improved parks.

Yesterday you dug your shallow wells in the surrounding swamp. To-day you have 430 miles of water mains, and are annually supplied with 19,564,000,000 gallons of the purest water in the world.

Yesterday you groaned under a debt of seven thousand dollars, and feared municipal bankruptcy. To-day the obligations of the city, if non-taxable, would stand on a par with the bonds of the Federal Government, and the municipal debt is less per capita than any other large city on the continent.

I hurriedly mention these few facts, showing what clothes your infant wears, because some of you now residing at a distance are not aware how the child has kept on growing since you left. Why, they thought they had destroyed it by fire a few years since. I'll tell you now (otherwise you might not know it by what you see) they did burn it up; that is, they burnt several hundred million dollars of buildings and property. But the men you left here, and others that came in, built it right up, better than before; for you can't burn pluck, and enterprise, and courage, and faith. They are the indestructible gifts of God, *and the best legacy you, the founders of Chicago, shall ever leave your children.*





## THE NAME "CHICAGO"—167 YEARS AGO.

After reading a letter about the meaning of the name "Chicago," I have made a tracing from an old map in my possession published by H. Moll, near the Strand, London, in 1720, "according to the newest and most exact observations." It is mainly a French map, and is largely copied from one published in Paris in 1718, "Done by Mons. Delisle."

Chicago was in 1720 the "Land carriage of Chekakou." You will also notice in the northwest corner of the sketch, the "Land carriage of Ouisconsine"—where I think the Town of Portage now is, which seems to preserve the meaning of the old name. Note also the "lead mines," near where Galena now is. The early French voyageurs in their batteaux and bark canoes used to start from Montreal, ascend the Ottawa until they could reach a portage connecting them with waters discharging into Lake Huron, thence through Georgian Bay to Mackinac, thence by both shores of Lake Michigan to the "Land Carriage of Chekakou," or by way of Green Bay (or as now known) to the "Land Carriage of Ouisconsine." By these "land carriages" they reached the Mississippi, which they followed northward to St. Anthony's Falls (Minneapolis) and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them their little traffic and the Roman Catholic religion, christening all points with the names of saints, which in most instances still cling to them.

The title to the old map from which I made the tracing is "a new map of the north parts of America, claimed by France under ye names of Louisiana, Mississippi, Canada and new France, with ye adjoining territories of England and Spain."

Devil's Lake, Dak.

HENRY W. LORD.

## THE NAME "CHICAGO."

I have at different times noticed the Indian word *Chic-au-go* translated into English, but once, I believe, correctly.

The word "*Chic-aw-go*" or "*Chic-aw-go-ish*" is the Pottawatomie (and nearly the same in the languages of the Ottawa and Ojibewas) word for the wild onion, and "*chic-auc*," the word used for the little animal commonly called the "skunk" or polecat, and I think very aptly named by the Indians "*Chic-auc*," it being very near the flavor of the wild onion.

The "*Chic-au-go*" River received its name from the fact that hundreds of acres near its mouth and along up its banks were covered with this unsavory plant, the wild onion. This I know for I have pulled many a handful in the early days before a furrow had turned its virgin soil. No Pottawatomie talker will dispute the above explanation. I give this to your readers for what it is worth.

D. W. H. HOWARD, Wauseon, O.

I neglected above to give you the name of Big Fork River in the same Indian tongue, which is "*Che-tree-teoo Ce-pe*," which certainly does not sound much like "*Chic-au-go*."

## CHICAGO'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

March 4, 1887, was the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Chicago, and March 4, 1887, was the seventy-second birthday of Hon. John Wentworth. August 10, 1833, or about two years after Cook County was partitioned off from Peoria County, the Village of Chicago was incorporated into a town. The statistics of the following year show that there were about 111 registered voters; and that the tax receipts amounted to only \$48.90; and that it be-

came necessary to raise a loan of \$60 for improving the streets. Emigration, however, began almost at once to drift westward, and by 1836 the town had made decided progress. In July of that year the first sale of canal lands took place, and titles were given to purchasers by the Trustees. Nov. 18, 1836, at a meeting of Trustees with representatives of three districts into which the town was then subdivided, it was resolved to petition the Legislature for a city charter. All the provisions of a city having been decided on the Trustees dispatched a messenger by stage-coach to Vandalia where the Legislature was then located. The act of incorporation, which enlarged the area of the city to about 10 square miles, was passed March 4th 1837. The limits were North avenue, Twenty-second street, the Lake, and Wood street. Provision was made in the act for the division of the city into six wards, each of which should elect two Aldermen. So crude was the postal service in those days that the news of the passage of the act of incorporation was brought to the city by John H. Kinzie and Gurdon S. Hubbard several days in advance of the mails from the South. At the election May 2, William B. Ogden, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, defeated John H. Kinzie, who ran on the Whig ticket, by a vote of 469 to 240. By the act of incorporation the public-school system was also established, with the Council as Commissioners. The first municipal quarters occupied by the Council consisted of a room in the "Saloon Building," at the corner of Lake and Clark streets, which was leased for 5 years from May, 1837. The first census, taken July 1, 1837, showed a total population of 4,179, of whom 3,989 were white and seventy-seven colored. During the same year Fort Dearborn was abandoned as a military station, the first water-works were instituted, and the first cargo of wheat left the port. The post office was located at this time in a general variety store



at the corner of Franklin and South Water streets. Rush Medical College was founded March 2, 1837, but owing to the financial crash that came upon the city the same year building was abandoned and no lectures were given until 1843. After the crash all progress remained at a standstill for some time. The State Bank which was established in 1836, went down amid the wreck, and general financial disaster overwhelmed for a time the ambitious speculators of the promising city. Just before the failure, the Council was unconditionally refused a loan of \$25,000 by the State Bank.

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### GOOD ADVICE FOR PLEASURE-SEEKERS IN LARGE CITIES.

*(From the Omaha World.)*

Keep sober.

Avoid crowds.

Keep to the right.

Don't tip the waiter.

Don't talk to strangers.

Keep your wits about you.

Keep your eyes wide open.

Don't let strangers talk to you.

Do not talk loud, dress loud, nor act loud.

If you wear a watch, keep your coat buttoned up.

Never exhibit money or valuables in public places.

If you want information ask a uniformed police officer.

Never let your curiosity get the better of your discretion.

Don't try to create the impression that you are a millionaire.

See that the way is clear before you attempt to cross the street.

Always go about as if you were on business, whether you are or not.

Don't run after a street car. There will be another one along in time.

Don't patronize the shop that keeps a man on the sidewalk to urge you.

Don't be afraid to say "no," and to say it understandingly and decisively.

Look out for the young man who wants to carry your gripsack for 10 cents.

Never expect to get something for nothing. It will be a dear purchase in the end.

Move along on the sidewalk with the procession, and don't try to buck against it.

When you are in doubt keep straight ahead until you meet a police officer then ask him.

You don't need much money to visit a dime museum. Leave what you don't require at home.

Never hand the car conductor, bootblack, or newsboy a \$5 bill and expect him to make change.

Look out for the fellow who wants to "step inside" or around the corner to change your bill.

If you meet a friend or acquaintance don't stand and talk with him in the middle of the sidewalk.

Have your name and address and the name and address of some friend always in your pocket.

Make a memorandum of the street and number where you leave anything that you expect to get again.

Do not employ a hack or cab unless its number is conspicuously displayed, and remember the number.

Before starting for any given place ascertain the most direct route, and then follow it without asking questions.

Avoid the man who says he came from your town and mentions to you the names of some people you know.

Don't wrangle with a hackman but if you think he is swindling you, call a police officer, and leave the matter to him.



**A PARK VIEW,**





**A CHICAGO BOOTBLACK.**

## The Newsboys' Home.

The Newsboys' Home, of Chicago, was established in 1858. It is temporarily in a brick building, stone front, with three stories and basement, at 1421 Wabash avenue. It contains fourteen rooms. Supper, breakfast and lodging are furnished the boys for fifteen cents. Boys over sixteen years are not admitted. Donations of clothing and money are always acceptable. Mrs. Eliza W. Bowman is matron. Over one hundred boys make it their headquarters. *The Newsboys' Appeal* is the organ of this meritorious institution. (Take Wabash avenue cars to Fourteenth street.)

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## Home for the Friendless.

The Chicago Home for the Friendless is situated at 1926 Wabash avenue. It is an imposing looking building. Mrs. M. H. Moudy is the matron and superintendent. Miss Dell D. Moudy is the assistant matron and superintendent. It is an undenominational institution, supported by voluntary contributions from all classes. Its officers are members of various churches in the city and suburbs.

Women and children are received. Children are provided for persons who desire to adopt them, under rules and regulations prescribed by the courts and the management. Contributions of money, clothing, provisions, etc., are always acceptable. Besides eating and sleeping accommodations, this Home also very wisely provides for its inmates an infirmary, nursery, kindergarten and industrial class. Subscribe for *The Home Visitor*.

The Burr Mission School, Industrial School and Free

Chapel, on Third avenue, and the Burr Industrial School in the building of the Home, are branches of the work of the Home for the Friendless.

They were founded by Jonathan Burr, of Chicago, and are monuments better than stone or brass. Their results will expand thro' all eternity.

From the last report of the Home for the Friendless we quote: Admitted during the year: Adults, 1,128; children, 919; total, 2,047. Dismissed: Adults, 943; children, 677; total, 1,620. Surrendered to the Home, 59; given to homes, 46; died, 26; given indenture for, 18; release of guardianship for adoption, 9; received from hospital, 128; sent to the hospital, 73; helped to work, 181. Of those received, 1,179 were Protestants; 824, Catholics; 43, Jews; Quaker, 1.



Home of the Friendless.





**JOHN KINZIE'S HOUSE.**

(Near Dearborn and Water Streets, A. D. 1864.)

## FORT DEARBORN.

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THE FORT DEARBORN MEMORIAL TABLET ERECTED BY W.  
M. HOYT ON THE SITE OF FORT DEARBORN.

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Among the many objects of interest in the city which attract the attention of strangers is the marble tablet which occupies a prominent place in the north wall of the large building at the corner of Michigan avenue and River street. This tablet, which measures 15x6 feet, is known as the Fort Dearborn memorial tablet, from the fact that the building in which it is placed stands upon the site of Fort Dearborn. The Chicago Historical Society suggested the tablet, and Mr. W. M. Hoyt, of the well-known wholesale grocery house of the W. M. Hoyt company, the largest in the country, had it made and gave the space for it. After the tablet had been placed in position it was unveiled with great ceremony on Saturday afternoon, May 21, 1881, in the presence of a large crowd of people. The following program was successfully carried out:

1. The First Regiment of Illinois State Guards, Col. Swain commanding, will march to the ground and form in front of the tablet.
2. Calling to order of the assemblage by the President of the Chicago Historical Society, Hon. Isaac N. Arnold.
3. Presentation of the tablet by R. J. Bennett, of the firm of W. M. Hoyt & Co., to be followed promptly by the unveiling, with appropriate military salutes.
4. Response by Hon. Isaac N. Arnold.
5. Poem by Eugene J. Hall, of Chicago.
6. Music—National air.
7. Historical address by Hon. John Wentworth.
8. Military march from the ground.

## THE MEMORIAL OF FORT DEARBORN.

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EUGENE J. HALL.

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Here, where the savage war-whoop once resounded;  
Where council fires burned brightly years ago;  
Where the red Indian from his covert bounded,  
To scalp his pale-faced foe.

Here, where gray badgers had their haunts and burrows;  
Where wild wolves howled and prowled in midnight bands;  
Where frontier farmers turned the virgin furrows,  
Our splendid city stands.

Here, where brave men and lovely women perished,  
Here, where in unknown graves their forms decay,  
This marble, that their memory may be cherished,  
We consecrate to-day.

No more the farm-boy's call or lowing cattle,  
Frighten the timid wild-fowl from the slough;  
The noisy trucks and wagons roll and rattle  
O'er miles of pavements now.

Now, are our senses startled and confounded,  
By screaming whistle and by clanging bell,  
Where Beaubien's merry fiddle once resounded,  
When summer twilight fell.

Here stood the Fort, with palisades about it,  
With low, log block-house in those early hours;



The prairie fair extending far without it,  
Blooming with fragrant flowers.

About this spot the buildings quickly clustered,  
The logs decayed, the palisades went down;  
Here the resistless Western spirits mustered  
And built this wondrous town.

Here, from the trackless slough, her structures started  
And, one by one, in splendor, rose to view.  
The white ships went and came, the years departed,  
And still she grandly grew.

Till, one wild night, a night each man remembers,  
When round her homes the red fire leaped and curled,  
The sky was filled with flame and flying embers,  
That swept them from the world.

Men said: "Chicago's bright career is ended,"  
As by her smouldering stones they chanced to go,  
While the wide world its love and pity blended  
To help us in our woe.

O where was ever human goodness greater?  
Man's love for man was never more sublime!  
On the eternal scroll of our Creator  
'Tis written for all time.

Chicago lives, and many a lofty steeple  
Looks down, to-day, upon this western plain.  
The tireless hands of her unconquered people  
Have reared her walls again.

Long may she live, and grow in wealth and beauty.

And may her children be in coming years

True to their trust and faithful to their duty

As her brave pioneers!



## THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

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WILL CARLETON.

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[From "Farm Legends," published by Harper & Brothers, New York.]

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## I.

'Twas night in the beautiful city,  
The famous and wonderful city,  
The proud and magnificent city,  
The Queen of the North and the West.  
The riches of nations were gathered in wondrous and plentiful  
store;  
The swift-speeding bearers of Commerce were waiting on  
river and shore;  
The great staring walls towered skyward, with vision un-  
daunted and bold,  
And said, "We are ready, O Winter! come on with your  
hunger and cold!  
Sweep down with your storms from the Northward! come  
out from your ice-guarded lair!  
Our larders have food for a nation! our wardrobes have  
clothing to spare!  
For off from the corn-bladed prairies, and out from the val-  
leys and hills,  
The farmer has swept us his harvests, the miller has emptied  
his mills;  
And here, in the lap of our city, the treasures of autumn  
shall rest,  
In golden-crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the  
North and the West!"



## II.

'Twas night in the church-guarded city,  
The temple and altar-decked city,  
The turreted, spire-adorned city,  
The Queen of the North and the West.

And out from the beautiful temples that Wealth in its full-  
ness had made,  
And out from the haunts that were humble, where Poverty  
peacefully prayed,  
Where praises and thanks had been offered to Him where  
they rightly belonged,  
In peacefulness quietly homeward the worshiping multitude  
thronged.  
The Pharisee, laden with riches and jewelry, costly and  
rare,  
Who proudly deigned thanks to Jehovah, he was not as  
other men are;  
The penitent crushed in his weakness, and laden with pain  
and with sin;  
The outcast who yearningly waited to hear the glad bidding,  
"Come in ;"  
And thus went they quietly homeward, with sins and omis-  
sions confessed,  
In spire-adorned, templed Chicago, the Queen of the North  
and the West.

## III.

'Twas night in the sin-burdened city,  
The turbulent, vice-laden city,  
The sin-compassed, rogue-haunted city,  
Though Queen of the North and the West.

And low in their caves of pollution great beasts of humanity  
growled;  
And over his money-strewn table the gambler bent fiercely  
and scowled;  
And men with no seeming of manhood, with countenance  
flaming and fell,  
Drank deep from the fire-laden fountains that sprang from  
the rivers of hell,  
And men with no seeming of manhood, who dreaded the  
coming of day,  
Prowled, cat-like, for blood-purchased plunder from men  
who were better than they;  
And men with no seeming of manhood, whose dearest-craved  
glory was shame,  
Whose joys were the sorrows of others, whose harvests were  
acres of flame,  
Sunk, whispering and low, in their corners, with bowie and  
pistol tight-pressed,  
In rogue-haunted, sin-cursed Chicago, though Queen of the  
North and the West.

## IV.

'Twas night in the elegant city,  
The rich and voluptuous city,  
The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked city,  
Gay Queen of the North and the West.  
And childhood was placidly resting in slumber untroubled  
and deep;  
And softly the mother was fondling her innocent-baby to  
sleep;

And maidens were dreaming of pleasures and triumphs the  
future should show,  
And scanning the brightness and glory of joys they were  
never to know;  
And firesides were cheerful and happy, and Comfort smiled  
sweetly around;  
But grim Desolation and Ruin looked into the window and  
frowned,  
And pitying angels looked downward, and gazed on their  
loved ones below,  
And longed to reach forth a deliverance, and yearned to  
beat backward the foe;  
But Pleasure and Comfort were reigning, nor danger was  
spoken or guessed,  
In beautiful, golden Chicago, gay Queen of the North and  
the West.

## V.

Then up in the streets of the city,  
The careless and negligent city,  
The soon to be sacrificed city,  
Doomed Queen of the North and the West,  
Crept softly and slyly, so tiny it was hardly worthy the  
name,  
Crept, slowly and soft through the rubbish, a radiant serpent  
of flame.  
The South-wind and West-wind came shrieking, "Rouse up  
in your strength and your ire!  
For many a year they have chained you, and crushed you,  
O demon of fire!



For many a year they have bound you, and made you their  
servant and slave!

Now, rouse you, and dig for this city a fiery and desolate  
grave!

Freight heavy with grief and with wailing her world-scat-  
tered pride and renown!

Charge straight on her mansions of splendor, and battle her  
battlements down!

And we, the strong South-wind and West-wind, with thrice  
double fury possessed,

Will sweep with you over this city, this Queen of the North  
and the West!"

## VI.

Then straight at the great, quiet city,

The strong and o'erconfident city,

The well-nigh invincible city,

Doomed Queen of the North and the West,

The Fire-devil rallied his legions, and speeded them forth  
on the wind,

With tinder and treasures before him, with ruins and tem-  
pests behind.

The tenement crushed 'neath his footstep, the mansion oped  
wide at his knock;

And walls that had frowned him defiance, they trembled  
and fell with a shock;

And down on the hot, smoking house-tops came raining a  
deluge of fire

And serpents of flame writhed and clambered, and twisted  
on steeple and spire;

And beautiful, glorious Chicago, the city of riches and  
fame,  
Was swept by a storm of destruction, was flooded by bil-  
lows of flame.  
The Fire-king loomed high in his glory, with crimson and  
flame-streaming crest,  
And grinned his fierce scorn on Chicago, doomed Queen of  
the North and the West.

## VII.

Then swiftly the quick-breathing city,  
The fearful and panic-struck city,  
The startled and fire-deluged city,  
Rushed back from the South and the West.  
And loudly the fire-bells were clanging, and ringing their  
funeral notes;  
And loudly wild accents of terror came pealing from thou-  
sands of throats;  
And loud was the wagon's deep rumbling, and loud the  
wheel's clatter and creak;  
And loud was the calling for succor from those who were  
sightless and weak;  
And loud were the hoofs of the horses, and loud was the  
tramping of feet;  
And loud was the gale's ceaseless howling through fire-  
lighted alley and street;  
But louder, yet louder, the crashing of roofs and of walls as  
they fell;  
And louder, yet louder, the roaring that told of the coming  
of hell.

The Fire-king threw back his black mantle from off his great  
blood-dappled breast,  
And sneered in the face of Chicago, the Queen of the North  
and the West.

## VIII.

And there, in the terrible city,  
In the panic-struck, terror-crazed city,  
The flying and flame-pursued city,  
The torch of the North and the West,  
A beautiful maiden lay moaning, as many a day she had  
lain,  
In fetters of wearisome weakness, and throbbings of pitiful  
pain,  
The amorous Fire-king came to her—he breathed his hot  
breath on her cheek;  
She fled from his touch, but he caught her, and held her, all  
pulseless and weak.  
The Fire-king he caught her and held her, in warm and  
unyielding embrace;  
He wrapped her about in his vestments, he pressed his hot  
lips to her face;  
Then, sated and palled with his triumph, he scornfully flung  
her away.  
And, blackened and crushed in the ruins, unknown and un-  
coffined, she lay—  
Lay, blackened and crushed in the ruins, in ruined and  
desolate rest,  
Like ravished and ruined Chicago, the Queen of the North  
and the West.



## IX.

'Twas morn in the desolate city,  
The ragged and ruin-heaped city,  
The homeless and hot-smoking city,  
The grief of the North and the West.

But down from the West came the bidding, "O Queen, lift  
in courage thy head!

Thy friends and thy neighbors awaken, and hasten with rai-  
ment and bread."

And up from the South came the bidding, "Cheer up, fairest  
Queen of the Lakes!

For comfort and aid shall be coming from out our savannas  
and brakes!"

And down from the North came the bidding, "O city, be  
hopeful of cheer!

We've somewhat to spare for thy sufferers, for all of our suf-  
fering here!"

And up from the East came the bidding, "O city, be dauntless  
and bold!

Look hither for food and for raiment—look hither for credit  
and gold!"

And all through the world went the bidding, "Bring hither  
your choicest and best,

For weary and hungry Chicago, sad Queen of the North and  
the West!"

## X.

O crushed but invincible city!  
O broken but fast-rising city!  
O glorious and unconquered city,  
Still Queen of the North and the West!

The long, golden years of the future, with treasures increasing  
and rare,  
Shall glisten upon thy rich garments, shall twine in the folds  
of thy hair!  
From out the black heaps of thy ruins new columns of beauty  
shall rise,  
And glittering domes shall fling grandly our nation's proud  
flag to the skies!  
From off thy wide prairies of splendor the treasures of autumn  
shall pour;  
The breezes shall sweep from the northward, and hurry the  
ships to thy shore!  
For Heaven will look downward in mercy on those who've  
passed under the rod,  
And happ'ly again they will prosper, and bask in the blessings  
of God.  
Once more thou shall stand mid the cities, by prosperous  
breezes caressed,  
O grand and unconquered Chicago, still Queen of the North  
and the West.

## CHICAGO.

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

---

Men said at vespers: "All is well!"  
In one wild night the city fell;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On three score spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:  
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round that sea of fire;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;  
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.



Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness!  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous!

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### CHICAGO.

October 10, 1871.

---

BRET HARTE.

---

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,  
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne  
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught  
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,  
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,  
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,  
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call  
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul,  
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel  
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal,  
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.



## CHICAGO EST DELENDA.

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W. C. RICHARDS, D. D

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A city sovereign in the golden West,  
But yesterday magnificent in pride,  
To-day, the wail of anguish from her breast  
Wakes echoes to each mighty ocean's tide.

A wail of anguish, rung out by the flames  
That licked her splendors level to the dust,  
And blazoned hers, the chief of ill-starred names  
That history holds in melancholy trust.

Her matchless miracle of sudden rise,  
That mocked at fable and enchantment's art,  
Is peerless now no more in our sad eyes,  
That see her glories, like a dream, depart.

Her palaces were poems wrought in stone ;  
Her marts, like Egypt's, for the world poured grain ;  
Her prairies girt her with a golden zone ;  
Her fame seemed that of Carthage come again.

But Roman legions at Chicago's breast  
Hurled no red bolts that hapless Carthage rent ;  
In peace the hot cup to her lips was prest,  
And shrieking to her funeral pyre she went.

O day of horror ! day of ruthless woe !  
That stripped the West's young queen of all her pride,  
Her stately domes and lofty towers laid low,  
And 'whelmed her homes in terror's crimson tide !



Checked are the currents of her boundless trade ;  
Her giant granaries smoke with smouldering wheat ;  
Her daughters, in their silks no more arrayed,  
Half clad and homeless, shiver on the street.

If of her magic growth her heart beat proud,  
And in her stones and stocks she took delight ;  
If jealous rivals called her fast and loud,  
None grudge her tears of pity in her plight.

Proud, but beneficent, and fast to spend  
The easy gold her skill was swift to make ;  
Of arts and toil at royal rate the friend,  
And wisdom's lover for its own sweet sake.

Ah, luckless queen—her strength and beauty scarred,  
She lies to-day on ashes for her bed ;  
And all the land in her despoil is marred,  
And all its joy in her despair is dead.

The East and West their eager hands stretch forth,  
To pour their wine and oil at her scorched feet ;  
In love and largess blend the South and North—  
A people's pain and pity swift to meet.

Her sons her crumbled greatness will rebuild,  
When the blanched terror flies their kindling lips,  
And the glad glow of pride again shall gild  
Their queen's fair face, now prone in foul eclipse.



# THE VISITOR'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE City of Chicago,

COMPRISING OFFICIAL INFORMATION OF BAGGAGE, HACK, CAB,  
AND STREET CAR RATES AND LINES; EXPRESS, RAILWAY, AND  
STEAMBOAT LINES; SUBURBAN TOWNS; STREETS, AVENUES,  
AND BOULEVARDS; PARKS; PLACES OF AMUSEMENT; PUB-  
LIC HALLS AND BUILDINGS; CHURCHES, ASYLUMS,  
DISPENSARIES, AND HOSPITALS; SCHOOLS, COLLEGES,  
AND UNIVERSITIES; BANKS; CEMETERIES; CON-  
VENTS; CITY, COUNTY, AND GOVERNMENT  
OFFICES; FOREIGN CONSULS; HOTELS; LIBRA-  
RIES AND READING ROOMS; POST-OFFICES;  
SOCIETIES AND CLUBS; TELEGRAPH AND  
TELEPHONE COMPANIES; THEATERS;  
TRANSPORTATION LINES; BRIDGES,  
TUNNELS, AND WATER WORKS;  
AND LIST OF LEADING BUSI-  
NESS MEN AND WOMEN.

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EDITED BY R. S. RHODES.

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CHICAGO:  
RHODES & MCCLURE PUB. CO.  
1888.





# The Visitors

# GUIDE TO CHICAGO.

(SEE MAP LAST PAGE OF BOOK)

## ABBREVIATIONS.

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|           |                |           |                |
|-----------|----------------|-----------|----------------|
| Al .....  | Alley          | Op.....   | Opposite       |
| Av.....   | Avenue         | Pk.....   | Park           |
| Bet.....  | Between        | Pl.....   | Place          |
| Bldg..... | Building       | Rd.....   | Road           |
| Boul..... | Boulevard      | R R.....  | Rail Road      |
| Cor.....  | Corner         | Ry.....   | Railway        |
| Ct.....   | Court          | S.....    | South          |
| E.....    | East           | S. D..... | South Division |
| E. S..... | East Side      | Se.....   | Southeast      |
| Fr.....   | From           | S. S..... | South Side     |
| N.....    | North          | Sq.....   | Square         |
| N. D..... | North Division | Sw.....   | Southwest      |
| Ne.....   | Northeast      | St.....   | Street         |
| Nr.....   | Near           | W.....    | West           |
| N. S..... | North Side     | W. D..... | West Division  |
| Nw.....   | Northwest      | W. S..... | West Side      |

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## CAUTIONS TO TRAVELERS.

1. Always make a bargain beforehand.
2. Take number of expressman, hackman, or cab-driver, in case of any difficulty, and report at office and to the police, at the City Hall.

3. Never repose confidence in strangers.
  4. Hotel proprietors, according to the laws of Illinois, are not liable for guests' valuables unless placed in their care at the office.
  5. Look out for the "elefant." Keep to the right.
  6. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Keep your feet from stumbling and your ways from guile.
  7. Buy and use our "CHICAGO HISTORY AND GUIDE."
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### COACH AND HACK ORDINANCE.

The price to be charged by the owner or owners, or drivers, of hackney coaches, or other vehicles for the conveyance of passengers, except cabs, omnibuses, for hire within the city of Chicago, shall be as follows, to be regulated and estimated by the distance on the most direct routes, namely:

For conveying one or two passengers from one railroad depot to another railroad depot, \$1.

For conveying one or two passengers not exceeding one mile, \$1.

For conveying one or two passengers any distance over one mile and less than two miles, \$1.50.

For conveying each additional passenger of the same family or party, 50 cents.

For conveying one or two passengers any distance exceeding two miles, \$2.

For each additional passenger of the same family or party, 50 cents.

For conveying children between five and fourteen years of age, half the above rates may be charged for like distances, but for children under five years of age no charge shall be made.

For the use by the day of any hackney coach, or other vehicle drawn by two horses or other animals, with one or more passengers, eight dollars per day.

For the use of such carriage or vehicle by the hour, with one or more passengers, with the privilege of going from place to place, and stopping as often as may be required, as follows: For the first hour, two dollars; for each additional hour or part of an hour, one dollar.

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### CAB ORDINANCE.

The prices or rates of fare to be asked or demanded by the owners or drivers of cabs or other vehicles drawn by one horse, or other animal, for the conveyance of passengers for hire, shall be not more than as follows:

|                                                                                                   |       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| One mile, or fraction thereof, for each passenger for the first mile.....                         | \$ 25 |
| One mile, or fraction thereof, for any distance after first mile, for one or more passengers..... | 25    |
| For the first hour.....                                                                           | 75    |
| For each quarter hour additional after first hour.....                                            | 20    |
| For service outside of city limits, and in the parks, for the first hour.....                     | 1 00  |
| For each quarter hour after the first hour.....                                                   | 25    |
| Between any two R.R.depots.....                                                                   | 25    |

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All such vehicles shall be under the direction of the passenger from the time he or she calls said vehicle until the same is discharged, and will be paid for accordingly. In the case of a vehicle being engaged by the hour and discharged a distance from its stand, the owner or driver shall have the right to charge for the time necessary to return to such stand, where engaged.

In all cases when the hiring of a hackney coach, cab, or other vehicle for the conveyance of passengers, is not at the time thereof specified to be by the hour, it shall be deemed to be by the mile.

Every licensed owner or driver of any hackney coach, cab, or other vehicle, shall have the right to demand his fare of the person or persons employing him, on entering his coach or cab, and may refuse to convey any person who will not comply with said demand.

No owner or driver of any hackney coach, cab or other vehicle for the conveyance of passengers, shall refuse to convey any person with or without baggage, as aforesaid, when applied to for that purpose; or, having undertaken to convey such person, shall omit or neglect so to do.

Every passenger shall be allowed to have conveyed upon above vehicles, without charge, his ordinary traveling baggage, not exceeding in any case one trunk and twenty-five pounds of other baggage. For every additional package, where the whole weight of baggage is over one hundred pounds, if conveyed to any place within the city limits, the owner or driver shall be permitted to charge fifteen cents.

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## PUBLIC PORTERS

Shall be entitled to charge for each trunk or package which they may carry, twelve and a half cents, for any distance not exceeding one-fourth of a mile, and twenty-five cents for any distance exceeding one-fourth of a mile; and no public porter shall demand or exact any greater sums than are herein permitted.

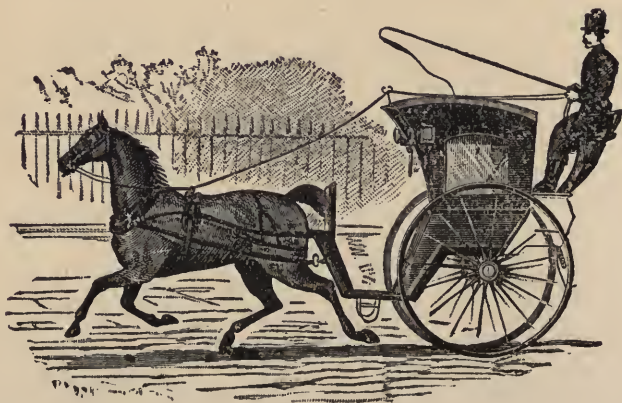
## EXPRESSMEN

Are allowed to charge for loads not exceeding five hundred pounds weight, one mile, fifty cents. Every additional mile may be charged for at the rate of twenty-five cents for each and every mile. For over five hundred pounds, fifty cents for every additional five hundred pounds, or fraction thereof.

## CAB LINES.

Chicago Cab Co., 1254 Wabash avenue; telephone, 8348.

Chicago Hansom Cab Co., office and stables, 203 to 207 South Clinton street; telephone, 5501; C. A. Needham, superintendent.



## STANDS:

Rowe Brothers, jewelers, State and Monroe streets.  
Monroe street, opposite ladies' entrance, Palmer House.

Tribune Building, Dearborn and Madison streets.

And principal depots.



## HINTS TO OUR PATRONS.

Having decided that you want a Cab, be sure and secure one of the Chicago Hansom Cab Company's. This company is the largest in the city, having fifty-one elegantly appointed Cabs. It is the aim of this company to place before the public a service so perfect in all its details that even the most fastidious can not complain.

On getting into one of our Cabs, *first*, notice the number; it is not much trouble, and helps to insure you against losses or overcharges. Then state how you want the Cab, by the hour or otherwise, as this omission is often the cause of a dispute.

On arriving at your destination, ask the driver how much; it is his business to know exactly how much it ought to be, and if you think he is overcharging you, *pay him* what he asks, and report same as soon as possible to our office, 47 Monroe street. This is far better than the unseemliness of a dispute on the public streets, and *you* can rely on a prompt return of your money if the driver is at fault.

NOTE. This refers only to the Chicago Hansom Cab Company's Cabs.

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DISTANCE RATES:

One mile or less, for each passenger,        -   -   -   -   25 cents.  
 Each additional mile or fraction thereof, one or two passengers, 25 cents.

For one stop or wait of not over five minutes, no charge will be made.

For over five minutes, or more than one stop or wait, 10 cents will be charged for each ten minutes or part thereof.

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HOURLY RATES:

For one or two persons, per hour, within four mile limit,        -   75 cents.  
 For each quarter hour additional, or fraction thereof,        -   20 cents.  
 For one or two persons, per hour, outside four mile limit, also  
     Lincoln Park,        -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   -   \$1.00  
 For each quarter hour additional, or fraction thereof,        -   25 cents.  
 When continuous stop of one half hour or more is made, the  
     charge per hour will be at rate of        -   -   -   -   70 cents

When service is desired by the hour, it must be so stated at the time of engaging the cab, otherwise the distance rate will be charged.

Hour engagements, when the cab is discharged at a distance of over half a mile from the stand, the time necessary to return to the stand will be charged for. No time engagements will be made for less than the price of one hour.

*When cabs are ordered from a distance by telephone or otherwise, service will be charged from time of leaving stand.*



GURNEY PHAETON & CAB Co., 39 to 45 W. Adams. Telephone, 4404.

(For Rates of Fare, see "Cab Ordinance," above.)



### ASYLUMS.

Chicago Nursery and Half Orphan Asylum, 855 N. Halsted.

Chicago Orphan Asylum, 2228 Michigan Av.

Chicago Protestant Orphan Asylum, 2228 Michigan Av.

Chicago Reform and Industrial School, Feehanville, Ill., on Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.

Cook County Insane Asylum, Jefferson, Ill., on Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.

Cook County Poor House, Jefferson.

Erring Woman's Refuge, 3111 Indiana Av., S. E. corner Thirty-first.

Foundlings' Home, 114 S. Wood, near W. Madison.

German Orphan Asylum, Rosehill, Ill., on Milwaukee Div. [C. & N. W. R. R.

Good Samaritan Industrial Home, 151 Lincoln Av., office 171 and 173 Randolph.

Guardian Angel, German (Rom. Cath.), Orphan Asylum, Rosehill.

Home for the Aged, W. Harrison, cor. Throop

Home for the Friendless, 1926 Wabash Av.

Home for Incurables, Racine Av., southeast corner Fullerton Av.

House of Providence (for young women), Calumet Av., corner 26th.

House of the Good Shepherd, N. Market, corner Hill.

Martha Washington Home, Lake View. Office 568 W. Madison St.

Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Home, 1421 Wabash Av.

Old People's Home, Indiana Av., northwest corner Thirty-ninth

Rehoboth Industrial Home for Fallen Women, 129 Fourth Av.

Servite Sisters' Industrial Home for Girls, 1396 W. Van Buren.

Soldiers' Home, South Evanston, on Milwaukee Div. C. & N. W. R. R.

St. Joseph's Home for the Friendless, 409 and 411 South May.

St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Douglas Av., corner Lake Av., near Douglas monument.

St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, 2928 Archer Av.

St. Mary's Training School for Boys, Feehanville, Ill.

St. Vincent's Foundling Asylum and Lying-in Hospital, 191 La Salle Avenue.

Talcott Day Nursery and Kindergarten, 169 W. Adams.

Uhlich Evangelical Lutheran Orphan Asylum, Burlingame, northwest corner Center.

Washingtonian Home, 566 to 572 W. Madison.

Working Women's Industrial Home, 216 Fulton

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## BANKS.

Bank of British North America, 107 Royal Ins. bldg., Quincy.

Bank of Montreal, 226 LaSalle.

Canadian Bank of Commerce, LaSalle, nw. cor. Adams.

Chicago Clearing House Association, 80 LaSalle.

Chicago National Bank, Dearborn, sw. cor. Madison.

Chicago Trust and Savings Bank, 120 LaSalle.

Commercial National Bank, Dearborn, se. cor. Monroe.

Continental National Bank, LaSalle, sw. cor. Adams.

Corn Exchange Bank, 222 LaSalle.

Drover's National Bank, 4207 S. Halsted.

First National Bank, Dearborn, nw. cor. Monroe.

Hibernian Banking Association, Lake, sw. cor. Clark.

Hide and Leather National Bank, 68 and 70 LaSalle.  
Home National Bank of Chicago, 184 W. Washington.  
Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, 145 and 147 Randolph.  
International Bank, 108 LaSalle.  
Merchants' Loan and Trust Co., 103 Dearborn.  
Merchants' National Bank, 80 and 82 LaSalle.  
Metropolitan National Bank, LaSalle, nw. cor. Madison.  
National Bank of America, nw. cor. LaSalle and Washington.  
National Bank of Illinois, 113 Dearborn.  
Northwestern National Bank, Clark, ne. cor. Washington.  
The Prairie State Loan and Trust Co., 110 W. Washington.  
Traders' Bank, 138 LaSalle.  
Twenty-second St. Bank, Twenty-second, cor. Michigan av.  
Union National Bank, LaSalle, sw. cor. Washington.  
Union Stock Yards National Bank, Union Stock Yards.  
Western Investment Bank, 86 LaSalle.

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### SAVINGS BANKS.

Dime Savings Bank, 104 Washington.  
Hibernian Banking Association, Lake, sw. cor. Clark.  
Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, 145 and 147 Randolph.  
Prairie State Loan & Trust Co., 110 W. Washington  
Union Trust Co. Savings Bank, 133 Dearborn.

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### SAFE DEPOSITORIES.

Chicago Safety Vaults, 104 Washington.  
Commercial Safety Deposit Co., 88 Monroe.  
Fidelity Safety Deposit Co., 143 Randolph.  
Merchants' Safe Deposit Co., 78 LaSalle.  
National Safe Deposit Co., 160 Dearborn.  
Royal Safe Deposit Co., 167 Jackson.

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### CEMETERIES.

Anshe Maarabo, Green Bay road, near city limits.  
Beth Hamedrash, Oakwoods, S. of city limits.  
B'Nai Sholom, Green Bay road, S. of Graceland.



- Calvary, ten miles N. of city, on Mil. Div., C. & N. W. R. R.  
 Cemetery of the Congregation of the North Side, Waldheim.  
 Cemetery of the Congregation of Sinai, Rosehill, on Mil. Div., C. & N. W. R. R.  
 Cemetery of the Congregation of Sons of Peace. Green Bay road, S. of Graceland.  
 Cemetery of the Free Sons of Israel, Waldheim.  
 Cemetery of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, S. of Graceland.  
 Chebra Gemilay Chasadim, Green Bay road, S. of Graceland.  
 Chebra Kadisha Ubikar Cholim, Green Bay road, S. of Graceland.  
 Concordia, five miles W. of city limits, on Madison.  
 Forest Home Cemetery, office 88 Washington.  
 German Lutheran of St. Paul and Emanuel Churches, two miles N. of city limits, near Graceland.  
 Graceland, Green Bay road, two miles N. of city limits.  
 Mt. Greenwood Cemetery, Washington Heights on C. & G. T. Ry.  
 Oakwoods, Hyde Park, on Ill. Cent. R. R.  
 Rosehill, seven miles from city, on Mil. Div., C. & N. W. R. R.  
 St. Boniface (German Catholic), Green Bay road, three miles N. of city limits.  
 Waldheim, on Galena Div. of C. & N. W. R. R., ten miles from city  
 Zion Congregation Cemetery, Rosehill.

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## CHURCHES.

### ADVENTIST.

- Christian, 91 S. Green.  
 German, Noble, sw. cor. W. Superior.  
 Scandinavian, 269 W. Erie.

### BAPTIST.

#### *English.*

- Bethesda (colored), 2931 Dearborn.  
 Brighton Park, Thirty-eighth, cor. Blanchard avenue.  
 Centennial, W. Jackson, cor. Lincoln.  
 Central, N. Halsted, cor. Belden avenue.  
 First, South Park avenue, cor. Thirty-first.  
 Fourth, Washington boul., cor. Paulina.  
 Humboldt Park.  
 Immanuel, Michigan avenue, near Twenty-third.

La Salle Avenue, La Salle avenue, near Division.  
 Memorial, Oakwood boulevard, near Cottage Grove avenue.  
 North Ashland Avenue, N. Ashland avenue, near W. North avenue.  
 Olivet, (colored,) Harrison street, cor. Holden place.  
 Providence, (colored,) 15 N. Irving place.  
 Second, cor. Morgan and W. Monroe.  
 South, Lock, cor. Bonaparte.  
 Western Avenue, Western avenue, cor. Warren avenue.

*Missions.*

Dearborn Street,  
 Hope, (Sunday-School,) 432 Milwaukee avenue.  
 Paulina Mission, Portland avenue, cor. Twenty-eighth.  
 Trinity, W. Indiana. cor. N. Lincoln.

*Free Will Baptist.*

Free Will. cor. Loomis and W. Jackson.

*Danish.*

First, 187 N. Union.

*German.*

First, Bickerdike, cor. W. Huron.  
 Mission, Wentworth avenue, cor. Twentieth.  
 Second, Burling, cor. Willow.

*Swedish.*

First, Oak, near Sedgwick.  
 Second, Butterfield, near Thirty-first.

CHRISTIAN.

Central, Indiana avenue, cor. Twenty-fifth.  
 First, W. Jackson, cor. Oakley avenue.  
 South, cor. Drexel av. and Fortieth.  
 West Side, Western avenue, cor. W. Van Buren.

CONGREGATIONAL.

*English.*

Bethany, Superior, cor. Lincoln.  
 California Avenue, W. Van Buren, cor. California avenue.  
 Central Park, W. Forty-first, cor. Fulton.  
 Central Park Chapel, W. Lake, cor. Albany avenue.  
 Church of the Good Shepherd, 3207 S. Ashland avenue.

Church of the Redeemer, Lake View,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. N. of city limit. (See Lake View church.)

Clinton Street, S. Clinton, cor. Wilson.

First, W. Washington, sw. cor. Ann.

Immanuel, 2809 State.

Lake View, Lill av., cor. Seminary av.

Leavitt Street, W. Adams, cor. Leavitt.

Lincoln Park, cor. Mohawk and Garfield av.

Millard Avenue, Millard av., cor. Central Park av. and 23d.

New England, Dearborn av., cor. Delaware pl.

Northwest Chapel, Powell av., cor. Cherry pl.

Pacific.

Plymouth, Michigan av., nr. 26th.

South, Drexel Boulevard, cor. 40th.

Tabernacle, W. Indiana, se. cor. Morgan.

Union Park, cor. S. Ashland av. and Washington Boul.

Union Tabernacle, S. Ashland av., cor. W. 20th.

Western Avenue Chapel, Western av., cor. W. Polk.

#### *German.*

Pilgrim, W. Indiana, cor. Hoyne av.

Sedgwick Street Mission, Sedgwick, cor. Blackhawk.

South. Ullman, cor. James av.

#### *Welsh.*

**Church, Peoria St., near Jackson.**

#### *Missions.*

Ashland Avenue, S. Ashland av., cor. W. 12th.

Oakley Avenue, Oakley av., bet. W. Indiana and Hubbard.

Orton, W. Lake, cor. Seymour av.

Plymouth, 31st, cor. Butterfield.

Portland, 31st, cor. Portland av.

Randolph Street, 98 W. Randolph.

#### DUTCH REFORMED.

First Reformed Holland, W. Harrison, cor. May.

Holland Christian Reformed, W. 14th, nr. Throop.

#### EPISCOPAL.

Cathedral, SS. Peter and Paul, cor. W. Washington and Peoria.

Calvary, Warren av., bet. Oakley and Western avs.

Chapel of St. Luke's Hospital, 1430 Indiana av.  
 Church of Our Savior, Lincoln av., cor. Belden av.  
 Church of the Ascension, N. LaSalle, cor. Elm.  
 Church of the Epiphany, cor. Ashland av. and Adams.  
 Church of the Good Shepherd, Genesee av., cor. 24th.  
 Church of the Holy Communion, S. Dearborn, nr. 29th.  
 Church of St. Clement, State, cor. 20th.  
 Grace, 1445 Wabash av., nr. 16th.  
 St. Andrew's, Washington Boulevard, cor. Robey.  
 St. Ansgarius', Sedgwick, near Chicago av.  
 St. Barnabas', Park av., cor. W. 44th.  
 St. James', cor. Cass and Huron.  
 St. Luke's, 388 Western av., bet. Harrison and Polk.  
 St. Stephen's, Johnson, bet. W. Taylor and Twelfth.  
 St. Thomas' (colored), Dearborn, nr. 13th.  
 Trinity, Michigan av. and 26th.

#### EPISCOPAL (REFORMED.)

Christ, Michigan av. and 24th.  
 Emmanuel, Hanover, nr. 28th.  
 Grace, Girard st., nr. Milwaukee av.  
 St. John's, 37th, cor. Langley av.  
 St. Matthew's, Fullerton av., cor. Larrabee.  
 St. Paul's, Adams Street and Winchester av.  
 Tyng Mission, Archer av., cor. 21st.

#### EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

##### *German.*

First, 35th, cor. S. Dearborn.  
 Harrison Street, W. Harrison, cor. Hoyne av.  
 Salem, W. 12th, cor. Union.  
 Second, Wisconsin, cor. Sedgwick.  
 Sheffield Avenue, Sheffield av., cor. Marianna.  
 St. John's, Noble, cor. W. Huron.  
 Fullerton Avenue, cor. Larrabee.

#### EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN.

##### *Danish.*

St. Stephen's, Dearborn, cor. Thirty-sixth.  
 Trinity, 440 and 442 W. Superior.



*English.*

Church of the Holy Trinity, 400 LaSalle avenue.  
 Grace, Chicago avenue, cor. N. Franklin.  
 Memorial Mission, Ashland avenue, cor. Augusta.  
 Trinity, Elm and LaSalle av.  
 Wicker Park, N. Hoyne avenue, nw. cor. LeMoynes.

*German.*

Bethlehem, Paulina, cor. McReynolds.  
 Emmanuel, Brown, cor. W. Taylor.  
 St. Jacob's, Garfield avenue, cor. Fremont.  
 St. John's, Superior, cor. Bickerdike.  
 St. Mark's, Ashland avenue, cor. Augusta.  
 St. Matthew's, Hoyne avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-first.  
 St. Paul's, Superior, cor. N. Franklin.  
 St. Peter's, S. Dearborn, S. of Thirty-ninth.  
 St. Stephen's, nw. cor. Wentworth avenue and Twenty-fifth.  
 Trinity, (U. A. C.,) Hanover, cor. Kossuth.  
 Trinity, (West Chicago,) 9, 11 and 13 Snell.  
 Zion, W. Nineteenth, near S. Halsted.

*Norwegian.*

Bethania, W. Indiana, se. cor. Carpenter.  
 Bethlehem, N. Center avenue, cor. W. Huron.  
 Evangelical, N. Franklin, cor. Erie.  
 Our Savior's, May, cor. W. Erie.  
 St. Paul's, N. Lincoln, cor. Park.  
 St. Peter's, Hirsch, cor. Seymour avenue.  
 Trinity, W. Indiana, sw. cor. Peoria.

*Swedish.*

Evangelical Lutheran Mission, 280 N. Franklin.  
 Gethsemane, May, cor. W. Huron.  
 Immanuel, Sedgwick, cor. Hobbie.  
 Salem, Bushnell, near Archer avenue.  
 Tabernacle Mission, cor. S. LaSalle and Thirtieth.

## EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN (INDEPENDENT.)

Church of Peace, N. Wood, cor. Iowa.  
 First, Augusta, near Samuel.  
 Salem, N. Wood, cor. Jane.

## EVANGELICAL REFORMED.

First German, 181 Hastings.

## EVANGELICAL UNITED.

Fifth German, St. John's, Cortland, nr. Seymour av

First German, St. Paul's, Ohio, sw. cor. N. LaSalle.

Fourth German, St. Peter's, Chicago av., cor. Noble.

Second German, Zion, Union, nw. cor. W. Fourteenth.

Third German, Salem, Wentworth av., cor. Twenty-fourth

## FRIENDS.

Central Meeting, Room 7, Athenæum building, cor. Dearborn and Randolph.

Orthodox Meeting House, Twenty-sixth, bet. Indiana and Prairie avs.

## INDEPENDENT.

Chicago Avenue, (Moody's), nw. cor. Chicago and N. LaSalle avs.

Central, Central Music Hall, State, se. cor. Randolph.

Mosley Chapel, 2539-2541 Calumet av.

People's, Chicago Opera House, sw. cor. Clark and Washington.

West Side Tabernacle, W. Indiana, se. cor. Morgan.

## JEWISH.

nshe Emes, 262 Division.

Anshe Russia, Judd, ne. cor. Clinton.

Congregation Ahave Emunah, 386 Clark.

Congregation Beth. El, N. May, nr. W. Huron.

Congregation Beth. Hamedrash, 134 Pacific av.

Congregation Beth. Hamedrash Hachodosch, 129 Harrison.

Congregation B'Nai Abraham, Johnson, se. cor. Wright.

Congregation Ohabey-Sholom, 576 S. Canal.

Congregation of the North Side, cor. La Salle av. and Oak.

Congregation Ohev Sholom (Orthodox), 626 Milwaukee av.

Kehilath Anshe Maaref (Congregation of the Men of the West), Indiana av. cor. Twenty-sixth.

Kehilath B'Nai Sholom (Sons of Peace), 1455 Michigan av.

Sinai Congregation, Indiana av., cor. Twenty-first.

Zion Congregation, cor. S. Sangamon and Jackson.

## METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Ada Street, bet. W. Lake and Fulton.

Asbury, Fifth av., nr. Thirty-first.  
 Centenary, W. Monroe, nr. Morgan.  
 Clark Street, se. cor. Clark and Washington.  
 Dickson Street, Dickson, nr. North av.  
 Emmanuel, Marshfield av., bet. Van Buren and Congress.  
 First, se. cor. Clark and Washington, Methodist Church blk.  
 Fulton Street, cor. Fulton and Artesian av.  
 Grace, cor. N. LaSalle and Locust.  
 Grant Place, cor. Grant pl. and Larrabee.  
 Halsted Street, 778 to 784 South Halsted.  
 Jackson Street, W. Jackson, cor. Francisco.  
 Lake View, Sheffield av. and George.  
 Langley Avenue, Langley av., cor. Thirty-ninth.  
 Lincoln Street, S. Lincoln, cor. Ambrose, nr. Blue Island av.  
 Marshfield Avenue, Marshfield av., bet. Van Buren and Congress.  
 Michigan Avenue, Calumet av., bet. Thirty-second and **Thirty-third**.  
 Northwest, cor. Milwaukee and Western avs.  
 Park Avenue, cor. Park av. and Robey.  
 Paulina Street, Paulina, nr. Archer av.  
 Simpson, Bonfield, nr. Hickory.  
 State Street, cor. Forty-seventh and State.  
 St. Paul's, cor. Newberry av. and Maxwell.  
 Trinity, Indiana av., nr. Twenty-fourth.  
 Wabash Avenue, cor. Fourteenth and Wabash av.  
 Wesley.  
 Western Avenue, cor. W. Monroe and Western av.  
 Winter Street, Union Stock Yards.

#### *Missions.*

Asbury Chapel, Kossuth, cor. Stewart av.  
 Deering, Dunning and Ward.  
 Erie Street, cor. Erie and Robey.  
 Milwaukee Avenue, 1036 Milwaukee av.  
 New City, S. Ashland av., nr. Forty-seventh.

#### *African.*

Bethel, 239 Third av.  
 Quinn's Chapel, Fourth av., nr. Van Buren.  
 St. Stephen's, 682 Hubbard.

#### *German.*

Center Street, Dayton, cor. **Center**  
 Central Mission, Lake View.

Ebenezer, Ullman, cor. Thirty-first.  
First, 51 and 53 Clybourn av.  
Immanuel, W. Nineteenth, cor. Laflin.  
Maxwell, 308 Maxwell.  
North Ashland Avenue, 485 N. Ashland av  
Portland Avenue, Portland av., cor. 38th.

*Norwegian.*

First, cor. W. Indiana and Sangamon  
Lake View, Baxter, cor. Noble av.  
Maplewood Avenue, cor. Thompson and Maplewood av.

*Swedish.*

First, nw. cor. Market and Oak.  
Second, N. May, bet. W. Ohio and W. Erie.  
Third, Fifth av., cor. Thirty-third.

FREE METHODIST.

First, 49 N. Morgan.  
Milwaukee Avenue, Milwaukee and Western avs.  
South Side, Fiftieth, nr. Wabash av.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Belden Avenue, Belden av., cor. Seminary av.  
Campbell Park, Leavitt, s. of Harrison.  
Church of the Covenant, N. Halsted, nr. Belden av.  
Eighth, Washington Boul., cor. Robey.  
Fifth, Indiana av. and Thirtieth.  
First, cor. Indiana av. and Twenty-first.  
First German, Howe, cor. Center.  
Forty-First Street, Prairie av., cor. Forty-first.  
Fourth, Rush and Superior.  
Fullerton Avenue, Fullerton av., nr. Clark.  
Holland, Noble, cor. W. Erie.  
Jefferson Park, W. Adams, cor. Throop.  
Lake, Winter, cor. Forty-second.  
Noble (Holland), Noble, cor. W. Erie.  
Railroad Chapel, 1419 State.  
Reunion, S. Ashland av., cor. Hastings.  
Second, Michigan av., cor. Twentieth.  
Sixth, Vincennes av., cor. Oak av.  
Third, S. Ashland av., cor. Ogden av.



Westminster, cor. W. Jackson and Peoria.

Welsh, W. Monroe, cor. Sangamon.

#### *Missions.*

Burr, Wentworth av., cor. Twenty-third.

Foster, Maskell Hall, 173 S. Desplaines.

Hope, Augusta, nr. Western av.

Howe Street, 75 Howe.

Moseley, 2539 Calumet av.

Onward, W. Indiana, cor. Hoyne av.

(Services are held at all the missions at 3 p. m.)

#### SCOTCH PRESBYTERIANS.

First, cor. S. Sangamon and Adams.

#### UNITED PRESBYTERIANS.

First, cor. W. Monroe and Paulina.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC.

All Saints, Twenty-fifth pl., nr. Wallace.

Cathedral of the Holy Name, cor. Superior and N. State.

Church of our Lady of Sorrows, 1406 W. Jackson.

Church of the Annunciation, N. Paulina, sw. cor. Wabansia av.

Church of the Assumption (Italian), Illinois, nr. N. Market.

Church of the Holy Angels, 1104 Oakwood boulevard, nr. Langley av.

Church of the Holy Family, cor. May and W. Twelfth.

Church of the Holy Trinity (Polish), 546 Noble.

Church of the Immaculate Conception, N. Franklin, nr. Schiller.

Church of the Nativity, cor. Thirty-seventh and Dashiell.

Church of the Sacred Heart, cor. W. Nineteenth and Johnson.

Immaculate Conception, B. V. M. (German), Bonfield st.

Jesuit, Twelfth and May, (Blue Island av. cars.)

St. Adelbert's Church (Polish), cor. W. Seventeenth and Paulina.

St. Agnes', Brighton Park.

St. Aloysius' (German), Thompson and Davis.

St. Alphonsus', Lincoln av., cor. Southport av.

St. Ann's, 55th, cor. Wentworth av.

St. Anthony of Padua (German), cor. Hanover and Twenty-fourth pl.

St. Augustin's (German), 49th, cor. Laflin.

St. Boniface's (German), cor. Cornell and Noble.

St. Bridget's, Archer av., cor. Church pl.

St. Cecilia's, cor. Bristol and Atlantic.

- St. Charles Borromeo, Hoyne av., nr. 12th.  
 St. Columbkil's, N. Paulina, cor. W. Indiana.  
 St. Elizabeth's, 41st st., cor. State.  
 St. Francis' of Assissi (German), W. 12th, cor. Newberry av.  
 St. Gabriel's, Wallace, cor. 45th.  
 St. George's, (German,) 3915 Fifth avenue.  
 St. James', Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth.  
 St. Jarlath's, Hermitage avenue, cor. W. Jackson.  
 St. John's, Clark, cor. Eighteenth.  
 St. John Nepomucene's, (Bohemian,) cor. 25th and Portland av.  
 St. John the Baptist, (French,) Thirty-third court, near Beers.  
 St. Joseph's, (German,) N. Market, cor. Hill.  
 St. Josaphat's, (Polish,) Southport and Belden avenues  
 St. Malachi's, Walnut, cor. Western avenue.  
 St. Mary's, Wabash avenue, se. cor. Eldridge court.  
 St. Mary's of Perpetual Help, (Polish,) Lancaster  
 St. Michael's, (German,) Eugenie, cor. Hurlbut.  
 St. Patrick's, Desplaines, cor. W. Adams.  
 St. Paul's, S. Hoyne avenue, cor. Ambrose.  
 St. Peter's, (German,) Clark, cor. Polk.  
 St. Philip's, Park avenue, cor. W. Forty-third.  
 St. Pius', Ashland av., cor. W. Nineteenth.  
 St. Procopius', (Bohemian,) Allport, cor. W. Eighteenth.  
 St. Rose of Lima, Ashland avenue, near Forty-Eighth.  
 St. Stanislaus Kostka's, (Polish,) Noble, cor. Ingraham.  
 St. Stephen's, N. Sangamon, cor. W. Ohio.  
 St. Sylvester's, California and Shakspeare avenues.  
 St. Vincent de Paul's, Webster avenue, cor. Osgood.  
 St. Wenceslaus', (Bohemian,) 173 DeKoven

#### SPIRITUALISTS.

Chicago Lyceum of Truth-Seekers; Chicago Association of Spiritualists and Mediums' Society; Chicago Spirits' Conference Society, — all three meet at Liberty Hall, 213 W. Madison.

First Society, 55 S. Ada. (Martine's Hall.)

South Side, Indiana av., cor. 22d. (Martine's Hall.)

Spiritualists' and Mediums' Meetings, 2730 State.

United, 2730 State.

#### SWEDENBORGIAN.

German Society of the New Jerusalem, Temple, N. Ashland avenue, near W. Chicago avenue.

Immanuel, 520 Fulton.  
 Lincoln Park Chapel, N. Clark, near Menominee.  
 New Church Temple, Van Buren, east of Wabash avenue.  
 Union Park Temple, cor. W. Washington and Ogden avenue.

## UNITARIAN.

All Souls', Oakwood Boulevard and Ellis av.  
 Church of the Messiah, Michigan avenue and Twenty-third.  
 First, cor. Michigan av. and 23d.  
 Third, cor. W. Monroe and Laflin.  
 Unity, Dearborn avenue, se. cor. Walton place.

## UNIVERSALIST.

Church of the Redeemer, Warren av. and Robey.  
 St. Paul's, 1625 Michigan av., near Eighteenth.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Bethlehem Chapel, 683 Center avenue.  
 Disciples of Jesus the Christ, 221 W. Madison.  
 Dunkards, 708 W. Lake.  
 Gospel Hall, 3231 State.  
 Gospel Rooms, cor. N. May and Fulton.  
 Mariners', N. Market, cor. Michigan.  
 Society of Ethical Culture, Haverly's Minstrel Theater.  
 Union Chapel, 97 S. Desplaines.  
 Western Avenue Mission, Western avenue, cor. W. Ohio.  
 Woman's Gospel Temperance Association, cor. Noble and Ohio.  
 W. C. T. U., Bethesda Mission, — S. Clark.

## CITY CORPORATION.

(See "COURTS" and "OFFICIARY.")

## CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Office, basement, City Hall.

*Engine Companies.*

Number of steamers with hose carts attached, 34; chemical engines, 6; hook and ladder trucks, 10; men, 480; horses, 188.

*Fire Insurance Patrol.*

Office, 176 Monroe; three companies, 29 men.

## CITY TELEGRAPH OF FIRE ALARM AND POLICE.

Office, basement, City Hall.

*Signals.*

First alarm: The number of the box from which the alarm is given struck three (3) times on all the gongs and bells.

Second alarm: Two-eleven (2-11), followed by the number of the box struck once.

Third alarm: Three-eleven (3-11), followed by the number of the box struck once.

Second and third alarm combined: Four-eleven (4-11), followed by the number of the box struck twice.

General alarm: Six-eleven (6-11), struck three (3) times, followed by the number of the box struck once. To this call the entire department will respond.

Call for Hook and Ladder Co.: Eleven (11) blows followed by the number of the Truck Co. wanted, and one round of box where the Truck Co. is wanted; as, (11-2-125) H. & L. 2 will run to box 125.

Fire out: One (1) blow on all the gongs and bells. If a second fire is signaled and put out before notice of the extinguishment of the first fire is given, notice of this fact will be announced by one (1) stroke as above, repeated in seven seconds; and the same manner, three strokes for a third fire; four, for a fourth, etc.

*Stations.*

The Fire-alarm Stations are numbered on the South Side, from 12 to 259, or from the foot of South Water to the Union Stock Yards.

On the West Side, from 261 to 741, or from Canal and Harrison to Hamlin and Madison.

On the North Side, from 752 to 986, or from Lighthouse and North Pier to Fullerton and Clybourn avs.

## CITY BOUNDARIES.

Northern: Fullerton av. from the Lake to the River, the River from Fullerton av. to Western av., and W. North av. from Western av. to Crawford av.

Southern: Oakwood av. from the Lake to Lake av., Egan av. from Lake av. to Western av., and the Illinois and Michigan canal from Western av. to Crawford av.

Western: Crawford av. from the Illinois and Michigan canal to W. North av. and Western av. from W. North av. to the River.



## CITY BRIDGES.

*From South Division to North Division:*

Rush, State, Clark, Wells, 4.

*From South Division to West Division:*

Lake, Randolph, Madison, Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Twelfth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second, S. Halsted, Main or Throop, Ashland Av., Western Av., Kedzie Av., 15.

*From North Division to West Division:*

Kinzie, Indiana, Erie, Chicago Av., N. Halsted, 2, Division, 2, North Av., Clybourn Pl., Fullerton Av., 11.

*From South Division to Bridgeport:*

Archer Av., 1.

*Other Bridges:*

Fuller, in Bridgeport, 1.

## CITY TUNNELS.

La Salle, S. D. to N. D. Washington, S. D. to W. D.

## CITY WATERWORKS.

North Side, Chicago Av. and Pine. (State St. cars.)

West Side, Ashland and Blue Island Aves. (Blue Island Av. cars.)

## CITY RAILWAY LINES.

(Fare, five cents. Commutation rates on C. P. & W. D. lines.)

Chicago City Railway Co., 2020 State.

Chicago Passenger Railway Co., Cor. Harrison and Western Av.

North Chicago City Railway Co., N. Clark, Cor. Division.

West Division Railway Co., State, N. E. Cor. Randolph.

## COLLEGES.

(See "Educational.")

## CONSULS.

Austro-Hungary, 2 Clark, Henry Clausenius.

- Belgium, 106 Washington, Charles Henrotin.  
Denmark, 259 Milwaukee Av., Emil Dreier.  
France, R. 25, 78 Monroe, F. E. Brumwaert; Chancellor, L. Schoenfeld.  
German Empire, R. 524, Chicago Opera House bldg., Vice-consul, Dr. F. Meier.  
Great Britain, 78 Michigan Av., Vice-consul, John Dunn.  
Italy, 669 S. Halsted, A. Scutti.  
Mexico, R. 30, 126 Washington, Joaquin A. Vargas.  
Netherlands, 44 Kinzie, L. J. J. Nieuwenkamp.  
Sweden and Norway, 226 Milwaukee Av., Vice-consul, Peter Svanoe.  
Switzerland, 157 State, Louis Boerlin.  
Turkey, 92 Washington, Charles Henrotin.  
Venezuela, R. 31, 94 Washington, David V. Whiting.
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### CONVENTS.

- Benedictine Sisters, N. Market, cor. Hill.  
Franciscan Sisters, N. Franklin, cor. Hill.  
French Sisters of Notre Dame, S. Halsted, nw. cor. Congress.  
German Sisters, Lincoln av., cor. Southport av.  
Good Shepherd, N. Market, cor. Hill.  
Ladies of the Sacred Heart, W. Taylor, cor. Throop.  
Little Sisters of the Poor, W. Harrison, cor. Throop.  
Polish Sisters, Noble, cor. Ingraham.  
Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, 212 Hudson av. and 52 Newberry av.  
Religious of the Holy Heart of Mary, S. May, cor. Eleventh.  
Servite Sisters of Mary, 1266 W. Van Buren.  
Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, 210 Maxwell and 141 W. Adams.  
Sisters of Mercy, Wabash av., cor. Twenty-ninth, and cor. Oakley and Park avs.  
Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, 511 N. Franklin.  
St. Benedict and St. Scholastica, N. Market and Hill.
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### COURTS.

- City Law Department, City Hall.  
County Law Department, County building.

*United States.*

Commissioner in Admiralty, Lawrence Proudfoot, R. 734, 110 Clark.  
 Circuit, R. 31, Custom House bldg.  
 Claims, Custom House bldg.

*State of Illinois.*

Appellate, of First District, 110 Clark, 4th floor.

*County of Cook.*

Superior, County bldg.  
 Circuit, County bldg.  
 Criminal, R. 6 to 8, Criminal Court bldg., Michigan, nw. cor.  
 Dearborn av. Entrance, Michigan. (North Clark St. cars.)  
 County, R. 24, County bldg.  
 Probate, County bldg., first floor.

*City Police Courts and Stations.*

N. D., 242 Chicago av.  
 S. D., Cor. Harrison and Pacific av.  
 W. D., Second Precinct, cor. W. 12th and Johnson.  
 W. D., Third Precinct, 15 S. Desplaines, nr. Randolph.

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**DISPENSARIES.**

Alexian Brothers' Hospital, 539 to 559 N. Market.  
 Bennett, 511 and 513 State.  
 Bethesda Free Medical Mission, 368 Clark.  
 Central Free Dispensary of W. Chicago, Wood, cor. W. Harrison.  
 Central Homœopathic, S. Wood, cor. York.  
 Chicago College of Dental Surgery, 6 Washington.  
 Chicago Medical College, sw. cor. Prairie av. and 26th.  
 Dispensary of the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, Paulina,  
 cor. W. Adams.  
 Free Medical Mission, 234 Chicago av.  
 Hahnemann College, 2813 Cottage Grove av.  
 Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary, 121 S. Peoria, nw. cor. Adams.  
 South Side, sw. cor. Prairie av. and 26th. (Chicago Medical Col-  
 lege.)  
 St. Luke's, 1426 to 1430 Indiana av. West Side, W. Harrison, cor.  
**Honore.**

Woman's Christian Association, 1516 Wabash av.

Woman's Hospital of the State of Illinois, 3411 Cottage Grove av.

Women's Christian Association, (for women and children,) 39 Howland Block.

Women's Hospital of Chicago, cor. Douglas and South Park avs.

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## EDUCATIONAL

(See also "*Business Directory*.")

### COLLEGES.

#### *Commercial.*

(See "*Business Directory*.")

#### *Literary.*

St. Ignatius' College, 413 W. 12th.

#### *Professional.*

##### *Dental.*

Chicago College of Dental Surgery, ne. cor. Madison and Wabash av.

##### *Legal.*

Union College of Law, 82 and 84 Dearborn.

##### *Medical.*

Bennett, 511 and 513 State.

Chicago Homœopathic, S. Wood, cor. York.

Chicago, sw. cor. Prairie av. and 26th.

College of Physicians and Surgeons, 813 W. Harrison.

Hahnemann, 2813 Cottage Grove av.

Rush, cor. W. Harrison and Wood.

Woman's, 337 and 339 S. Lincoln.

##### *Musical.*

Chicago Academy of Musical Science, R. 24, 126 Dearborn.

Chicago Musical College, Central Music Hall.

Chicago Musical Seminary, 92 Loomis.

Hershey School of Musical Art, Clarence Eddy, general director, R. 14,  
34 Monroe.



*Pharmaceutical.*

College of Pharmacy, 465 State.

National Institute of Pharmacy, 69 Dearborn.

*Veterinary.*

Chicago Veterinary College, 2539 State

## ACADEMIES AND SEMINARIES.

(See also "*Business Directory*." )

Baptist Missionary Training School, 2383 Michigan av.

Chicago Manual Training School, Michigan av., nw. cor. 12th.

Chicago Theological Seminary, cor. Ashland and Warren avs.

Evangelical Lutheran School, 268 Girard.

Illinois Training School for Nurses, County Hospital.

Industrial School, 510 Sedgwick.

McCormick Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest, 1060

N. Halsted.

Seminary of the Sacred Heart, 485 W. Taylor.

Servite Sisters' Industrial Home for Girls, 1396 W. Van Buren.

St. Francis Xavier's Academy, cor. Wabash av. and 29th.

St. Patrick's Academy, sw. cor. Park and S. Oakley avs.

St. Patrick's R. C. Commercial Academy, 135 S. Desplaines.

St. Pius' Academy, 740 Vanhorn.

Unity Industrial School, 80 Elm.

*Kindergartens.*

Chicago Froebel Association, 1237 State.

Herford Free, Church of the Messiah, Michigan av., nr. 14th.

Kindergarten and Mission, 3022 Portland av.

Miss Belle Reed, 2809 State.

Mosely Chapel, 2539 Calumet av.

Talcott and Day Nursery, 169 W. Adams.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS, 78.

City Board of Education, City Hall.

County Board of Education, County bldg.

Cook County Normal School, Stewart av., nr. 67th. (On "Rock Island"

R. R.)

*High Schools, 3.*

N. Division, no. cor. Wendell and Wells.

S. Division, sw. cor. 26th and Wabash av.  
W. Division, se. cor. Morgan and Monroe.

*Grammar Schools, 47.*

Andersen, Lincoln, nr. Division.  
Armour street, se. cor. Armour and Bickerdike sq.  
Brighton, Douglas av., bet. Lincoln and Robey.  
Brown, Warren av., bet. Page and Wood.  
Burr, sw. cor. Ashland and Waubansia avs.  
Carpenter, sw. cor. Center av. and Huron.  
Central Park, se. cor. Walnut and Kedzie av.  
Clarke, Ashland av., bet. 13th and Hastings.  
Cottage Grove, Douglas av., bet. Cottage Grove and Stanton avs.  
Dore, W. Harrison, bet. Halsted and Desplaines.  
Douglas, se. cor. 32d and Forest av.  
Emerson, nw. cor. Walnut and Paulina.  
Franklin, ne. cor. Division and Sedgwick.  
Fröbel, W. 21st. nr. Robey.  
Garfield, ne. cor. Johnson and Wright.  
Grant, Wilcox av., bet. Western and Campbell avs.  
Hancock, Fairfield av. and 12th.  
Haven, Wabash av., bet. 14th and 16th.  
Hayes, Leavitt, bet. Walnut and Fulton.  
Headley, ne. cor. Lewis and Garfield av.  
Holden, ne. cor. Deering and 31st.  
Thomas Hoyne, se. cor. Illinois and Cass.  
Jefferson, nw. cor. Nebraska and Laffin.  
Jones, se. cor. Harrison and 3d av.  
Keith, sw. cor. Dearborn and 34th.  
King, W. Harrison, bet. Western and Campbell avs.  
La Salle, nw. cor. Hammond and Eugenie.  
Lawndale, sw. cor. Central Park av. and 25th.  
Lincoln, Larrabee, bet. Belden and Fullerton avs.  
Marquette, sw. cor. Wood and Congress.  
McClellan, se. cor. Wallace and Douglas av.  
Moseley, nw. cor. Michigan av. and 24th.  
Newberry, nw. cor. Willow and Orchard.  
Oakley, se. cor. Oakley av. and Ohio.  
Ogden, Chestnut, bet. Dearborn av. and State.  
Pickard, sw. cor. Hinman and Oakley av.

Raymond, se. cor. Wabash av. and Eda.  
Scammon, Monroe, bet. Halsted and Desplaines.  
Sheridan, se. cor. 27th and Wallace.  
Skinner, ne. cor. Jackson and Aberdeen.  
Throop, Throop, bet. 18th and 19th.  
Von Humboldt, nw. cor. Rockwell av. and Hirsch.  
Walsh, se. cor. W. 20th and Johnson.  
Washington, Morgan, bet. Erie and Ohio.  
Webster, se. cor. Wentworth av. and 33d.  
Wells, nw. cor. Ashland av. and Cornelia.  
West Jackson Street, W. Jackson, bet. California av. and Francisco.

*Primary Schools, 28.*

Arnold, ne. cor. Burling and Center.  
Brainard, 13th pl., bet. Leavitt and Hoyne av.  
Brenan, Lime, bet. Archer av. and 27th.  
Calumet Avenue, Calumet av., bet. 26th and 28th.  
Cooper, W. 19th, bet. Ashland av. and 19th.  
Elizabeth Street, nw. cor. Lake and Elizabeth.  
Foster, Union, bet. O'Brien and Dussold.  
Healy, Wallace, nr. Thirty-first.  
Huron Street, sw. cor. Huron and Franklin.  
Irving, Lexington, bet. Hoyne av. and Leavitt.  
Kinzie, nw. cor. Ohio and La Salle av.  
Kosciusko, sw. cor. Division and Cleaver.  
Langland, Cortlandt, bet. Leavitt and Oakley av.  
Lincoln Street, ne. cor. Ohio and Lincoln.  
Longfellow, Throop, bet. 19th and 21st.  
Manierre, Hudson av., bet. Blackhawk and Conners.  
Montefiore, se. cor. Sangamon and W. Indiana.  
Motley, Snell, s. of Chicago av.  
Oak Street, ne. cor. Oak and Milton av.  
Pearson Street, se. cor. Pearson and Market.  
Polk Street, Polk, bet. Halsted and Desplaines.  
Sheldon, sw. cor. State and Elm.  
Vedder Street, Vedder, bet. Halsted and Vine.  
Ward, se. cor. Shields av. and 27th.  
Wentworth Avenue, nw. cor. Wentworth av. and 20th.  
West Fourteenth Street, W. 14th, bet. Union and Desplaines.  
West Thirteenth Street, W. 13th, bet. Center av. and Throop.  
Wicker Park, Evergreen av., bet. Robey and Hoyne av.

## ELEVATORS.

|                                                                                        | Capacity, bu. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Air Line, 7 N. Market.....                                                             | 750,000       |
| Central, A, foot of S. Water.....                                                      | 1,000,000     |
| Central, B, foot of S. Water.....                                                      | 1,500,000     |
| Chicago Barley, N. Ashland av., cor. Bloomingdale road.....                            |               |
| C., B. & Q., A, W. 16th, nr. Lumber.....                                               | 1,250,000     |
| “ B, “.....                                                                            | 850,000       |
| “ C, “.....                                                                            | 1,750,000     |
| “ D, “.....                                                                            | 2,000,000     |
| “ E, “.....                                                                            | 1,000,000     |
| Chicago and St. Louis, Lime, nr. River.....                                            |               |
| City, 42 Lumber.....                                                                   | 1,000,000     |
| Danville, S. Ashland av., nr. Levee.....                                               | 450,000       |
| Fulton, N. Canal, cor. Carroll av.....                                                 | 300,000       |
| Galena, nr. Rush st. bridge.....                                                       | 750,000       |
| Hess Elevator Co., 383 Carroll av.....                                                 |               |
| Illinois River, foot of W. Washington.....                                             | 200,000       |
| Illinois River Elevator Co., S. branch Chicago river, bet. Madison and Washington..... |               |
| Indiana, 19th, cor. Grove.....                                                         | 1,500,000     |
| Iowa, Lumber, cor. W. 14th.....                                                        | 1,500,000     |
| Kune; Julian & Co., Stewart av., cor. W. 18th.....                                     |               |
| National, 2416 Archer av.....                                                          | 1,000,000     |
| Neely's, 2212 Grove, cor. 23d.....                                                     | 600,000       |
| Northwestern, W. Water, foot of W. Indiana.....                                        | 600,000       |
| Pacific, N. Branch Chicago river, cor. Haines.....                                     | 1,000,000     |
| Pacific, B.....                                                                        | 1,000,000     |
| Rock Island, A, Clark, cor. 14th.....                                                  | 1,500,000     |
| Rock Island, B, Clark, cor. 14th.....                                                  | 1,250,000     |
| Stevens, R. G., 89 Maxwell.....                                                        |               |
| St. Louis, W. of Halsted st. bridge.....                                               | 1,000,000     |
| St. Paul, N. Canal, cor. Carroll av.....                                               | 1,000,000     |
| Union. 235 Lumber.....                                                                 | 700,000       |
| Wabash, cor. Thirty-third and Ullman.....                                              | 1,750,000     |
| Washington, foot of W. Washington.....                                                 |               |



## EXPRESS COMPANIES.

*Baggage and City.*

(See "Business Directory.")

## RAILROAD EXPRESSES.

*Adams.*

Main office, 187 and 189 Dearborn, Adams Ex. bldg. Branch office and depot, 2 W. Madison.

On Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg, Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis, and thro' service on Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railways.

*American.*

Main office, 72 to 78 Monroe. Branch offices, 23 Chamber of Commerce, 214 LaSalle, Central Depot, foot of Randolph, Ill. Cent. Depot, foot of Twenty-second, 123 Twenty-second, Thirty-first St. and Indiana av., Thirty-seventh St., Cottage Grove av., Van Buren and Market, Grand Trunk Depot, cor Sherman and Polk, Northwestern Depot, Kinzie, cor. Franklin, 208 N. Clark, 476 and 1228 Milwaukee av., Canal and Bunker, 176, 735 and 1002 W. Madison.

On Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Chicago and Grand Trunk, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, except Council Bluffs and Prairie du Chien divisions, Chicago and Northwestern, except Milwaukee division, Illinois Central, Louisville, New Albany and Chicago, Michigan Central, New York, Chicago and St. Louis ("Nickel Plate") Railways.

*Baltimore and Ohio.*

Offices, 65 Washington, 83 Clark, Wabash av. and S. Water, B. & O. Depot, foot of Monroe.

On Baltimore and Ohio R. R.

*Erie and New England.*

Office, 87 and 89 Washington.

*Pacific.*

Office, 87 Washington.

On Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Ry.

*United States.*

Office, 87 Washington.

On Chicago and Alton, Chicago & Atlantic, Chicago, Rock Island &

Pacific, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Council Bluffs Division of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Milwaukee Division of Chicago & Northwestern, and thro' business on Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg Railways.

*Wells, Fargo & Co.*

Office, 72 to 78 Monroe.

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## GOVERNMENT OFFICERS AND OFFICES.

(See "*Courts*," "*Military*," and "*Officiary*.")

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## HOSPITALS.

Alexian Brothers', Roman Catholic, 539 to 559 N. Market.

Augustana, Lutheran, 151 Lincoln av.

Bennett, Eclectic, 511 and 513 State.

Chicago Eye and Ear Infirmary, Homœopathic, 2813 Groveland av.

Chicago Floating Hospital Association, on N. Pier, Lincoln Park.

Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, Allopathic, W. Adams, cor. Paulina.

Cook County, W. Harrison, cor. Wood.

German, 242 Lincoln av.

Hahnemann, rear of 2813 Cottage Grove av.

Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary, W. Adams, nw. cor. Peoria.

Marine, Allopathic, five miles N. of Court House, on Lake Michigan.

Office, Custom House bldg.

Maurice Porter Memorial Free Hospital for Children, 606 Fullerton av., cor. Orchard.

Mercy, Sisters of Mercy, Allopathic, Calumet av., cor. 26th.

Michael Reese, Jewish, cor. Groveland Park av. and 29th, nr. Cottage Grove av.

National Temperance, 3411 Cottage Grove av.

Presbyterian, Wood, nr. Harrison.

St. Joseph's, Roman Catholic, Garfield av., cor. Burling.

St. Luke's Free, Episcopalian, 1426 to 1430 Indiana av.

United States, Marine, on shore of L. Michigan, 5 m. n. of C. H. Office, Custom House bldg.

Woman's Hospital of Chicago, cor. S. Park and Douglas avs.

Woman's Hospital of the State of Illinois, 3411 Cottage Grove av.

NOTE.—Most of the Dispensaries and Medical Colleges (which see) are connected with hospitals.

## HOTELS.

- Atlantic Hotel, Van Buren, cor. La Salle.  
Barnes House, 38 W. Randolph.  
Bennett House, 71 Monroe.  
Bishop Court Hotel, 511 W. Madison, cor. Bishop ct.  
Brackett House, 5th av. and Adams.  
Brevoort House, 143 Madison.  
Briggs House, Randolph, cor. 5th av.  
Brown's Hotel, 66 Van Buren.  
Choate's Hotel, 276 State.  
City Hotel, State, cor. Sixteenth.  
Clarence House, State, cor. Harrison.  
Clarendon House, 152 N. Clark.  
Clifton House, Wabash av., cor. Monroe.  
Commercial Hotel, cor. Lake and Dearborn.  
Farwell House, cor. W. Jackson and Halsted.  
Gault House, W. Madison, cor. Clinton.  
Grand Pacific Hotel, Clark, cor. Jackson.  
Henrici's European Hotel, 70 Randolph.  
Hotel Brunswick, Wabash av., cor. Congress.  
Hotel Howeden, Market and Kinzie.  
Hotel Richelieu, Michigan av. near Jackson.  
Hotel Royale, 1714 Indiana av.  
Kuhn's European Hotel, 163 Clark.  
Leland Hotel, Michigan av., cor. Jackson.  
Massasoit House, Central av., cor. S. Water.  
Matteson House, Wabash av., cor. Jackson.  
McCoy's European Hotel, Clark, nw. cor. Van Buren.  
Merchant's Hotel, 128 Lake.  
Ogden House, Franklin, cor. Washington.  
Old Metropolitan Hotel, 191 Randolph.  
Palmer House, State, cor. Monroe.  
Revere House, N. Clark, cor. Michigan.  
Sherman House, Clark, cor. Randolph.  
Southern Hotel, Wabash av., cor. 22d.  
St. Caroline's Court Hotel, 15 and 17 Clark.  
St. James' Hotel, 116 Fifth av.  
Transit House, Union Stock Yards.  
Tremont House, Dearborn, cor. Lake.  
Windsor European Hotel, 145 to 153 Dearborn.  
Woodruff Hotel, Wabash av., cor. 21st.

## JUDICIARY.

(See " Courts.")

## LIBRARIES AND READING-ROOMS.

Central New Church, New Church Temple, Van Buren, nr. Wabash av.

Chicago Athenæum, 50 and 52 Dearborn.

Chicago Branch of the International Tract and Missionary Society, 3652 Vincennes av.

Chicago Historical Society, 142 Dearborn.

Chicago Law Institute, room 67, County bldg.

Chicago Medical Society, at Public Library.

Chicago Public Library, City Hall (9 A. M. to 10 P. M.)

Cobb's, 29 Washington.

Hammond, cor. Ashland and Warren avs.

Lincoln St. M. E. Church (free), S. Lincoln, cor. Ambrose.

Newberry, Erie and Ontario (proposed).

Railroad Chapel, 1419 State.

South Side, free, Portland av. cor. Twenty-fifth.

Union Catholic Library Association, Honore bldg., 204 Dearborn.

Western Avenue Baptist Church, Western and Warren avs.

West Side, 239 W. Madison.

Y. M. C. A., 150 Madison.

## MILITARY.

U. S. Headquarters Military Division of the Missouri, 4th floor, Pullman bldg., Michigan av., sw. cor. Adams.

Illinois National Guard, headquarters, First Cavalry building.

First Regiment, armory, 22 to 26 Jackson.

Second Regiment, armory, 179 and 181 Randolph.

Battery D, First Artillery, armory, Michigan av., n. of Exposition bldg.

First Cavalry, armory, Michigan av., n. of Exposition bldg.

Chicago Zouaves, 192 and 194 Washington.

Clan-Na-Gael Guards, armory, 192 Washington.

Hibernian Rifles, headquarters, 192 Washington.



## OFFICIARY.

*City.*

Attorney, City Hall.  
Board of Education, City Hall.  
Board of Health, City Hall.  
Chief of Police, City Hall.  
Mayor, City Hall.

*County.*

Agent, 34 and 36 Washington.  
Attorney, County bldg.  
Board of Education, County bldg.  
Clerk, County bldg.  
Commissioners, County bldg.  
Recorder, County bldg.  
Sheriff, County bldg.  
Treasurer, County bldg.

*United States.*

Appraiser, 210 Market.  
District Attorney, 59 Custom House.  
Collector, 14 Custom House.  
Commissioner, 35 Custom House  
Engineer, Howland block.  
Inspector of Steam Vessels, 2 River, 93 Custom House.  
Internal Revenue, 28 Custom House.  
Lighthouse Department, 14 Custom House.  
Marine Hospital, 20 Custom House.  
Marshal, 58 and 59 Custom House.  
Military Headquarters, Pullman bldg.  
Pension Agency, 1<sup>st</sup> Custom House.  
Postmaster, K, Custom House.  
Railway Mail Service, 82 and 83 Custom House.  
Secret Service, 89 Custom House.  
Signal Service, 78 Major block.  
Treasury, 15 Custom House.  
Treasury, Special Agent, 77 Custom House.

## PANORAMAS.

Battle of Gettysburg, Wabash av., sw. corner Hubbard ct. (Take Wabash av. or State st. cars.)

Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion, Wabash av., se. cor. Hubbard ct. (Take Wabash av. or State st. cars.)

Battle of Shiloh, Michigan av., nr. Monroe.

## PARKS.

(How to reach them.)

Campbell, W. D., from 357 S. Leavitt to S. Oakley av. (Ogden av. cars.)

Congress, W. D., from 1112 W. Van Buren to W. Harrison. (Van Buren st. cars.)

Central, W. D., W. Washington and Central Park av. (Madison st. cars.)

Dearborn, Michigan av., south of Randolph. (Randolph st. cars.)

Dexter, S. D., Halsted st., nr. 47th. (Halsted st. cars.)

Douglas, W. D., Ogden av. and 16th. (Ogden av. cars.)

Ellis, S. D., near Cottage Grove av. and 37th. (Cottage Grove av. cars.)

Gage, S. D., junction of Western av. and Garfield Boulevards. (Carriage.)

Garfield, W. D., bet. Colorado av. and W. Kinzie. (Lake st. cars.)

Groveland, S. D., cor. 33d and Cottage Grove av. (Cottage Grove av. cars.)

Humboldt, W. D., W. Division and California av. (Milwaukee av. cars.)

Jackson, S. D., bet. 56th and 67th, Stony Island av. and Lake Michigan. (Illinois Central cars to stations of South Park, Woodlawn, or Oak woods.)

Jefferson, W. D., Monroe to Adams, Loomis to Throop. (Madison st. cars.)

Lake, S. D., from Jackson to Lake Park pl., bet. Michigan av. and Lake Michigan. (Wabash av. cars.)

Lincoln, N. D., from North av. to Diversey av. on shore of Lake Michigan. ("Lincoln Park" cars on State, Clark, or Wells st.)

Union, W. D., Ashland av. to Ogden av., Lake to Madison. (Lake, Randolph, or Madison st. cars.)

South, S. D., same as Washington, (which see.) (Illinois Central or Cottage Grove av. cars.)

Vernon, W. D., Gilpin to McAllister Pl., bet. Center av. and Loomis. (Blue Island av. or 12th st. cars.)

Washington, S. D., from 51st to 60th, bet. Cottage Grove and Kankakee avs. (Indiana av. or Illinois Central cars.)

Washington Square, N. D., from Washington pl. to La Fayette pl., bet. Dearborn av. and N. Clark. ("Lincoln av." N. Clark st. cars.)

Wicker, W. D., bet. N. Robey, Fowler and Park. (Milwaukee av. cars.)

Woodlawn, S. D., Cottage Grove av. and 35th. (Cottage Grove av. or Illinois Central cars to Douglas Sta.)

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### POST-OFFICE.

Main Office, Government bldg., Clark and Adams.

8 Branch offices:—

Cottage Grove Station, 3704 Cottage Grove av.

Madison St. Station, 981 W. Madison.

N. D. Station, 259 and 261 N. Clark.

N. W. Station, 482 Milwaukee av.

S. D. Station, 3217 State.

S. W. Station, Blue Island av., cor. 19th.

Union Stock Yards Station, Union Stock Yards.

W. D. Station, W. Washington, cor. S. Halsted.

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### PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Academy of Music, 83 S. Halsted.

Casino, formerly McCormick Hall, 44 N. Clark, nr. Kinzie.

Central Music Hall, se. cor. State and Randolph.

Chicago Opera House, sw. cor. Clark and Washington.

Columbia Theater, Monroe, bet. Clark and Dearborn.

Criterion Theater, 274 Sedgwick, cor. Division.

Farwell Hall, 148 Madison.

Grand Opera House, 87 Clark.

Grenier's Alcazar Theater, Madison, Throop to Ada.

Halsted St. Opera House, 253 S. Halsted and W. Harrison.

Hershey Music Hall, 34 E. Monroe.

Hooley's Theater, 149 Randolph, nr. LaSalle.

Kohl & Middleton's South Side Dime Museum, 150 Clark, nr. Madison.  
 Kohl & Middleton's West Side Dime Museum, 150 Madison, nr. Des  
 Plaines.

Lyceum Theater, 54 S. Des Plaines, nr. Madison.

Madison St. Theater, *Inter-Ocean* bldg., 85 Madison.

National Theater, 26 Clybourn av.

Olympic Theater, 51 Clark, nr. Randolph.

Princess Opera House, 560 W. Madison.

Standart Hall, Michigan av. and 13th.

Standard Theater, S. Halsted. sw. cor. Jackson.

Stanhope & Epstein's New Dime Museum, 111 Randolph, bet. Clark  
 and Dearborn.

Turner Hall (Aurora), Huron and Milwaukee av.

Turner Hall (North Side), 257 N. Clark.

Turner Hall, 251 to 255 Twelfth.

Twenty-second St. Opera House, 22d, bet. State and Wabash av.

Weber Music Hall, Wabash av., sw. cor. Jackson.

## RAILROADS.

Baltimore & Ohio, Ticket depot, 83 Clark; Freight depot, 212 LaSalle;  
 Pass. depot, foot of Monroe, Exposition bldg. and foot of Twenty-  
 second; Freight depot, foot of S. Water.

Chicago & Alton Gen. Pass. and Ticket office, 210 Dearborn, nw. cor.  
 Adams; City ticket offices, 89 S. Clark, Palmer House and Grand Pacific  
 hotel; Pass. depot, Union depot, Canal and Adams, and Twenty-third;  
 Frt. depot, 2 & 4 W. Van Buren.

Chicago & Atlantic, City ticket office, 105 S. Clark; Pass. depot,  
 Dearborn Station, Polk, head of Dearborn; Frt. depot, cor. Clark and  
 14th.

Chicago & Eastern Illinois, City ticket office, 64 Clark; Pass. depot,  
 Dearborn Station, cor. Dearborn and Polk; Frt. depot, cor. Dearborn  
 and 14th.

Chicago & Grand Trunk, general offices, Rialto bldg., Sherman and  
 Van Buren, just s. of Board of Trade bldg.; City office, 103 Clark, se. cor.  
 Washington; Pass. depot, Dearborn Station, Polk, bet. 3d and 4th avs.;  
 Frt. depot, State and 12th.

Chicago & Northwestern, general offices, Lake and Fifth av.; City  
 ticket office, 62 Clark, nr. Randolph; Pass. depot, Wells and Kinzie;  
 Frt. depots, South Branch, Jefferson and 16th; East Chicago, N. State,  
 nr. the river; North Chicago, Indiana and Jefferson.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Gen. offices, Adams and Franklin; City



ticket offices, 211 Clark, nw. cor. Adams, Grand Pacific hotel, Palmer House, Union depot, Canal and 16th; Pass. depot, Union depot, cor. Canal and Madison; Contracting frt. office, 211 Clark; Frt. depot, Canal and Harrison.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, city ticket office, 63 Clark; City frt. office, 55 Clark; Pass. depot, Union depot, Canal and Adams; Frt. depot, Union and Carroll.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Gen. offices, Rock Island depot; City ticket office, 104 Clark, sw. cor. Washington; Pass. depot, Van Buren, between Sherman and Pacific av; In-frt. depot, cor. of 12th and 4th av; Out-frt. depot, cor. Polk and Sherman.

Chicago, Santa Fe & California, Ticket office, Rialto bldg.; Pass depot, Twenty-sixth and Western av.; (Take Blue Island av. cars;) Frt. depot, STATE AND 14th.

Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh, Gen. offices, Clark and Randolph; City ticket office, 65 Clark; Pass. depot, Union depot, Canal and Madison; Gen. western frt. office, 2 Pacific av; Local frt. office and depot, cor. Carroll and Halsted.

Illinois Central, Gen. offices, 78 Michigan av; Contracting frt. and tkt. offices, 121 Randolph; Pass. depot, foot of Lake; Frt. depot, foot of S. Water.

Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Pass. depot, VanBuren, cor. Pacific av., opp. Board of Trade bldg; Frt. depot, Polk and Pacific av.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago, Gen. offices, Adams Express bldg., 185 and 187 Dearborn; City tkt. office, 73 Clark; Pass. depot, Dearborn Station, Polk, bet. Clark and State; Out and in-freight depot, sw. cor. Taylor and 4th av; Transfer frt., e. and w. of Halsted, bet. 49th and 55th; Bills of lading issued at 183 Dearborn.

Michigan Central, Gen. offices, Adams Exp. bldg., 183 and 189 Dearborn; City tkt. office, 67 Clark; Pass. depot, foot of Lake; Frt. depot, foot of S. Water.

New York, Chicago & St. Louis ("Nickel Plate"), Pass. depot, "Rock Island" depot, Van Buren, cor. Pacific av; Frt. depot, Polk and Pacific av; Pass. office, 79 Clark; Frt. office, 191 LaSalle.

Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, Gen. and ticket offices, 65 Randolph; Gen. western frt. office, sw. cor. Sherman and Jackson; Local frt. office and depot, 2 W. Madison; Pass. depot, cor. Canal and Madison.

Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific, Gen. Pass. and Frt. office, 109 S. Clark; Local frt. office and depot, 12th and 3d av; Pass. depot, Dearborn Station, Polk, bet. State and Clark, three blocks s. of Postoffice.

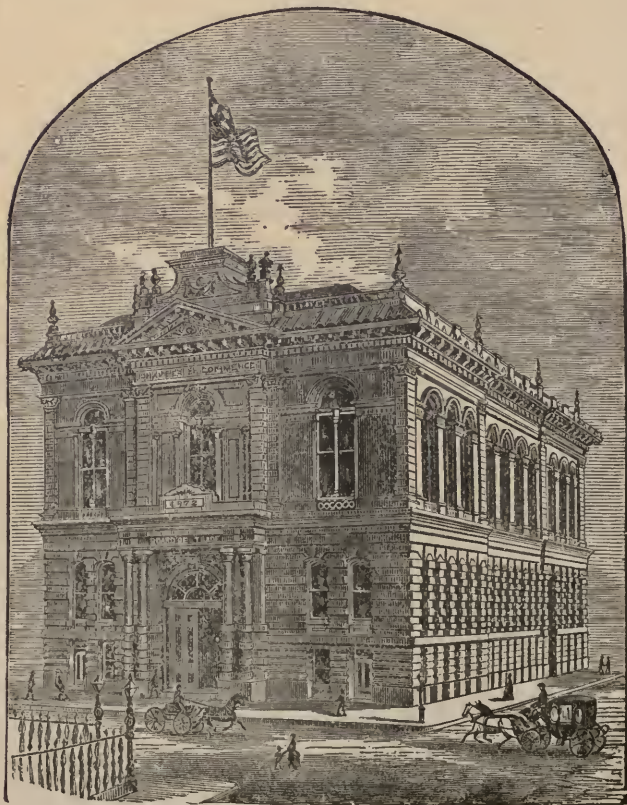
Wisconsin Central, city tkt. office, 205 Clark; Pass. and frt. depots, cor. of Polk and 5th av.

## STEAMBOAT LINES.

Goodrich steamers, foot of Michigan av.

Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation Co., Gen. office, 74 Market.

Numerous propellers for Northern and Eastern ports, and excursion steamboats.



OLD BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.



## PUBLIC MONUMENTS IN CHICAGO.

Like other metropolises Chicago has a number of public monuments. The Douglas monument is on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Thirty-fifth street. The Schiller monument is in Lincoln Park, and was erected by the German element. Other monuments in Lincoln Park are the Indian Group, erected by Martin Ryerson; the Lincoln monument, provided by Mr. Bates; and the Grant monument, erected by the citizens.

This Grant monument was designed by F. M. Whitehouse, of Chicago. The materials are granite from Hallowell, Me., and bronze. Over \$40,000 were raised in a day for it. The length of the terrace is 150 feet; the length of the superstructure is 50 feet; the height of the terrace is 16 feet; the height of the superstructure is 16 feet; the height of the base of the statue is 9 feet; the height of the footway arch is 11 feet; the width of the footway arch is 16 feet.





Mr. L. T. Rebisso, of Cincinnati, Ohio, received \$500 for the first prize on a model of General Grant on horse-back.

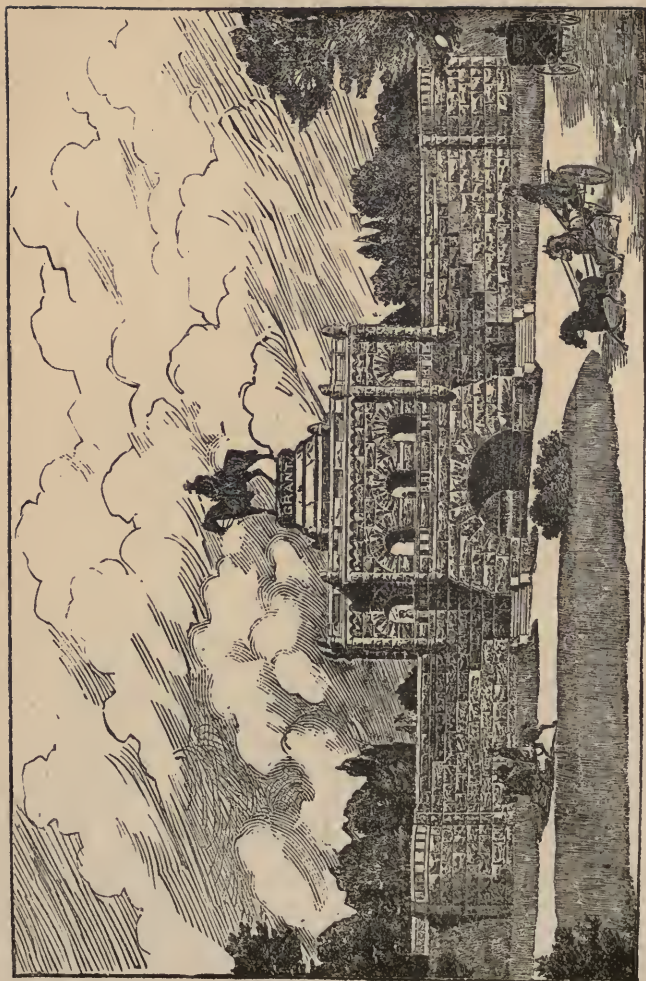
The Grant Monument is at the southern side of Lincoln Park; the Schiller Monument is near the Floral display.

The Lincoln Statue is at the Dearborn Avenue entrance to Lincoln Park. It is by St. Gaudens, of New York.

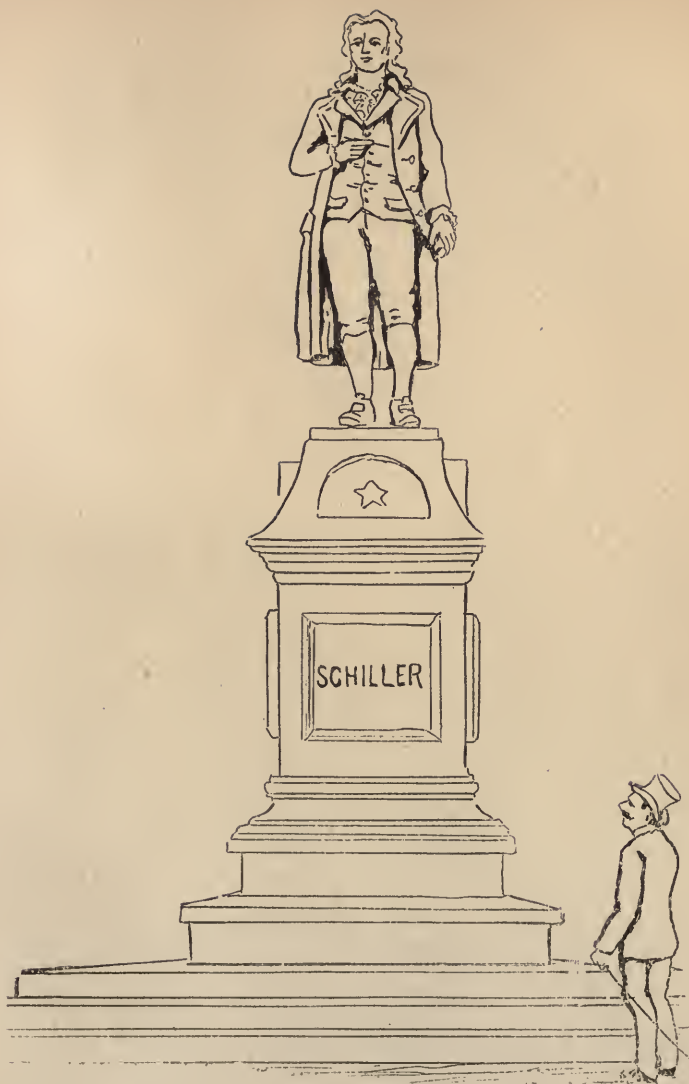
In addition to the Lincoln Monument, costing \$40,000, Mr. Eli Bates bequeathed \$15,000 for the purchase of a fountain for Lincoln Park.



Gone, But Not Forgotten.



GRANT MONUMENT IN LINCOLN PARK.



## A STORY OF EARLY CHICAGO.

ELIA W. PEATTIE.

[This is one of the most remarkable Christmas stories of the season. Emanating from the pen of a young and comparatively unknown writer, it should not on that account escape the attention it merits. It is a story of Chicago in the early days, carefully wrought out in all its details with a delicacy of touch and a vigor of imagination which make it worthy to rank with the tales of the best-known authors of the day.—*Chicago Tribune.*]

## CHAPTER I.

In 1835 Andrew Jackson was President and Martin Van Buren Vice; James K. Polk was speaker of the Twenty-fourth Congress, and Van Buren and Jackson had been nominated by the Democrats for the next National ticket; Thomas Duncan of Morgan was Governor of Illinois; Daniel Webster had been indorsed for President by the Whig Legislature of Massachusetts; Elijah Lovejoy edited an abolitionist organ at Alton; the country was on the brink of a financial Niagara. Jackson had ordered the National deposits removed from the Bank of the United States; Cook County had been organized four years; Chicago had 3,000 souls; John Kinzie had been dead seven years; seventeen years had passed since Illinois had been admitted as a State; Michigan was yet a Territory and Wisconsin was a part of it; Chicago was begining to talk of incorporation; there was not a paved street in the place; in 1835 wagons sunk to the hubs in the mire at the corner of Lake and Wells streets; there was a mudhole in South Water street marked "no bottom"; in 1835 no bridges existed, but people crossed the river in boats; in 1835 what is now Division street was a howling wilderness; in 1835 J. Young Scammon and Buckner Morris were law partners; so were Mark Skinner and G. A. O. Beau-



mont; in 1835 Henry King's place on Kinzie street was what Marshall Field's is today; Isaac N. Arnold and Mahlon D. Ogden were partners in law at the corner of Clark and Water streets; in 1835 Vandalia was the capital of the State.

Upon the exact spot where now loom up the massive walls of the new Chicago Chamber of Commerce with its ambitious tower and gilded weathervane there stood just fifty years ago a sturdy building known to the handful of settlers and the inmates of the fort as Bernard's Tavern. It was a story and a half high, with massive double doors and small windows, which gave a heavy and inhospitable appearance to the front. From the road it seemed a structure of ordinary dimensions, but in reality it rambled back for nearly 200 feet. The sides were disfigured with unexpected additions and abutments, and twice the whole was nearly bisected by sudden in-turns. Huddling in its shelter was a group of outhouses and low stables, the favorite lounging-place of the idlers.

Two days before Christmas, there arose a storm the like of which had never been seen in the lake regions before. In the morning the air had been crisp with a few bright, dancing flakes. At noon twelve inches of snow lay on the fence-rails. By the time Joseph Bernard's French cathedral clock had chimed the angelus for the hour of 3 the December sky was hidden from sight, the December sun was a blur in the heavens, and the snow was knee deep. The few teams which struggled past were provided with an extra yoke of oxen. By sunset houses, landscape, and sky were one indistinguishable mass of whiteness. A wind had arisen during the afternoon and now deepened into a gale. It swept the snow in fantastic swirls and drifts in the road, on the doorstep, and on the eaves of the house. It tampered with the architect's designs, and placed turrets, gables,

cornices, and buttresses where no one but Jack Frost would have thought of putting them. Above the wind rose the clashing of ice in the lake—a thundering, hungry roar. The storm was at its worst when a man beating against the wind waded through the drifts up to the door of the tavern. He burst open the door with knee and hand, and seemed to the group of loungers about the fire to drift in with a billow of snow.

The public room of Bernard's was an apartment about twenty feet square. The floor, which was of some hardwood, was covered with fine lake sand; the walls were of poplar and cedar from floor to ceiling, without a sign of plaster; to the right as you passed in was a wide fireplace of clay which now roared and crackled with three immense logs. The light thus produced was nearly sufficient to illumine the room, but there were besides a number of candles supported by quaint French brackets set in the wall. The room was thick with tobacco smoke, but the stranger could distinguish gazing at him a number of men. One of these, the owner of the place, sat on a three-legged stool nursing his knee and smoking a clay pipe. He was a man of about 55, and as he turned to look at the newcomer the firelight struck upon strongly-marked features. The other occupants of the room who sat about in various attitudes, were mostly traders and trappers—the regular patrons of the place. Some were asleep against the wall, while others watched with languid interest a very unscientific game of cards being played by two of their number at a table on the opposite side of the room. Between Bernard and the fireplace lay outstretched upon a bear-skin the wiry form of an Indian. His head was buried in his arms, and he was apparently fast asleep. Bernard arose and kicked back a dog which had begun to yelp at the stranger.

"*Bon soir!*" he said, striving to scan the guest's features in the uncertain light.

"Is this what you call a good night?" added the new man contemptuously, as he unloosed a huge fur coat and shook a cloud of snow from it.

"Is it you, Du Quesne?" asked the landlord in surprise.

"To be sure it is," said the other as he pushed his way to the blaze and seated himself on the host's cozy stool.

"Don't you know your friends?"

"*Mais*, but I have never seen you with that beard. Where have you been?" The stranger glanced hastily about the room and said in a lower tone:

"I'll tell you afterwards. Get me something hot." Bernard hurried off to an inner room. The man he had called Du Quesne stooped and unbuckled the long leather leggings which covered his boots and came high up on his thighs. He brushed the snow off them with a sort of fierce impatience, and flung them into a corner; then he turned to warm his hands at the fire. He was a man who stood an inch or two over six feet when his lithe form was drawn to its full height. The sinuous strength of his legs showed through his corduroy trousers, and his fine throat, despite the severity of the weather, was bared above a loosely-crossed cotton kerchief. A scarlet worsted belt bound his waist, and the hat which he removed from his luxuriant hair was heavy with bullion tassels and rosets. He viewed with deliberate glance the other occupants of the room, and his look fell on the Indian. He gave the outstretched body a light, contemptuous kick.

"Don't sleep here, you cur," he snarled. "The fire is for white men." Quick as a flash the Indian rolled to his feet and sprang at Du Quesne's throat. The Frenchman dealt to the savage a blow which sent the latter staggering into the fireplace. The company stirred themselves to a protest. Du Quesne was drawing a long, clumsy pistol from his waist when Bernard re-entered with a steaming glass of liquor.

The Indian bounded from the fireplace with his leathern leggings smoking and his knife in hand.

"*Bapteme!*" exclaimed Bernard, setting the liquor upon a table and rushing upon Du Quesne. "What are you fellows doing? Put up that knife, Trailing-Feather! Du Quesne, remember where you are! Don't kill the Indian!" Then in a lower tone he said to his friend, "*Y est ben fou*. Put away your pistol"—and he almost forced Du Quesne's weapon back to its place in his belt. The Indian had stopped at the first word from Bernard, but he did not put away his knife until his opponent's pistol was out of sight, and even then it was with reluctance that he returned his knife to its sheath. His frame twitched with suppressed anger, his copper-colored skin glowed with a deeper shade, and the deep-set eyes blazed with rage. At a motion from Bernard he resumed his position in front of the fire, and after muttering a little was soon snoring as before. Bernard led the other man to an unoccupied table and the two conversed in a low tone over their liquor. An hour later they were the only ones in the room, except the Indian, who still snored upon the hearth. Then the two men spoke aloud.

"*Sacre!*" exclaimed Du Quesne. "How you talk! I tell you I have positive information that it reaches here Christmas morning."

"And I know," said Bernard, "that during all the time I have been here it has never come before the 1st of the month, summer or winter."

"I tell you it will be here the 25th this year, or I will never tie pack again. I make no mistake. I cannot afford it. I've been over every inch of the ground. One spot about three miles this side of the Calumet, is as black as midnight. I left my horse there in a drift. By this time he will have forgotten what it is to be hungry."

"He was a good horse," said Bernard.



"*Mais*, but I had worn him out with hard riding and his leg was broken. He was ready to die." The outer door was here pushed open with a decision that brought both men to their feet in alarm. A tall young man with a military carriage entered. A long cloak nearly enveloped his form, but did not conceal the uniform of a soldier. He looked at the two men with his brilliant eyes and saluted them.

"Ah, Lieutenant," exclaimed Bernard. "You make us a late call! Come in and let me give you something to take the frost out."

"No, I thank you. I can't stay. I was passing and stopped to tell you that one of my men had picked up a steer of yours. It is in safe-keeping at the fort. I will send it home in the morning.

"Thank you. Join us in a drink for your trouble." Du Quesne stood partially turned from the light as if he wished to avoid recognition, and seemed annoyed at Bernard's urgency. The young man had not moved his eyes from the silent figure.

"Voyageur Du Quesne!" he exclaimed, "do you not recognize old acquaintances?" Du Quesne forced to speak turned about and bowed.

"I didn't expect to see you out so late, Lieutenant," he replied without raising his eyes.

"I had some business that kept me out to-night. Where were you this trip?"

"Ah! Ouisconsin, sir, far to the West." He gave the reply with an air of bravado.

"Indeed!" said the officer in surprise. "I could have sworn I saw you on the old stage-road this morning this side of Michigan City."

The Frenchman suppressed an oath.

"I came straight across the country," he said. The soldier gave him one more keen look, bowed to the host,

and took a silent departure. The two friends gazed at each other with ill-concealed consternation.

"Where was he?" asked Bernard.

"The Devil knows!"

"He's got the scent of a bloodhound," Bernard said.

"He must not get in my way. You say Alphonse and Pierre can be relied on?"

"My sons do what I say."

"I wish your daughter did the same. Delphine should have been taught to be obedient, too."

"She is a good daughter, Hippolyte—too good for me to force her to marry a man she don't want."

"*Sacre!* Why *doesn't* she want me? I've not counted my 26th year yet. I can outrun or outshoot any man about the lakes. My face wouldn't frighten her, and there are poorer men. She's a fool!"

"It's no use, Du Quesne. I'm sorry. I wish she would—"

"Bah! Is that the talk for a father? Why don't you tell her—"

"I'll tell her nothing about this, Hippolyte. She has no mother to look after her."

"You've let some cursed Yankee—"

"No, I haven't. If there is any one it is that stage-driver." The young Frenchman bounded from his chair with a snarl.

"Mark Arnott? Then there is just so much reason for putting a hole in his skin to-morrow night."

"Do you mean to kill him? If you get the money it is enough."

"Not enough for me, man! I'll have his little soul, too."

"O, well, it's of no consequence. He is a poor animal! He isn't so easy to manage as he might be."

"Well, to-morrow night by this time he'll be beyond love-making, and *ma belle* Delphine will have a braver lover. The soldiers were not paid last month, and both months' pay is coming in the stage. Ha! ha! ha! I wonder who will eat M. Arnott's Christmas dinner for him!"

"What time will you start?"

"Tell the boys to be at the side door with their horses by half after 2. You'll have every body in the town here dancing and drinking. If Delphine is around the young fellows won't miss the boys. By steady riding I can lead them to the spot I've picked out in two hours and a half. An hour later the stage is due at the bridge."

"That is the hour of six."

"Six. After we have transacted our business with Monsieur Arnott, we will ride back as quickly as possible, and destroy our foot-prints as we come." Bernard seemed a little depressed.

"It will make the boys rich," he said, at last. The younger man arose with a laugh.

"I hope you are not trying to make out that it's a clean job, Bernard. It's a hellish thing. But I'm not afraid of hell—yet. Show me where I am to sleep."

Bernard took a candle from the shelf over the fire-place and led the way out of the room. In a few moments he returned to awaken the Indian, whose slumbers had been apparently undisturbed by the conversation. Some of the candles were burning low in their sockets, and the fire was a bed of dull red embers, but there was still light enough to show that the Indian was gone.

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## CHAPTER II.

Delphine Bernard, secure in the warm depths of her curtained bed, lay in the "first sweet sleep of night." She had sat till almost midnight before her ruddy hickory fire

working on a muffler of rainbow hues intended as a Christmas gift, evidently for some one whose daily task it was to face all sorts of weather. It was surely a precious wight who needed such blanketing. On the corner she had crocheted the initials "M. A." in uncertain, straggly characters. The glow from the dying fire lit up her face—the firm chin, relaxed with pleasant dreams, the straight eye-brows above large lids, the closed lips with their clear unbroken curves, the half-braided coils of straight black hair. It was the face of no simperer. She was descended from women who had faced Indian tomahawks, and seen famine, and forced back death in the heart of the wilderness. Now, however, some gentle dream of maidenhood fluttered her lids and moved her lips in smiles. Mingling with the girl's sleeping thoughts there came to her inner sense a dull, thumping noise. It continued at irregular intervals and gradually took form in her mind. The continued thuds shocked the slumberer and she suddenly awoke. As she did so she heard it twice again—something weighty and yet yielding striking against her window-pane. She sat up and brushed the languor from her eyes, then listened to find out what had disturbed her. Again the sound came. She ran to the window and looked out. The snow was still falling noiselessly, but the windows were clear, as the wind was from the other side—but—ah! on the lower panes great splashes of snow, as if soft balls had broken on them. The casement opened out like a blind. She pushed it outward and listened. Something dark came leaping through the air to the outer sill and stood there. Delphine looked up giddily. It was the Indian, Trailing-Feather. With a woman's quick intuition she knew that he had brought news of her lover. She spread out her hands in mute inquiry. He did not keep her waiting. In a low tone, with a peculiar mingling of broken French and Eng-



lish, he accurately related the plans to the last particular which her father and Du Quesne had discussed while he lay pretending to sleep. There was an unfeigned horror in the girl's face, but no incredulity. It may be that knowing her father and brothers as she did she was not altogether unprepared for the story.

"But father will not go?" she said, doubtfully. The Indian shook his head. "Mon Dieu," she said, half to herself, "some of them will surely be killed." The red man came as near smiling as he ever did—times had been very peaceful of late. "Mark must be told of this," she said, suddenly gathering her loose night-robe more closely about her. The man grunted assentingly.

"Trailing-Feather go," he said.

"He must be saved at all odds. The soldiers must be told of it. Will you help me?" Again a grunt. Trembling with cold and haste, she drew some paper from a drawer and wrote upon it with a stubby pencil and many feminine ejaculations of impatience the following:

*Monsieur Lieut.:* I beg of you to come to see me as soon as you will. I have that to tell you of great important.

DELPHINE BERNARD.

The note done, she eyed it doubtfully, for Delphine's education was not of the best, and her English was apt to be a little uncertain. She folded it and handed it to the Indian on the outside of the window. Trailing-Feather secreted the note in his breast, and leaping the high drift of snow disappeared in the darkness, leaving no track behind him that the falling snow would not hide by morning. As she shut out the cold and raised the curtain to drop it over the window her blood was frozen by a groan, a half-stifled cry, and then an appalling silence. She rushed to the door with a vague intention of arousing the household. It was bolted on the outer side. She was too dazed to have any

realization of the significance of the barred doors. She could not see or hear anything from the outside. She sat the whole night crouching over the fire. When the late morning came, she dressed and waited in expectation of a visit from her father. By this time she had begun to believe that he had overheard the conversation between the Indian and herself. He would surely come soon to release her or to tell her why she was a prisoner. But the long hours of the dull winter day brought no one but Celeste, the wrinkled handmaiden, who passed in her meals and stood with her muscular hand on the latch as she did so.

"Celeste," said the girl, "do you mean to lock that door when you go?"

"*Ma chere*, I do as I am bid."

"Who bids you?"

"Monsieur, your father."

"Why?"

"God knows!"

"Do not lock it, Celeste! I have done nothing." The old servant said not a word. The tears stood in her eyes. But as she closed the door Delphine heard the bolt slide into its place. From the window the world looked as peaceful as Heaven. Now and then the sinking wind added a swirl to the snow-drift that barricaded the window. Beyond this was a level spot which she concluded must have been the place where the Indian landed after his leap. A puff of wind raised a spiral wonder of the fine sparkling powder as she looked, and revealed on the ground a bullion tassel such as voyageurs wear on their hats.

Once an exhilarating sound broke her solitude—the jangle of bells! She sprang to the window. The sound approached nearer and nearer. She breathed upon the frosty pane and gazed through the blurred glass. She saw the approaching sleigh and heard the beats of the horses' hoofs,

muffled by the snow. She wrenched at the heavy sash with both hands, but could not move it—it had frozen during the night. Then the jangle of the bells came close at hand. It was Mark Arnott and the mail coach on the way to the Calumet—on his way to death! She could scarcely distinguish his features, but there was no mistake. She heard his voice encourage his horses; she saw his head turned towards her window; he sang a snatch of a song they sang together; she screamed at the top of her voice, “Mark, Mark, they will kill you!” and beating her hands in impatient agony against the panes she sank stupefied upon the floor. But this momentary oblivion was kindlier than the acute consciousness of the hours that followed. She brought herself to face the situation. She rapidly accustomed herself to believe in her brothers’ willing participation in what she knew would seem to them to be but a wild adventure. To rob the Government was not, according to their status, an outrageous crime. The idea of murder she rightly conjectured sprang from the revengeful brain of Hippolyte Du Quesne. But that her father, whom she had always admired and loved, should connive in this hateful affair, and that he should subject her to the present indignity, grieved her passionate heart past endurance. Horrible visions of her lover stretched upon the snow dead, or her brothers pierced with the soldiers’ bullets and brought home to her remorseful father, haunted her and made the hours dreadful. Evening came at last, and with it her father. Something in his face checked her impulse to throw herself upon his neck and beg him to explain all to her—as she half fondly hoped he might. He spoke with stern dignity. He told her to dress for the dance which was to celebrate the eve of Christmas, and directed her to treat the voyageur Du Quesne with more consideration than she was used to employ to him.

"Du Quesne!" she cried, advancing upon her father, "*un serpent sonnette!* Why do you listen to him? Have you no love for me, father? What have they done to you?" In the twilight she saw her father's face pale, but he made no response to her entreaty and left her, leaving the door open behind him. She dressed herself in the costume she had prepared for the party and stepped into the narrow corridor. As she did so she saw a tall shadow vanish into one of the rooms, and knew that her door had been watched. With an effort she controlled her agitation and entered the public room. The latter had been enlarged by the addition of a long dining-room, communication being furnished by opening a double-door. She staggered a little as the light and the noise of conversation jarred in upon her hurt sense, but she conquered herself and entered. Her father stood by the fire with his eyes upon her. Quite a number of the old people had already arrived. Her brothers were chatting nervously with some bedecked traders. Hippolyte Du Quesne, as she expected, was not in the room. The walls were gayly decorated with pine boughs and flags borrowed from the fort. Over the fire-place were the national colors of France. On the mantel shelf the many-branched candlestick presented a pyramid of light. The hickory fire dispersed a permeating warmth and crackled in harmony with a jaunty tune which a fiddler at the further end of the room was extracting from his instrument. About the player stood two fifers and a drummer from the fort, and a mild-looking citizen who had volunteered his services on the bassoon. Among the dancers there was the best of feeling. Caste was not yet felt in this semi-civilization. At the head of the room an elegant officer from the garrison led through a cotillion a dark-browed girl whose subtle glance and sinuous grace betrayed her Indian origin. Opposite, a farmer youth in his "store clothes" and a terror of em-



barrassment, guided the high-bred steps of a Vermont merchant's daughter, whose dainty attire floated about him in diaphanous glamour as they danced. Scrawny, wrinkled, worn with hardship, a pioneer woman, attired in a dress which had seen its best days before Hull surrendered Detroit to the British, smiled on a trim young school-master; and a rheumatic old trapper modulated his gruff tones to suit the coy ear of the tidiest of little dress-makers. At a reproving gesture from her father she passed out into the light. In a moment she was the center of a laughing group.

"A pretty hostess you make, Mam'selle Delphine. No one to greet us but your brothers there and your father."

"If you were going to be married you couldn't look more solemn," cried out a saucy maiden.

"I'm sorry Mark isn't here, Del," whispered one sympathetic friend. She flushed, then paled and searched the room for Lieut. Cross. He was certainly not present. With a bevy of chattering girls about her, she searched the other rooms. She found him nowhere. Puzzled and alarmed, she determined to brave criticism and ask for him. George Davis, the merriest spirit of the village, the singer of songs, stood by the fireplace humming "The Blue-Bottle Fly."

"Is not monsieur the Lieutenant to honor us with his company to-night?" she asked him. His eyes twinkled with interest and mischief.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Delphine. He has another appointment."

"Another appointment?" she gasped.

"Yes, he started for here, but he ran across some one he thought himself under greater obligations to." In the midst of his raillery he saw her sicken and stagger. He placed her in a chair with contrition. "We started to-

gether," he exclaimed, "and we were passing the hut where Trailing Feather lives when we saw the door open and the snow drifting in. Entering we found the old Indian lying unconscious on the floor with a bad cut on his head and a knife thrust in his right leg. Cross went back to the fort for the surgeon and I came on." Delphine shuddered when she heard of her faithful friend's hurt.

"But he will come later?" she asked. "Or, if we sent for him, he could be found there?" She blushed under her companion's surprised scrutiny.

"I don't think we could find him there. He said he was going to see the Indian made comfortable and find out who hurt him before he slept." Delphine forced a prolonged laugh.

"Let us go into the parlor," she said. "I hear Mme. Brooks playing upon my piano." About this instrument, the first ever brought to the place, the wondering people crowded to watch the flying fingers of the player.

"Wonderful, ain't it? *Regardez donc! Quelles inventions!* Beats a dulcimer all hollow! *Quelles merveilles!* Just look!" cried the onlookers. It was only by a triumph of will that Delphine forced herself to stand quietly amidst this jesting, lighthearted company. To her great relief she saw Hippolyte du Quesne enter and throw himself on a low couch with catlike grace. She was not sorry when they pressed her to sing. She felt that by the power of her voice she might keep the voyageur in sight for a time at least. With this thought in mind she chose a melody the Canadian boatmen sing to the rhythm of their oars as they traverse the wild rivers of the North. Her full contralto voice filled the house with, "*Leve ton pied majolie Bergere,*" and brought all the traders and voyageurs to listen to the familiar song. Her father looked pleased when her voice rang out. "She is an obedient girl," he said, and smiled. Her eyes flashed

and her cheeks burned with excitement. The tumult in her heart found a violent outlet in the song, and the company stood bound by her magnetic abandon. The lights shone on the corn-colored folds of her silk dress and twinkled on the quaint gold beads that bound her throat and hair, making her look like some radiant creature wrapped in sunshine and glitter. Once she flashed a saucy look at Du Quesne that brought him to her side to join in the boisterous chorus of the never exhausted song of the voyageurs :

Michaud est monte dans un prunier,  
 Pour treiller des prunes,  
 La branche a cassé—  
 Michaud a tombe ?  
 Ou est—ce qu—il est ?  
 Il est en bas.  
 O, reveille, reveille, reveille !  
 O, reveille, Michaud est en haut !

Having once secured the attention of Du Quesne she never relaxed her efforts to hold him. She smiled at him, frowned at him, danced with him, bent to listen to his admiring whispers with feigned pleasure, let him revel in the light of her eyes, charmed him snake-like, till he trembled at the casual touch of her hand, and his blazing eyes refused to leave her face. Her hope was to keep him with her till the party broke up. So she thought and hoped. She knew her brothers would not go without Du Quesne. The hours went on. Midnight passed and Christmas was welcomed in. A tree was produced upon which Papa Bernard had placed with rare good humor a gift for each guest. Most of these were of a comical nature, having appropriate reference to some peculiarity of the recipient. This caused continual outbursts of laughter, but no one was offended at the rough fun, for they took the gift in the spirit in which it was given. The time slipped by—1, 2 o'clock sounded, still the fun went on. Delphine happened to glance in the direction of the voyageur's seat. Her heart nearly ceased to beat. He was gone. She looked hastily about. Her

brothers were nowhere to be seen. Had she then over-leaped the mark? Had she fired his blood only to increase his rage against her lover? Most of the men were growing loud-voiced and incoherent. Papa Bernard's wine and brandy were begining to work. At last there came a lull in the jollity. A few of the older people had muffled themselves in their fur cloaks, gathered their olive-branches about them, and taken their leave.

Delphine, with a bevy of those who meant still to wear out the hours with something gayer than sleep, accompanied some departing guests to the door to see them tucked into the capacious "bob," sledges and to wave a good-bye and a merry Christmas to them. As she glanced down the road, she fancied she perceived on the far horizon some indistinct figures rapidly disappearing. She thought, too, that she heard the dull beat of horses' hoofs upon the road, but there was so much laughing and talking that she could not be certain. She stepped further out into the road, holding her dainty skirts with both hands, and listened. The sledges, with a tinkle of bells and bursts of laughter and song, passed from hearing. The merry group behind her pelted her with snow. She ran through into the house and searched the public room's convivial inmates with a glance. From an inner apartment a hilarious party of young men were dragging out Mark Beaubien, a jovial Frenchman, with the spirit of mad frolic expressed in his face.

"A tune, Mark, a tune!" they shouted. "Bring us out your cat-gut and give us a dance to wind up with." Mark made a smiling protest, but some one thrust a violin into his hand, and there was no backing out. He tuned the instrument a little, smiled, cracked a j-ke, laid the violin lovingly upon his shoulder, and played a few introductory bars. Delphine forced her way into the inner room. The voyageur and her brothers were nowhere to be seen. The



sound of the fiddle fell upon her ear with intolerable irritation. She heard them forming for a last dance and calling for more couples. Some one seized her by the arm and merrily dragged her into the set. She was dizzily conscious that she and her partner led the way from the top to the bottom of two long lines of laughing, jesting dancers. There was a noisy balancing of feet, then as the music broke its introductory bonds and bubbled into a familiar tune heels clicked together in rhythmical accompaniment. On went the quaint figures of the reel. Lights, dancers, sleepers against the wall, the handsome fiddler, and all faded before her eyes. She remembered afterward that she led the reel like a Bacchante in her excitement. All she saw or thought of was a thread-like road picked out of an oaken wood through which the lake roar reverberated; a lumbering coach on runners, with a fearless driver, bearing straight on to where three stealthy forms crouched in the darkness with death-dealing weapons in their hands. She became suddenly aware that she was standing alone in the room. The dancers had broken line and were crowding to one of the windows, gesticulating and laughing.

“Therese and Jolibois!” “A kiss!” “Jolibois has kissed Therese!” “We caught them!” “Encore! Encore!” “Cupid in the snow!” they cried as they danced about and pounded the window, startling the unfortunate lovers who were caught kissing in the moonlight. An instant later the whole company, forgetful of the dance and the music, rushed out of the door and surrounded the pair upon the snow. The musician rather glad to get back to his brandy and water, escaped. Delphine found herself alone in the room. Scarcely knowing what she did she snatched a voyageur’s cloak from a corner and started for the door. She saw upon the floor where she had found the cloak a long, gleaming object. It was a pistol doubtless dropped by the

owner of the cloak. She concealed it under the cloak and went out at the door. The young people absorbed, in the persecution of the unfortunate lovers, did not notice the figure running lightly across the snow towards the stables. She found the door open, and, entering, groped her way about in semi-darkness, touching the flanks of the horses. Her brothers' grays and another horse were gone. She flung doubt and fear from her.

"Cigale ! Cigale !" she cried sharply. A neigh came in answer and a pretty dappled mare thrust her nose over the stall-boarding. With trembling hands she untied the halter and adjusted the saddle to Cigale's back. Then she led her out into the shadow of the building and with the aid of a huge block swung herself into place. She buttoned the cloak about her shoulders, and holding the pistol tightly in her left hand she gave the animal a sharp slap on the flank that sent her bounding down the road. The laughing party on the snow thought little of seeing a figure in a trader's cloak speed by them on horseback, and it was some little time before Delphine was missed. It was supposed that she had retired, and, somewhat chagrined at the supposed rudeness of the capricious belle, the lingerers slowly departed. Joseph Bernard, bowing, complimenting and smiling, saw the last guest away, and then, to prevent any unnecessary confusion in the morning, went to bar his daughter's door. He opened it and looked in. The room was empty.

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#### CHAPTER III.

Straight down the village street to where the old coach-road intersected it, on down that, far past the last glimmering light of the settlement, through the little grove of scrub oaks on to the open prairie, where her horse foundered now and again in the drifts, across the level stretch of land

where now are the pleasant streets of Hyde Park, still on, bearing a little more to the east, now again in sound of the lake that tossed tons of jangling ice against the bergs on the beach, till at last Delphine reigned up her horse at a sound which thrilled her heart. It was the distant sound of hoof-beats in the snow and the creaking of a sleigh. They were coming her way. Occasionally a voice was heard singing in a pleasant tone. There was no doubt the coach was near by. Who but Mark could sing like that in the cold and darkness? For the moon was sinking, and the dead gloom that precedes the dawn wrapped the woods. She realized the disadvantage of her position. If the men were in ambush they could see or at least hear her, while she had no clew as to their whereabouts. She dismounted with difficulty, for she was almost benumbed. One of her little slippers sunk in the snow and she could not find it. She tied Cigale to a sapling and crept along on a bare patch of ground behind a drift, trembling with apprehension as the creaking of the coach drew nearer. At last the keen vibratory air brought her a sound like a whisper. She listened intently.

"Down!" it said, "down!" She obeyed and crept along a little on her knees in the snow. It did not occur to her to suspect any treachery; she felt sure that it was the voice of a friend who spoke. Another moment and her face almost touched that of a savage figure that crouched behind a huge clump of juniper bushes. It was an Indian with war-paint on his face and a jagged crown of feathers about his head. He put his hands on her shoulders and spoke to keep her from any audible expression of alarm.

"Trailing-Feather," he said, "me Trailing-Feather." The girl looked closer. There was no mistake. This man, half-civilized for years, had suddenly relapsed into savagery.

"You were hurt." She could not understand how he

came there. He pointed to his bandaged leg and head and put her hand on something warm and firm behind him. It was the leg of his mustang pony.

"Trailing-Feather said he come" was all he said. Suddenly he threw himself forward. Delphine could detect no sound, but the Indian, with an excited gesture, threw his arm around her and crept like a shadow through the trees. She clung to his shoulder and shuddered as the song and the pressure of the sleigh-runners on the snow grew louder and closer, and then the song ceased, and in place of the creaking sound of the sleigh there was a snorting and plunging of horses. The Indian gave a leap, placed her on the ground, and vanished. She strained her fearful eyes. She was on the side of the road not a dozen steps from the coach. The lanterns of the latter threw out a dim light and she could see a few objects. The horses were trying to break away from two men who were holding them and whom she rightly took to be her brothers, for the lithe figure that was climbing up the coach like a panther was that of the voyageur. It all flashed before her in a moment. She saw Du Quesne grasp Mark by the throat and raise aloft a hand clinching a gleaming knife. Then she raised her right hand with the pistol in it and pulled the trigger. The voyageur's arm dropped, and he fell from the coach like a wounded tiger clawing and snarling. The moment the shot was fired something unbelievable happened. The roll of furs on the top of the coach just back of Mark's seat showed a head and a gleam of a musket. The robe at his feet grew into two heads and two gleaming muskets. Every little window of the coach was transformed into a port-hole and and showed *its* musket, back of which there were undoubtedly heads. The clumsy craft seemed to have become a veritable hydra. Out of the door stepped the reassuring figure of Lieut. Cross, holding a lantern that illuminated a



wide triangle of snow. This, you must understand, took place simultaneously with Delphine's pistol shot. The gleam of a soldier's lantern lit up the figure of the girl with her arm still raised, and it showed her brothers motionless under cover of the soldiers' muskets. Arnott had the horses well in hand by this time. The Lieutenant with two men at his back stepped up to Alphonse and Pierre.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I see you arrived with your sister just in time to help us prevent a very serious catastrophe. Pray enter the coach with us." The young men said not a word, but moved to the door of the vehicle in front of the soldiers. "Two of my men will take back your horses. It is warmer for you in here." Arnott was bearing a motionless figure that made no response as he spoke. Tenderly he lifted it into the capacious coach. The men unbuttoned the capote which enveloped Delphine's form. In one hand still tightly grasped was the pistol. Below the dainty petticoats her snow-covered feet protruded, one in its high-heeled French slipper, the other stiff and immovable with the silken stocking frozen tight to the flesh. A prolonged horrible sound rung through the woods. It was a single voice giving the war-whoop of the Pottawattamies. It penetrated through Delphine's recovering senses.

"Trailing-Feather," she whispered. "I saw him—" She shuddered and could not proceed. A moment later she pointed to the snow. "The voyageur."

The men who were keeping guard over the fallen man were conversing in low tones. The Lieutenant held his held his lantern over the prostrate form. The blood was gushing from a knife thrust in the heart, and where had waved the luxuriant curls of Hippolyte Du Quesne, was a bleeding and severed scalp. They tied his body to the top of the coach and covered it with furs.

"Arnott," said the gracious Lieutenant, "I think I can manage the horses now. You go inside."

They pursued their silent way. The sleepy soldiers yawned or dreamed; the brothers Bernard sat brooding; on the rear seat Delphine lay enveloped in furs, and beside her on the floor, holding her hand and happiest to be silent sat her lover, Mark Arnott. The cold dawn broke upon them and outshone the light of the lanterns with its power. The smoke of early fires curled from the chimneys of occasional farm houses. Here and there the sharp concussion of an ax split the air, and twice a hearty voice sent a halloo after the always-welcomed coach—the one link these pioneers had to Eastern civilization. Presently they neared the town, entered it, and swung into a broad, slushy street at a slow trot. Old Joseph Bernard was standing at the tavern door, ghastly in his party splendor. His twitching hands played with a huge silver chain that adorned his brocaded waistcoat or clutched the straggling ends of his tie. He spoke never a word, but gazed like a soul in torment. The Lieutenant drew up his horses.

"Well, Bernard," he shouted, "we brought back your daughter and your sons as safe as they left you, and a mighty good turn they did us tonight, too. We poor fighting fellows might have gone on pretty short allowance if it hadn't been for them. The sneaking voyageur is dead. All is well. Arnott is with us, safe. But, my old friend, another time keep those pretty lads of yours at home. They are too young for such exploits." By this time he had dismounted, and his six men stood behind him. He saluted Bernard and marched off followed by the soldiers to the fort. Joseph Bernard's sons stepped past their father into the room. The old man looked at them sadly. His little sons! How they had grown! Men they were now. What was the horrible thing

they were to do? Was there blood on their hands? He looked to see if it was actually there. By a caprice of memory he went suddenly back to the time when he had taught them to shoot marbles with their dirty little fingers. He was a Frenchman and he threw one arm around each son's neck and wept.

Mark had placed Delphine in a chair by the smoldering fire. After a while Bernard went over by her. He looked at Mark piteously. He knew that he was completely in the mail-carrier's power. Arnott held out his hand and smiled frankly.

"I have come to tell you, Mr. Bernard, that I am to marry your daughter one week from today. We will begin the new year with a fresh life."

The old man accepted this mild sentence with tears of gratitude.

"We *will*—new year—fresh life," Bernard said chokingly. New Year's-Day came in a glory of hoar-frost and icicles that jingled with the wedding-bells. One faithful friend did not hear them.

Trailing-Feather never returned.

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## RARE TALES OF SPOOKS.

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### GHOST YARNS FOR THE CURIOUS.

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Chicago Specters That Played Hob with Early Citizens—A Prairie Wraith—  
Slamming Doors at Midnight—A Phenomenal Mule.

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The question of ghosts is one which admits of no middle view. One must either believe there are or are not ghosts. And yet but a comparatively few years back the ghost would have found many supporters and admirers even among the most intelligent, while among the commoner class he was almost universally respected as well as feared.

The delicious thrill of terror that crept down the spine of the youngster as, having spent an evening in listening to the witch tales of some venerable grandam, he stole homeward, his heated fancy turning every painted post into a white-robed specter, will never be forgotten by those who have experienced it. But now, alas! his ghostship has fled before the onward march of civilization; or, if indeed he do remain, he is but a tame, spiritless, and altogether uninteresting ghost, an unfit descendant of his ghastly and terrible ancestor, the ghost of the past.

"Speaking of ghosts," said an old resident of Chicago, the other evening, "the ghosts nowadays ain't worth noticing. I tell you, boys, you ought to have been in Chicago thirty or forty years ago. Why, the city was full of 'em then—first class ones too. None of your cowardly sneaking ghosts that go around rapping on tables and don't dare show themselves, but regular blood and brimstone ghosts that would make your hair stand on end and just scare the life out of you. Every street had its own particular favorite spook, and if he were caught off from his beat the police were sent out to fetch him in. There's no use in talking, there ain't a decent, respectable ghost in Chicago today."

#### THE PRAIRIE SPECTER.

One of the earliest and, at one time, best-known ghosts to visit Chicago had its haunts on the prairie adjoining what was then the northwestern part of the city. It is more than forty years since this restless spirit vanished forever from earthly scenes, and it is doubtful if there are more than a dozen people now living in the city who will remember the somewhat eccentric career of this remarkable "spook." Instead of choosing the appropriate midnight hour, when churchyards are popularly supposed to yawn, for its airing on upper earth, this ghost chose the early evening for its rambles, and was



usually visible on moonlit evenings shortly after nightfall, when it would glide through the atmosphere, its single garment of somewhat yellowish-white trailing just above the tops of the prairie grass—doubtless correctly believing that it would find more admirers at that time than at the later hour when all honest people are supposed to be in bed. The figure was that of a woman with straggly hair of ebon hue, both arms stretched before her, as if in vain attempt to grasp a situation or something else that had been lost. She was the terror of the vicinity, but she had one excellent quality—she kept the unruly children in the house, when parental discipline had failed to produce the same effect. Her age, nationality, and former condition were never discovered, for there was none bold or disrespectful enough to intrude on her privacy with impertinent questions. But at last she was missed from her accustomed haunts and seen no more. It is presumed that she had found what she was looking for and gone to bed to sleep the long sleep of peace.

#### THE WEST INDIANA STREET GHOST.

The West Indiana street ghost, equally as eccentric but in a different way, fulfilled its mission on earth a few years later. It confined its presence to one house long since pulled down to make way for more costly edifices. A very respectable family occupied this house, and had occupied it undisturbed for some time. The locality was not thickly settled and consequently was quiet and peaceable. So far as was known no crime had ever been committed there and there was no earthly reason for any unearthly visitations. But one morning it was discovered that every door on the lower floor of the house, though all had certainly been closed at night, was wide open. A thorough search revealed that nothing had been stolen, so the theory of burglars had to be abandoned. The same thing occurred the next night and the family began to feel uneasy. The third night a portion of

the older members of the household remained awake to investigate. Toward midnight the soft, creaking noise of a door being slowly opened was heard, followed by a violent bang as it was suddenly shut. The same thing followed in quick succession as to three other doors, and then all was still.

The rapidity with which this was done was such that before the head of the house could recover from his astonishment and rush down the stairs the ghostly fun was over and nothing whatever of an unusual nature was visible. After an hour of waiting and watching the family went to bed again, when the banging once more commenced and was kept up at brief intervals for an hour. The next night gave a repetition of the performance and also the next. The morning after, tired of this monotonous entertainment, the gentleman decided to move, and went out to hunt for another house. For some of those reasons which married men are so often called upon to explain—though never entirely satisfactorily—he was detained by business down-town, and the time for the evening's amusement had arrived before he returned home.

About 11 o'clock, when every one else was asleep the lady of the house, from her room up-stairs heard the parlor door creak. Summoning all her courage, she rushed out into the hall, and, looking over the baluster, she saw the figure of what appeared to be a child 3 or 4 years of age swoop down, head-first from some unknown hiding place, and with both hands violently slam the door shut. The infant was clad in a single flowing garment of spotless white; and its form and features were plainly visible. The lady did what almost any other lady would have done in like circumstances—screamed and fainted away, her last recollection of the affair being that of seeing the infantile apparition vanish into ethereal nothingness. Her husband

arrived upon the scene just in time to hear her scream, and soon had her restored to consciousness. But her terror was such that she refused to stay in the house another night. And she didn't. Another place had been secured, and the family moved next day. But the story was told in the neighborhood, and for a long time the dwelling was empty. No one would live in a house were there was positively one ghost and possibly two—one on each side of a door.

#### THE TURN-COAT MULE.

One of the most remarkable of these old-time ghosts was that of the phosphorescent mule that roamed over the city north of 31st street and south of 22d, a territory at that date almost barren of dwellings. This animal had browsed the prairie grass, observed by few, for some time, and those few described him as being unmistakably a mule, but having a degree of luminosity that enabled him to be seen at a great distance. No one had the temerity to attempt to approach him, for it was easy to see that it was no earthly mule, but undeniably and unquestionably an infernal mule.

But there was one gentleman in the vicinity who ridiculed and scoffed at this mongrel specter, and declared that it was only the creature of imagination distorted by over-indulgence in the exhilarating fluid of the period, denominated ginandsugar. It was to this gentleman that befell the somewhat singular incident herewith related—doubtless intended as a salutary illustration of the punishment that awaits all scoffers. He had been out in the southern suburbs one afternoon looking over some lands, and at a way-side inn had met some gentlemen residing thereabouts, talked over the land, and remained to supper. It was toward 11 o'clock before the prospective value of the land had been decided upon, and the parties started homeward. From 31st to 22d street was then only a barren stretch of low, waste land. As the gentleman was crossing this, under the

pale moonlight, deeply thinking of future fortunes in that same tract of land, he became sensible of a sort of "uncanny" feeling, and, on looking up, to his intense astonishment, not to say terror, he saw the luminous mule approaching him at a rapid gait. Petrified by his mingled emotions he stood speechless. The spectral animal came, stood before him, and in a firm and decisive tone said, "Mount!" Well knowing that he who hesitates is lost, he tremblingly obeyed.

A furious ride began, kept up till nearly across the stretch when he began to be sensible of some extraordinary change. His feet touched the ground and he drew them up. The canter had been transformed into a sort of lope, which gradually settled into a broken trot; the hair had become wool. It was no longer a mule—it was a sheep! Bewildered beyond conception, he seized the animal by the ears and held on. A few paces farther and there was another transition. The wool became long, curling hair, and instead of hoof-beats he heard the patter of cushioned feet. It was not a sheep—it was a Newfoundland dog! In sheer despair he flung himself to the ground, the animal gave a quick, angry bark, and vanished. The gentleman arose, looked around, and found himself at his own door.

For days he was gloomy and silent; but finally he told the story, and, as he was a church deacon and a man of great veracity, it cannot be doubted. But the luminous mule was seen no more. There are persons yet living in Chicago who have seen, or at least have seen others who have seen him.

#### THE BLOODY HAND.

The West Randolph street ghost came on at a later day and its history is familiar to many. The house it haunted still stands, a gloomy old pile of dirty brick. It is one of the oldest buildings in the city, and its upper floor is said to



have been the scene of many dark crimes. At the time of his ghostship it was occupied by a small family, the husband's duties keeping him away nights. They had been there but a short time when, late one night, the lady heard footsteps, soft and light, ascending the two flights of stairs. Somewhat nervous, she awaited breathlessly, heard them reach the top landing, and after a short pause, turn and go down. Night after night this was repeated, until, unable to bear it longer, as the steps neared the top she cautiously opened the door and put out her head. As she did so she saw a hand, though nobody was visible, press against the other side and push with such force that she was obliged to step back into the room.

Unlike other women, she neither screamed nor fainted. She waited till the steps had descended the stairs, then placing a light in the hall and locking the door on the outside she rushed to the station, a short distance away, and told the police. Two officers returned with her. She unlocked the door and went in. But she was horrified to find that her baby, which she had left in bed and asleep, was gone. The officers searched the premises and found it in the stove oven—there was no fire—and her pet poodle-dog was hanging by the neck to a door-knob, tied with a piece of ribbon she declared she had never seen. The officers remained with her the rest of the night, but all was quiet as usual.

An enterprising reporter found it out and published the facts, and for several succeeding nights the street was thronged with people, all anxious to see the ghost, but it did not appear. But where the ghostly hand had pressed the door were five plain finger-marks in blood, or something very like it, seen by thousands. The people moved away and the rooms were long vacant.

#### THE MURDERER'S WRAITH.

The ghost at the old court house had quite a run during

its brief engagement, and created quite a sensation. Long years ago the gloomy old court house, with its memorable bell tower, stood on the spot now occupied by the city and county building. The jail was in the basement—a low-ceiled, uncomfortable place. Executions then as now took place in the jail, one of the earliest of these being the hanging of two murderers. The night after the execution the officers and inmates were startled at hearing low, moaning sounds, gradually swelling into shrieks, which rang through the halls with startling distinctness. Thorough investigation failed to discover their cause, but they were pronounced an exact counterpart of the moans and shrieks of one of the victims before being launched into eternity. Night after night the sounds were heard, and some of the prisoners averred that they had seen the spirit of the dead man stalking through the halls, just as he was lifted from the scaffold after life was extinct. It was a reign of terror, but finally acquaintance lessened the degree of fright, and just as the ghost began to be looked upon as a sort of melancholy, though harmless, intruder it disappeared from sight and hearing, and in the course of time was forgotten by all save the few who were unbelievers and had vainly tried to solve the mystery.—*Chicago News.*



## PHIL HOYNE'S MAY STORY.

THE COMMISSIONER TELLS AN ORIENTAL TALE OF EARLY  
DAYS IN CHICAGO.

"The first of May in early years in Chicago was a day of mirth and joy," remarked United States Commissioner Phil Hoyne, as he leaned back in his velvet-covered easy-chair and stroked his pet ground-hog, as that interesting little animal moved airily from one knee to the other and ate ginger-snaps out of a paper bag. "Business was entirely suspended and everybody let himself out, so to speak, and indulged in unconfined but innocent hilarity. On May-day in '43 some of us young fellows got up a hunting party to chase rabbits in the extensive swamp that lay where the Pullman building and Michigan avenue now are. There were Johnnie Wentworth, Sile Cobb, Mark Beaubien, and myself, and we started out at sunrise, in high glee, with our patent repeating rifles and elegant hunting-suits. All the ladies turned out to see us and admire our magnificent appearance. I tell you we did look fine marching down State street, with our jaunty hats and our yellow leather leggins. We all had dogs, but mine was the boss of them all. He was a bull-dog presented to me by Wish-ton-Wish, a celebrated Indian chief, whose personal friendship I was honored with. Wish-ton-Wish means, "The Chief who Wears a Shirt," and the name was a delicate aboriginal compliment to the brave's personal habits. He was a nice, clean man, indeed, and I thought a great deal of him. But I was telling you about the dog. Well, he and I together came mighty near depopulating that swamp of rabbits. He pointed covey after covey of them, and when I got tired shooting he killed 'em himself and stacked them up cross wise of each other in front of me. He was a bully dog, but he is dead, too, like the old chief who wore a shirt.

"About noon we hired a truck and loaded our game into it and went home. We gave the populace a barbecue, at which I made a speech, which was received with tumultuous applause, and toward sundown I got out my canoe and paddled down the river. Although there was snow on the lake front, down on the banks of the creek the grass was growing green and the air was as mild and balmy as it is in Florida. The atmospheric conditions were different in those days and, besides, the towering buildings that raised their roofs to the sky before the fire, kept off the cold, bleak wind from the lake.

"The day was fresh and sweet and the bosom of the creek was as placid as if it had never been ruffled by the wheels of hurrying tugboats. I let the paddle hang listlessly from the side of the canoe and thought sadly of the man who had given the boat to me—To-He-To—last of the Pottawatomie nation. The very nature of the day was conducive to music and I broke suddenly into a song. 'I bet my money on a bobtail nag, doo-dah, doo dah, da.' I sang and a group of maidens took up the refrain and sent it echoing across the river in silvery sweetness. I was a good singer in those days and as I rowed around I would often carol forth and people in the neighborhood would laugh and remark: 'There goes young Phil Hoyne. How happy he is!' The girls used to say that I was like a Venetian gondolier, only a little better. Tall and lithe and active, I was indeed a picturesque sight. As I shot past Lake street in my gondola the boys and girls were dancing around a tall May-pole which they had erected and crowned with Jacqueminot roses, culled in their native freshness from the neighboring fields. At Franklin street the muskrats came out to look at me and down further mariners emerged from their domiciles and watched my boat speed onward.

"It was dusk when I reached home, tired but happy at



having spent a day in such innocent diversions. Last May-day I tried the same thing, but I had to take my grandson along to hold an umbrella over me to keep off the rain. My boat ran into everything from a floating plank to a propeller, and when I got home I had the awfulest pain in my back. Alas, for the good old days!" and Mr. Hoyne heaved a deep sigh, put the ground-hog into a waste paper basket, and went out with Mr. Dawes to enjoy the prospect.

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### A REMARKABLE EXPLOSION.

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Sunday morning, August 29, 1886, Chicago and places in its immediate vicinity were startled by a sudden jar, followed by a dull thud, as of a distant gun of large size. It was sufficiently violent to shake buildings six miles distant, so that, although a very severe thunderstorm was occurring at the time, guests in some of the hotels rushed frantically downstairs, suspecting an earthquake. Plaster fell in the Immanuel Church, more than five miles away, so that it was at first supposed to have been struck by lightning, and a large plate-glass window in the Board of Trade building, about seven miles distant, was cracked, and the clock on its tower was put back three seconds. An examination showed that Laffin & Rand's powder magazine, one of a group of eleven, standing on a comparatively open area of some forty acres, about a mile and a half west of the village of Brighton, seven miles distant from the center of the city, had exploded, being struck by lightning. It contained at the time some fifty tons of ordinary gunpowder and fifteen tons of dynamite. The brick walls of the building were pulverized and scattered over a wide area; the limestone foundation was torn up, and a large part of the material broken into small pieces, the most of it carried through the air from

forty to eighty rods; and a hole was torn in the ground, there mainly tough clay, about 150 feet long, forty feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet deep. All the buildings in the immediate vicinity were demolished, while those which stood within reach of the flying stones were more or less riddled. The loss of life was very small, considering the extent of the damage, only one person having been killed outright, although several others were severely injured, of whom some have since died.

Such are the primary facts connected with the explosion itself. An examination of the ground in the vicinity, and of many of the buildings ruined near by, together with others at considerable distance more or less injured, has developed certain minor facts that bear upon the general subject of explosions. Especially do they seem to show that such explosions may produce an earth-wave which may do damage at great distances, the undulation of the ground displacing objects, cracking walls, and shattering glass much like an earthquake in miniature. Sometimes this may possibly prove the source of the principal destruction.—*Professor L. R. F. Griffin, in Popular Science Monthly.*

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## THE FOURTH IN 1836.

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### HOW THE DAY WAS CELEBRATED IN CHICAGO.

I landed in Chicago the morning of July 2, 1836, after a tiresome journey of seventeen days from Buffalo on the old steamer Illinois. Where the Wells Street Depot now stands there was then an encampment of Indians, which we visited during the day and watched the antics of a medicine man over his patient. That night we occupied part of a small log house on Randolph street near the river. This was our home for some time. All that night the town was patrolled

by the soldiers, but there were no disturbances. When we arose the next morning we found every one discussing the prospect of a canal. Part of the Fourth of July celebration the next day, in fact, was to consist in breaking the first sod for the canal. A national salute of heavy artillery awakened every one bright and early the next morning. A shower had fallen during the night, and the air was clear and cool. After breakfast I started for Canalport, as it was then called, about 5 miles from Chicago, where the ceremony of sticking the first spade into the ground for the canal was to take place.

Everything that would float was brought into requisition to carry passengers. The fleet consisted of a small steamer of light draft, called the Chicago, a scow, two long-boats, four yawls, two skiffs and three canoes, carrying in all about two hundred persons. After we had arrived at Canalport the orator stepped out in front of the crowd, wet his lips with whisky—we couldn't drink the water in those days, for fear of chills and fever—and stuck a shovel into the ground. In his speech he pictured in glowing colors the great advantages the entire West, and Chicago in particular, would derive from the canal. His remarks were received with enthusiasm, and he was frequently applauded. Then another orator came to the front, took a pull from a bottle, and began to speak. He said that he endorsed the views of the first speaker as to the benefits to be derived from the canal if it could be constructed. "But, gentlemen," said he, "it can never be finished. Where are the men coming from who will undertake this mighty work? Where is the food coming from to feed them with flour \$25 a barrel, pork 22 cents a pound, potatoes \$2 a bushel, butter 75 cents a pound, and even at that price impossible to obtain except in cases of sickness. Suppose we can get all these, where is the money coming from to pay the men, and the grain to feed their

teams? No, gentlemen, the canal will never be built."

Then a third orator stepped forth from the ranks. He spit on his hands, thrust the spade deeper into the ground and proceeded to take a more hopeful view of the case. "We haven't come here," said he, "to talk of failures and I am sorry that we have such a disconsolate gentleman as the last speaker in our midst. The canal will be built. Men, teams, food and money will all be forthcoming in due time. Who knows into what the West may develop? It may be the garden spot of the world. Who knows what will happen in fifty years? You and I may not live to see it, but our children and grandchildren may live to see the day when Chicago is a city of 10,000 inhabitants."

Although the speaker was called an enthusiast, his object was attained, and hope once more revived. At the conclusion of the speech we all started back to Chicago to finish the Fourth of July celebration there; not, however, before witnessing a lively little fight between men in the crowd, who had taken too much whisky. When we arrived at Lake street we saw twenty-two yoke of oxen hitched to a cannon, and we thought that they should take part in the celebration. One of Chicago's noted characters, old Ira Pennoyer, was chosen marshal. He was mounted on an old white horse, with ropes for a bridle and a bag stuffed with hay for a saddle. The rats had eaten holes in the bag, and the hay protruded from each end making the sight still more ridiculous. Pennoyer was coatless and shoeless. His trousers were several inches too short for him and the sleeves of his shirt had been torn off. Upon his head was a ragged straw hat, through the holes in which his gray hair stuck up like porcupine quills. Fastened to the rim of his hat was a ribbon bearing the words, "Independence, 1836, Chicago, Ill." In his hand he carried a scythe which he flourished like a sword. Such was the marshal of the ox-team division,



which was the most conspicuous feature of the parade. There were ten drivers, each decorated with badges inscribed with, the words, "Independence, 1836, Chicago." The badges were printed on a press which William Stewart brought with him from the East in 1835, and which is now in my possession. When the line of march was taken up the cannon was discharged at every street crossing by the four gunners who accompanied. Behind the cannon rode George White, the colored auctioneer. He was dressed in the full uniform of the Continental army, and every time the cannon was fired he would ring a big bell and sing out, "Ho, my noble freighters, call and see us to-night. We have the best of everything, and can make your fortune without fail."

All the old settlers will remember George White. He used to supply the city with water, and used to charge a long bit a barrel for lake water and a short bit for river water.

DR. L. TUCKER.





| RAILROADS.                        | DEPOT |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Baltimore & Ohio,                 | 1     |
| Chicago & Alton,                  | 2     |
| Chicago & Atlantic,               | 3     |
| Chicago, Burlington & Quincy,     | 4     |
| Chicago & Eastern Illinois,       | 5     |
| Chicago & Grand Trunk,            | 6     |
| Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul,    | 7     |
| Chicago and North Western,        | 8     |
| Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific,   | 9     |
| Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh,  | 10    |
| Chicago, & Western Indiana,       | 11    |
| Illinois Central,                 | 12    |
| Lake Shore & Michigan Southern,   | 13    |
| Louisville, New Albany & Chicago, | 14    |
| Michigan Central,                 | 15    |
| New York, Chicago & St. Louis,    | 16    |
| Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago,   | 17    |
| Vandalia, St. Louis & Pacific,    | 18    |

**PARK AND DEPOT  
MAP OF  
CHICAGO.**

# D. L. MOODY'S ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

COMPRISING ALL OF MR. MOODY'S ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS USED BY HIM IN HIS

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